THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illust[illegible]ly Magazine
Found[illegible] Franklin

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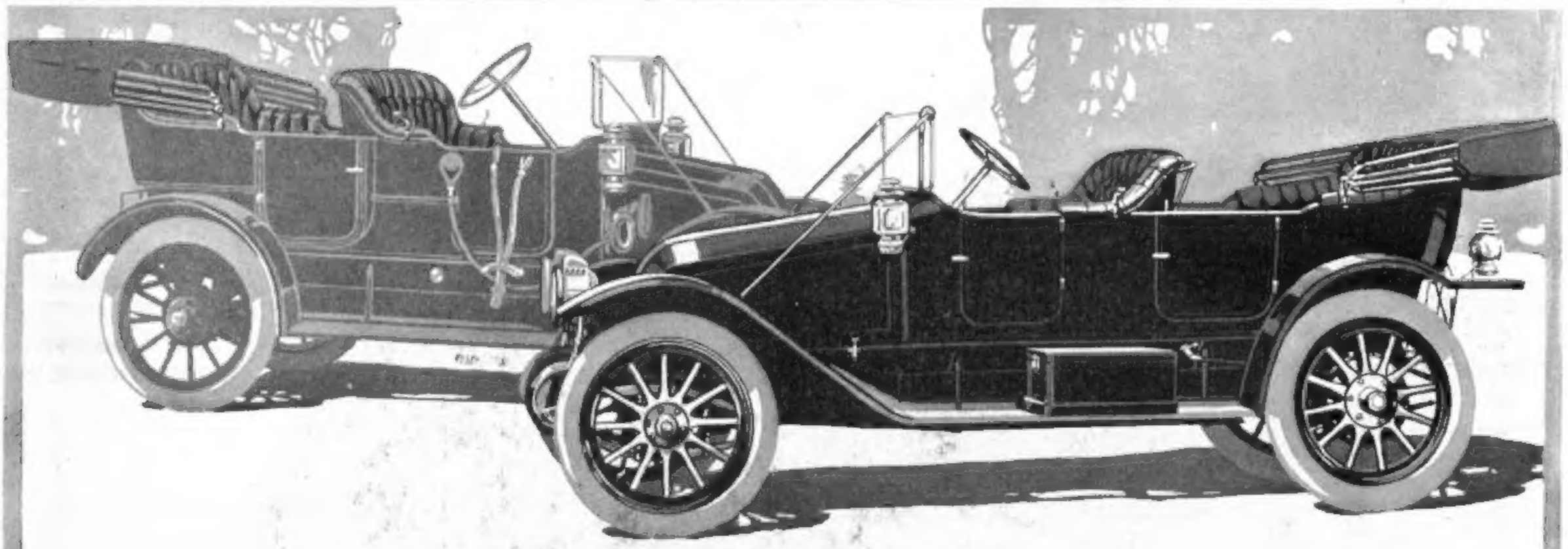
More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly



Franklin Motor Cars for 1911

A notable change is the new sloping hood. The combination of this hood with a body of latest Parisian type gives all Franklin models a most graceful and striking appearance. "The most beautiful automobiles made" is the universal comment.

Our improved cooling system, brought out last year, provides every advantage of all other systems with none of their disadvantages. It insures absolute certainty of operation. It is so effective that Franklin motors are entirely free from the overheating and "pounding" of water-cooled motors. They run cool under all conditions, no matter how severe the work, and in winter there is no danger of freezing.

Model H, 48 HP, Six Cylinder

Seven-passenger touring car; 3300 pounds; 133-inch wheel base; tires, 37" x 5" front, 36" x 5½" rear; cylinders, 4½" x 4½"; touring car, $4500; double torpedo-phaeton, $4500.

This car is an innovation; larger and more powerful than last year and meeting every requirement of size and speed, it is handled with the ease of a small car. Its riding qualities are wonderful. One ride in it, and no other large car will satisfy. Responsive and speedy and riding so easily, it seems to almost glide through the air.

Model D, 38 HP, Six Cylinder

Five-passenger touring car; 2800 pounds; 123-inch wheel base; tires, 36" x 4½" front, 37" x 5" rear; cylinders, 4" x 4"; touring car, $3500; double torpedo-phaeton, $3500; limousine, $4400; landaulet, $4400.

This is the first presentation of a light-weight, six-cylinder, full-size, five-passenger car. It is the automobile the public has been waiting for. It is the fastest road car in America. With its six cylinders, light weight and superlative riding comfort it produces a new sensation for the motorist. It is the finest car to ride in and drive ever produced. It is exceptional for its beauty and graceful proportions.

Model M, 25 HP, Four Cylinder

Five-passenger touring car; 2300 pounds; 108-inch wheel base; tires, 34" x 4" front, 34" x 4½" rear; cylinders, 4" x 4"; touring car, $2700; limousine, $3500; landaulet, $3500.

Model M is designed to meet the requirements of those wanting a high-grade, five-passenger car of medium type. It has ample reserve power and speed. It rides so comfortably and is handled so easily that it readily outdistances heavy cars of twice the horse power.

Model G, 18 HP, Four Cylinder

Four-passenger touring car; 1850 pounds; 100-inch wheel base; tires, 32" x 3½" front, 32" x 4" rear; cylinders, 3⅜" x 4"; $1950.

This car has a wide variety of service. Small and compact, with plenty of ability, it is well adapted to family use and at the same time is the handiest, lightest and most economical car for general work on the market. It has the same high quality as the Franklin larger models.

Model G, Single Torpedo-phaeton

Two-passenger torpedo-phaeton; 1800 pounds; 100-inch wheel base; tires, 32" x 3½" front, 32" x 4" rear; cylinders, 3⅜" x 4"; $1950, including top and glass front.

This is the only strictly high-grade, light runabout built in America. There is not anything else on the market to compare with it. Though primarily intended for city work, it is a splendid road car. In its riding qualities it this year excels any two-passenger car ever before produced. For a business or professional man it is the smartest, best designed car out.

Special Speed Car

Two-passenger speed car with special body; 1900 pounds; 115½-inch wheel base; tires, 34" x 4½" front and rear; four cylinders, 4" x 4"; price, $3000.

This car is the fastest, lightest, best looking speed car ever offered. A limited number only will be built.

Closed Cars, 38 HP, Six Cylinder; 25 HP, Four Cylinder

With every needful appointment and ranking first in design and construction, Franklins are the most comfortable of all closed cars because they ride so easily and softly. Having air-cooled motors, they are the only closed cars which are absolutely dependable for winter operation.

Franklin tire equipment is such that the usual tire trouble is done away with. Where tires on other automobiles are good for only three to four thousand miles, on a Franklin they last a year or more, and service in excess of ten thousand miles is common. This is due to the use of extra large tires and because Franklin light weight and resilient construction are easy on tires.

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Prove for Yourself that this Tooth Paste Overcomes "Acid Mouth"—the Acknowledged Cause of Tooth Decay

By sending for 10 Day Trial Tube—Also Test Papers for Self-Diagnosis of Mouth Condition

THE one dentifrice that stands pre-eminent as having a definite, *scientific* purpose back of its existence is Pebeco Tooth Paste. It is not designed to appeal superficially to the sense of smell or taste, as a "confection" or "toilet dainty." Its purpose is not only to clean teeth but to *save teeth.* And IT DOES IT! And has done it for nearly 17 years.

Tooth decay, dentists agree, is caused by "acid mouth" in ninety-five cases out of a hundred. The acid eats through the enamel, decay germs then attack the dentine and complete the work of destruction. The decay would not have set in had not the enamel first been penetrated by the acid action.

You can kill decay germs, and more important still, *you can overcome the acid condition* which makes their existence possible, by using

PEBECO
Tooth Paste

Pebeco is not artificial or injurious in its action; it operates by aiding Nature. In addition to possessing very positive inherent properties as an anti-acid, it acts as a stimulus to the salivary secretion, encouraging natural means of mouth cleansing.

Thus it *preserves* teeth by removing the conditions which *destroy* teeth. Moreover, Pebeco is a whitener, even removing obstinate spots of discoloration. It is antiseptic, being especially valuable in neutralizing decomposition of food particles and insuring a sweet, healthy breath. It relieves and hardens tender gums, allays congestion. It dissolves tartar, brightens gold fillings, penetrates to the innermost recesses of all dental work and makes them antiseptically clean.

The Economy of Pebeco

In fact, by combining a therapeutic with a cleansing function, Pebeco imparts marked benefit to the entire oral cavity, leaves a refreshed, purified condition and becomes a real preventive of most disorders of the mouth, throat and gums. It has the backing of the entire dental profession.

Try Pebeco
AT OUR EXPENSE

One of these Ten Day Trial Tubes and a package of Test Papers mailed without charge to any address upon request

Enough for ten days' use sent prepaid—also our ACID-TEST PAPERS, which enable you to diagnose your own mouth condition, and demonstrate scientifically that Pebeco is an unfailing corrective of abnormal acid conditions. May we have your address?

Pebeco Tooth Paste originated in the Hygienic Laboratories of **P. Beiersdorf & Co.,** Hamburg, Germany. It has been on the market for many years and is sold everywhere in large 50c tubes. There is scarcely a city in all the world where you cannot find it in actual use and on sale. So little is necessary for perfect efficiency that Pebeco is very economical. For Trial Tube and Test Papers address

Lehn & Fink, 106 William Street, New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink Riveris Talcum Powder

How a Million Housewives Have Created a Co-Operative Kitchen

Saving the Sixteen Hours

A million housewives, in the course of years, grew tired of baking beans. They decided that sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking formed too hard a task.

They read of a kitchen where beans were baked in steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. Where the beans were baked without crisping, and without bursting the skins. Where the beans came out nut-like, mealy and whole—unlike the dry-oven beans.

They read why beans, baked in that fierce heat, were easy to digest. They were not a heavy food, like the old-time beans. They did not ferment and form gas.

In that kitchen, too, the pork, beans and tomato sauce were all baked together, forming an enticing blend.

One by one, these million housewives secured a sample supply from that kitchen. They served them and their people said, "Why, we never have tasted such beans as these. Where did you learn this new method of baking?"

The folks asked for more just like them. And gradually these beans—Nature's choicest food—became a frequent dish.

The name of the beans was Van Camp's.

Now those million housewives keep Van Camp's ready on the pantry shelf. And this appetizing meal which took sixteen hours to prepare is now ready to serve in a minute.

They find the beans always as fresh and savory as though they came direct from the oven.

An army of expert cooks—all in one model kitchen—now bake the beans for those million homes. And, because of this co-operation, the baking costs but a trifle.

Now more beans are baked here—by many times over—than in any other kitchen on earth.

We invite you to become one of the million. Save all this time, this work and this bother. Have your meals brought to you ready to serve.

Serve beans at their best, for they are 84 per cent nutriment. Let your folks have the kind they like.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Some of these housewives, sometimes, are offered beans "just as good." Some then desert this kitchen for a meal or two, but they are always very glad to come back.

For we have learned—in the course of 49 years—how to create a flavor which none has learned to imitate.

And we have learned that it pays to buy the best Michigan beans, then to pick out just the whitest and plumpest by hand.

We have learned that it pays to make our tomato sauce of whole, vine-ripened tomatoes, though the cost is five times what some sauce would cost.

Thus we get beans which are baked alike because they are all of one size. And thus we get that tang and zest which distinguish Van Camp's from all others.

Remember that the beans which have won the million are always marked Van Camp's.

(91)

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 Indianapolis, Ind.

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BUCKING THE HUDSON'S BAY

What Modern Competition is Doing to the Earth's Oldest Monopoly

By EMERSON HOUGH

Of the Figures on the Right, the Back One is Mr. Cote, M. P. for Athabasca District. The One in the Foreground is Mr. Cornwall, M. P. for Peace River District.

BEFORE me at this writing lie two articles—one oblong and opaque, the other small and translucent, nay, even transparent. One is a towel bearing the strange device: "The Hudson's Bay Company. Established 1670." The date seems correct from all appearances. The other object is a small bottle, perhaps of one ounce liquid contents at its best, although now—thanks to some ruthless hand—quite empty.

It bears the inscription: "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, Trading into Hudson's Bay. Martini Cocktail. Bottled and Guaranteed by the Hudson's Bay Company."

Methinks you shall go far before discovering a cocktail with a more imposing decoration on its front.

Whether Lord Strathcona, present head of the Hudson's Bay Company, or any other of the ancient and honorable company of adventurers fabricated either of these articles with his own fair hands is not within present advices.

The point is that in 1670 the cocktail was unknown in the Hudson's Bay trade. There is a fine flavor of modernity about it that goeth not well with the inscription on the antique towel. In short, the bottle, although empty, is full of history.

It is well known in ribald jest all over the Far North that the ancient sign "H. B. C." stands for "Here Before Christ." At least since 1670 there has been no essential or ungrudged change in the religion of the Hudson's Bay Company. It has always been ancient and has always been honorable. No one seems to know exactly what is meant by its heraldic motto, "*Pro pelle cutem.*" It may mean "a skin for a skin" or "a hide for a skin" or "a skin for a hide." The irreverent say that the Company has always taken the skin in its trading into the Hudson's Bay. All these flippant irreverences aside for the nonce, as we say in Chicago, the old company certainly has stood always for a dignified, steadfast, changeless past. The old ways were good enough for it. And it understood perfectly well that trading into Hudson's Bay meant that it owned the earth, at least as far west as China.

A Young Yankee Rival of the Ancient Company

IMAGINE what must have been the consternation, or at least the pained surprise, of a certain local factor of the old monopoly when it saw, across the street from it in Fort McLeod, up in the Canadian West, the sign of a presumptuous American trader who had come across the border from Montana, and who in the belief of the local factor was neither ancient nor honorable. There stood the spacious and well-stocked company building bearing the old sign: "The Hudson's Bay Stores. Established 1670. *Pro pelle cutem.*" The store of the intruder was only about ten feet square and held not over a hundred dollars' worth of trade goods. The invader, however, was an American, with Yankee audacity and Yankee humor. Not being financially able to rent space on the street level, he succeeded in chartering roof space on four adjoining stores, and he put his remaining capital into a giant sign much larger than the old one across the street. It read:

"The John Black Stores. Established 1871. *Pro pelle catchem.*"

There are some—not of English birth or affiliations—who are not done laughing yet at this sign of the John Black Stores. The company themselves, or itself, never did laugh—not at all. They could not understand it. Of what birth could be any merchant who was not ancient and honorable, and of what worth any trade established at a date more recent than 1670? Bear in mind, all this happened right here on this North American continent, and not so very long ago.

To the average reader, the mention of a Hudson's Bay post brings up a picture of furclad voyageurs, dog-trains, smoky rafters, bundles of fur. In point of fact, the average Hudson's Bay store or post anywhere in the North is simply like a big country store in the Western states; or rather like a small country store. Gradually the character of the old trade goods has changed. Even the blazonry in places shows change, as witness at least one sign: "The Hudson's Bay Company. The Great Traders of the Great West." That sign is very much a concession to modernity, because for more than two centuries the Hudson's Bay Company has never realized or admitted that there was a West. There was only a Hudson's Bay, into which it traded. Strong, dignified, ancient, just, a magnificent figure in the history of the world, there was just a little bit of the pathetic about it when it began to make the first few faint changes. No one can help admiring the Hudson's Bay Company—or help pitying it, for that matter. That last word is not welcome to the strong, even though meant kindly. The truth is, however, that there have been other John Blacks on the trail of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"Dad," a Driver on the H. B. Trail, Peace River

Yet the satisfied calm of more than two centuries had much of actual honor back of it. When the American fur traders found Peter Skeen down in Utah, in the old days, they robbed him. On the other hand, when Doctor McLaughlin, of the old company, found Jedidah Smith on foot out in Oregon long before there was an Oregon Trail, he took him in, befriended him, sent out men to bring in his abandoned furs and paid him an honorable price for them. Even in its old intrigues for Oregon itself the Hudson's Bay Company was honorable. Its Indians did not fight, either with the whites or among themselves. It had no desperadoes in its trade. It took a skin for a skin, that is true; but all over a vast and unknown country it kept in motion an even machinery of justice, dignity, calm beneficence.

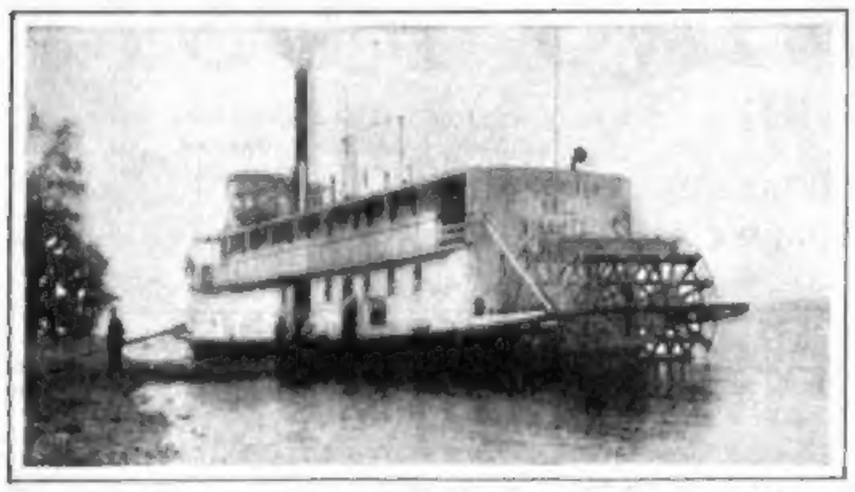
The Exploits of Twelve-Foot Davis

IT IS no wonder that the old company gasped when it first saw American traders begin to edge into its ancient domain. As a matter of fact, the independent traders have been restless all along the American and Canadian border ever since the Hudson's Bay Company and the old Nor'west Company compromised their business difficulties. Perhaps the most dangerous and certainly the first independent trader to invade the old monopoly was an American for whom no other name is known except that of Twelve-foot Davis. To him belongs the distinction of being the first man successfully to buck the Hudson's Bay.

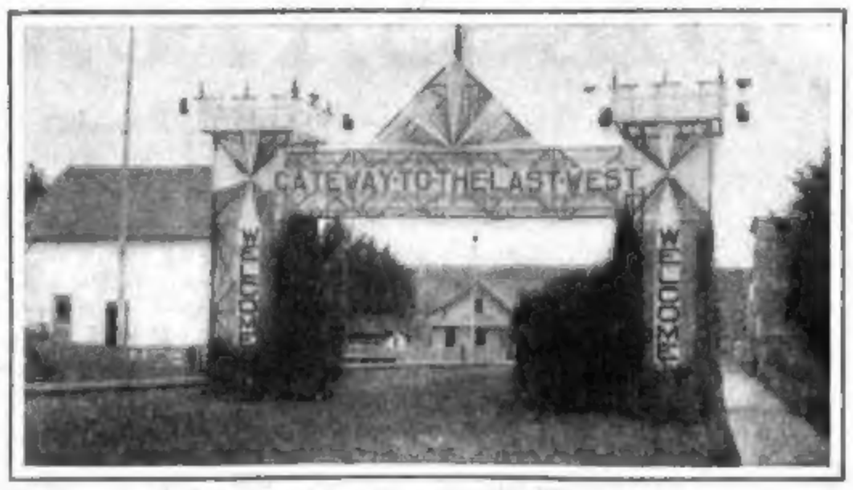
Twelve-foot Davis was tall and slim, from Kentucky originally, and an

Ascending the Vermilion Chutes, Peace River

A Few of the People Who Lived in One Tepee, Peace River



A Boat of the Hudson's Bay Company on Peace River



The Old Hudson's Bay Post, Athbasca Landing

adventurer of the Kit Carson and Jim Bridger sort. Always westbound, he joined in the Caribou diggings stampede across our borders into British Columbia before the Civil War; and it was at this time that he got his name. With many others he located a claim on a much-coveted creek, but, as often happens in such rushes, there were many overlapping claims. By the time the surveying was over and the mining courts had brought in their decisions, Davis found himself possessed not of fifteen hundred feet but of just twelve feet on the pay streak. But you cannot stop a child of Fate. Those twelve feet made him more money than any fifteen hundred feet along the whole creek. Therefore he was called Twelve-foot Davis. In his time he was a well-known figure in the upper North, although very likely you could not get very many Hudson's Bay factors to admit they had ever heard of him. He is buried at Little Slave Lake today. He left behind him a pupil and a friend in the fur trade, whose eyes grow damp even yet when he talks of the old man.

It was the wish of the old trader to be buried on top of the high hill that overlooks Peace River Landing. His wish will be followed out and his friend will soon remove his remains to his chosen resting place. Over him a suitable monument will be erected, a monument to the first of the freetraders. From this lofty vantage-ground Twelve-foot Davis can look down over one of the ancient strongholds of the Hudson's Bay, the Valley of the Peace; and he may say to himself in his grim sleep that he held his own in the enemy's country. He was, perhaps, all things considered, the most dangerous invader of all who ever essayed to break into the territory of the Hudson's Bay.

Twelve-Foot Meets an English Lord

IT WAS not so much Twelve-foot Davis who was dangerous as the principles and new ideas that he brought with him. It was America against England on this continent. For two hundred years the Hudson's Bay Company had sold the tribesmen tomahawks of precisely the same shape as those used by Major Hamilton when he sent his allies out after American scalps. Since 1670 the company had sold a certain type of heavy knife known as a buffalo knife. It still sells that knife, although the buffalo long ago has gone.

At the time Davis came into the country—he crossed the Rockies and came down the Parsnip and Peace in the year 1860—none of the native hunters had ever seen anything but a flint-lock gun. They lighted their fires with flint and steel as the company had always taught them to do. They traded their furs for beads, knives, axes, a few gaudy articles of apparel—little else. Twelve-foot Davis brought in the first repeating rifles ever seen in the North. The natives clamored for them. He brought in the first matches ever seen in that country and the natives threw away their flint-and-steel. They had never seen baking powder in all their lives up there before. Davis showed them how to use it and the dusky housewives would have no other sort of bread thereafter. Davis showed the natives how much better a pair of American overalls was than a pair of buckskin leggings. They liked them and traded their furs for them.

Davis introduced the short file known as the bastard file, which the natives at once found handy for sharpening their knives and axes. In all he brought in about a dozen articles that were altogether new in the trade of that country, every one of which proved useful and practical—as, being an outdoor man himself, he knew they would. His stuff was American, cheap, accessible and absolutely suited to the needs of people living in the fur trade. It was not only American goods against English made goods, but something much more dangerous than that. It was the American idea against the ancient English idea, progress against conservatism, the new against the old.

The Indian is progressive enough if you give him a chance. He has an instinctive reverence for the white race and he will follow white ways as far as possible. Davis never asked any sort of consent from the Hudson's Bay Company, but just set up shop here, there and everywhere he pleased, and with a vast insouciance began to buck the Hudson's Bay Company with deadly methods of his own.

There are countless stories still told in the North about this old king of the free men. Once in the early days, it is said, he was crossing east over the Rockies in the winter-time and stopped on the trail at the old Hudson's Bay post of Fort St. John. There was no open ill feeling between the old Company and the independents, and although a local factor might be calm and cold he was rarely heartless. The Company in later days did not turn away hungry even Klondikers so long as it had stores enough left to winter its own people through on short rations. Davis, therefore, in those earlier times, knew he would have a welcome when he pulled his dog-train into the Company yard at two o'clock in the morning. After the fashion of the frontier, the clerk in charge got up to feed and house the stranger on the trail.

"Have a drink, friend?" asked Davis, producing a bottle from his dog-sled. The clerk did not mind, and thus the rivals fraternized for some time while the dogs were being cared for by some of the company's servants.

"Anybody around here?" asked Davis at length, after telling all his news, as all men on the frontier do.

"Nobody but a lord—that's his tent outside. He's an Englishman who has been hunting back in the Rockies."

He gave the name of a well-known English nobleman.

"Is that so?" said Davis. "I'll go over and see him."

"Oh, no; you mustn't do that!" said the terrified clerk. "His lordship would be very much offended. You mustn't disturb him—why, he's asleep, you see!"

"Well, I'll wake him up," said Davis. "I never seen a lord in all my life and this is my chance. You needn't mind coming along—I'll just go over and poke him up."

Accordingly, taking a fresh bottle in his hand, he went out into the cold and, without pausing to knock at the tentpole, pulled aside the flap and entered the tent where his lordship was sleeping.

"Hello in there!" he cried.

"Who's there?" called a voice from under the blankets. "What's up?"

"Why, me! I'm Twelve-foot Davis and I've just come in to see you, old man. I hear tell you're a lord. I never seen one and I want to. Get up."

"My word!" exclaimed the Englishman in a voice saturated with surprise. "I say, Jones"—this to his man who slept in another tent near by—"Jones, I say; come here. Put this fellow out!"

But Davis was not in the least put out. "Oh, come now," said he; "don't start anything here! What I want to see is a live lord, not a corpse. Have a drink, old horse! I won't hurt you."

He sat down on the edge of the lord's bed and, in perfect simplicity, offered his bottle. The Englishman was not in the least a bad sort; and, moreover, his camp had been out of rum for almost a month. "Thanks, awfully, old chap," said he; "I don't mind if I do." They got on famously and finished more than one bottle between then and dawn. They parted the next day the best of friends.

Davis himself was a very illiterate man and kept his books by a series of pictographs, Indian fashion. He would make a picture or sign standing for a certain Indian's name, and then would keep count of the skins the Indian owed or had owed to him by a series of crosses and vertical lines. One day the old man called his clerk to him. He was very much puzzled over a certain account that he had found in the book. "See here, Jim," he said; "here's some feller been gettin' goods of us and I don't know who it is."

The clerk studied over it for a long time, but could suggest no aid. At last Davis grinned and slapped his thigh.

"Why, I know who that is!" said he exultantly. "It's me! That's the stuff my woman Marie has been getting out of the store." He had forgotten to make a picture of himself for purposes of identification and so had lost check on the household supplies needed by Mrs. Davis.

In his later years Davis was quite blind, but he continued actively in the trade until the end. He graded his own furs and could—so the story runs—tell a prime skin or even a dark one by the sense of touch as closely as any one else could by sight. He became, in a way, as much a fixture in the North as any factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, although, of course, he was not known this side the border. There was a rude friendship between him and the old Company after all, just as there was between him and the English lord. It was not Davis who was dangerous but his ideas.

Today if you enter a Hudson's Bay store anywhere in the North you will find repeating rifles, matches, baking powder, overalls, files—all the things that Davis introduced. Indeed, you will find today sewing machines, soap, candy, galvanized-iron washtubs, prints, ready-made hats for women, and many things for two centuries unknown among those who traded into Hudson's Bay. Even, as may be witnessed, you may find cocktails. For that matter, the Hudson's Bay Company now can sell cocktails where no one else can. The city of Winnipeg went dry. Factor Chipman, head of the Hudson's Bay stores, continued to sell liquors. The municipality brought him to book, but he showed that, under the terms of the surrender of the Company's lands to the Dominion Government, the Company had reserved its right to trade and commerce on all the ancient lines. Next to Louis XIV it came nearest to being the whole works. It was the state; also the cook, captain bold and mate of the brig.

The Rivalry of the French Company

LITTLE by little other independents followed Davis into the country of the old monopoly. They did not get into the extreme north, but all along what may be called the lower trails they began to get a footing. The more prominent of these firms were Joubin, Hall Brothers, Des Jardin, Brick Brothers, Miles McDermott, Dan L. Ferguson, Gray and LaGrandière, Harry Burbank and Pecord. Some of these made money for a little time, but today you will not see one of these firms' names on any sign in the upper North. All these "little fellows" have gone to the wall under the conditions of the fur trade today.

Another American principle, that of combination, brought on an open trade war with the old Company. In the battle between the organized intruders and the old Company eleven of these smaller firms were wiped out.

Today, all over the North, where you see a Hudson's Bay post you see also, just across the street or just across the river or close at hand, the post of what the natives call "the French Company." Revillon Frères, of Paris, New York, St. Petersburg, Chicago, and other cities, today are bucking the Hudson's Bay neck and neck. Most hated and most dangerous of all rivals, they have been in open competition for only about nine or ten years. Some say—more especially some of the natives—that their methods and prices differ but little from those of the old Company. These two daring invaders, the brothers Revillon, were makers of fur garments in Paris. They conceived the idea that they could make more money if they could buy their own furs direct on the ground where they were taken. With a giant fortune behind them, they got into this game

(Continued on Page 40)

Typical Hudson's Bay Post on Little Slave Lake

The Old Company's New Sign

MISS PIE-FACE

By ELEANOR GATES

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

GIFF HAMMOND chose a chair to the right of the schoolhouse platform, tested its strength by pressing one hand down hard on the back of it, and seated himself with the quiet dignity becoming a newly elected trustee. There was a cloud of solemnity in his gray eyes, and his big, rugged, boyish face was shadowed by the same cloud. He crossed one lank, corduroy-clad leg upon the other, folded his seersucker shirtsleeves against his gaping vest, tipped back against some bookshelves, and looked out at the square of California scenery framed by a window.

Hugo Miller, fellow-member of the board, chose a pupil's desk. The desk was the first and smallest of a row made up of carefully graduated sizes. Miller, middle-aged and stocky, and garbed in a black alpaca coat, faded khaki trousers and elkhide boots, slowly wedged himself into the space designed for a chart scholar.

There was a short silence; then the door at the farther end of the room flew open and Mrs. Clem Bailey, clerk and third member of the committee, entered. She was hatless and wore a freshly ironed print wrapper well belted in at the waist. She slammed the door behind her and advanced with a high, determined step. Conspicuously in one hand she carried a large, thick envelope.

She mounted the platform, dropped the envelope on the desk and herself into an armchair. Her eyes were blue and alert. They swept the double row of empty benches; then rested on Miller and Giff.

"I declare this session of the board open," she began crisply. "Shall we come at once to the matter of choosing our teacher?"

Miller nodded hastily. Giff, after a quick glance of inquiry in the other man's direction, bowed to the clerk in polite acknowledgment.

At that she touched up her hair at either side as if in preparation for what was about to come. Her hair was thin and showed the path of the comb teeth between its damp strands, which were drawn straight up and back and secured on the crown of her head in a hard, round knot. Circling this knot was a braid made of the combings of other seasons.

"We all know," Mrs. Clem Bailey resumed, "that for the last three years Estrada District hasn't had one single unbroken term. That was because the school board wasn't a school board at all—it was nothing but a matrimonial bureau."

Miller gave a start and a blink—as of guilt. Giff looked sudden concern. Mrs. Bailey, with an accusing eye fixed on the former, went calmly on: "That high-school graduate we hired last year is married and settled on the Campbell ranch, and the college woman that came next is married and out yonder at Hill's. Did they care anything about the school or the children? And all Tom Flint wanted was to be clerk and get to board the teachers. Now that I'm clerk—as well as the mother of seven children of school age—I want to see things go different. No young woman that's in love ever has her mind on her work."

A genial smile now enlivened all the sunburned hills and hollows of Giff's boyish face. "You're right, Mrs. Bailey," he agreed. "I know, because I've got a sister that's engaged."

"Well, Giff," retorted Mrs. Bailey, "I fought hard to get you elected, because I knew I could count on your support."

At that Miller looked mildly resentful. "But I want to see things go smooth too," he declared. "I have three children, and ——"

Mrs. Bailey cut him short. "Didn't you vote with Tom Flint year before last, and hire a chit from the normal school?" she demanded. "That teacher married in three months—only took the school long enough to scrape some money together for a wedding dress."

"But what can we do?" asked Miller. "All our teachers've been so young and good-looking."

"A-a-ah!" commented the clerk, and the alert blue eyes flashed a triumphant look. "Now you've almost hit straight on my plan."

Both men showed the liveliest interest. "Yes?" questioned Miller, and "I guess we're agoin' to approve of it," added Giff.

"A week ago," informed Mrs. Bailey, "I put an advertisement in every paper at the county-seat. The notice stated that Estrada District wanted to engage a teacher and that each applicant must accompany her letter with a photograph of herself."

Instantly the eyes of both men focused on the large, thick envelope.

"And we'll be able to form some idea about the teacher before she gets here," said Miller. "Good!"

"It's the best plan I ever heard tell about," declared Giff heartily.

"This time," went on Mrs. Bailey, "we'll be saved all the pulling and hauling that's just about ruined the school. And we won't have a broken term. Here are the photographs; and all we've got to do is to hire the oldest and homeliest applicant."

Both men stared. And there was another silence. Mrs. Bailey sat on the defense, now regarding one trustee, now the other. Before her challenging look Miller's eyes fell. He studied the knots in the schoolhouse floor. But Giff gazed straight at the clerk, screwed up his good-natured mouth with gravity and jiggled a foot.

He spoke first. "Wal, bein' as I'm a bach and Miller's a widower," he said slowly, "why, I guess we got to say O. K. to your plan."

Mrs. Bailey laughed. "Huh! You and Miller don't worry me," she answered bluntly. "No girl wants to marry a rancher with three kids and no telephone. As for you, Giff, you're always trying to invent something and never make it go. There you are, right next door to me, on sixty acres of the best fruit land in San Joaquin Valley, and you let your orchard run to bur-clover. You're not practical; and a girl likes a practical man. Why, you don't even raise chickens."

"Chickens?" repeated Giff, brows puckered. "Money in them?"

"Yes, good money. Why, one of the new books we got for the school library is called Chickens: a Gold Mine."

Miller's mind was concentrated on the matter before the board. "Any young teacher that's halfway good-looking will be snapped up," he declared.

"The demand's a hull lot bigger'n the supply," reminded Giff. "But I think there's another reason: Estrada's had stylish schoolma'ams. Now, I'd like to add a perviso to your motion, Mrs. Bailey. Let's git a teacher that's not high school or normal or college, but one that's got just a plain, every-day, first-grade certificate."

Mrs. Bailey considered the idea for a moment. "Maybe there's something in that," she declared at last. "And I'm willing to accept the amendment. But, of course, I won't hear of leaving out my part of the scheme."

"A-course not," said Giff. "And you, Miller?"

"Pleases me," answered Miller gloomily.

Thereupon, Mrs. Bailey stood the large, heavy envelope on end and out fell a number of photographs, ranging in size from a small tintype to a Paris panel. "Here are nine," she said, "and I've numbered them on the back." She held them out to Giff.

He reached to take them. "Us three'll agree this time," he observed. "Might be some doubt about it if we was choosin' the prettiest teacher. But it won't be no trouble to pick Miss Pie-Face."

"I've made up my mind which one I want," said Mrs. Bailey quickly. "It's that top one—Number Three."

Giff glanced at the photograph, then passed it over to the rancher. One by one the other eight followed, until the whole pack was in Miller's hands.

"Well?" said Mrs. Bailey.

"I—I can't say that I favor Number Three," answered Miller. He was examining the photograph with a critical eye.

"Now what's the matter with her?" demanded Mrs. Bailey, with asperity. "She's the homeliest one of the lot. Ain't she, Giff?"

Giff took the photograph. "Wal, I'd kinda hate to say that," he confessed. "But—how about her certificate?"

Mrs. Bailey colored. "I—er—think she's from some college," she admitted. "But it's a small college."

"A college is a college," reminded Giff resolutely. With that he laid Number Three face down on the platform. As he turned back his look met Miller's. In the eyes of the elder man was an expression of appeal. "And now, whilst we're about it, we'd better weed out the high-toned numbers and settle down to choosin' from the first-grade lot. How about Number One?"

"Normal," admitted Mrs. Bailey. "And so are Two and Seven."

Giff tossed these aside.

"And Number Eight is high school," lamented Mrs. Bailey.

"We've got four left," said Miller cheerfully. "And I think that Number Nine"—he tapped the photograph with a stout finger—"will make us a fine teacher."

"Number Nine?" said Mrs. Bailey. "Let me look." But she gave only a glance. "Never!" she declared vehemently. "Number Nine is what I'd call a trouble-maker."

Miller submitted the photograph to Giff.

The latter received it with more or less unconcern, and gave it his first real examination. It was the photograph of a girl of about twenty—a girl with a delicate face, large, childish eyes, and a pile of braids pinned high on a small head. The face was upturned, showing the round of the chin; the eyes were sweet with wistfulness; and little wisps of hair that had escaped from the braids fringed a broad forehead.

As Giff looked, his unconcern vanished, his eyes widened as if in surprise, his lips came together in a straight line. Presently a smile took possession of both eyes and lips—a gentle, friendly smile.

"Well?" questioned Mrs. Bailey impatiently.

Giff did not take his eyes from the photograph; but he moved uneasily, and his jaw dropped.

"I shouldn't think there'd be the slightest question about that picture," continued Mrs. Bailey.

"Photographs are deceiving," asserted Miller. "Don't you think Number Nine's ugly, Giff?"

Giff turned, and once more the eyes of the two men met. Then Giff found speech. "Wal, don't it look like the photographer'd took out a few of her crow's-feet?" he inquired.

"And her chin was double, but it's been smoothed down some; and the freckles've been picked out of her face like you'd pick out the eyes of a potato."

Mrs. Bailey gave a gasp—as though she had come out of a cold plunge.

"And look at her nose," went on Giff. "It's been pulled straight."

Mrs. Bailey leaned forward suddenly and caught the photograph out of his hand. "I don't see how you know so much about it," she declared sarcastically.

"Why," answered Miller, "anybody can see that the nose has been retouched." His look was triumphant.

But Giff's was half guilty, and a wave of red swept up from the turndown collar of his soft shirt and tinged all the brown of his face.

"And I wouldn't class this teacher along with the good-looking ones that Estrada's had," went on Miller, addressing the clerk.

Mrs. Bailey ignored him. "Giff Hammond," she persisted hotly, "do you mean to say you think she isn't pretty?"

"She's undersized, Mrs. Bailey," argued Giff gently. "And as for bein' pretty—wal, she's what I'd call a pie-face."

"I move we take Number Nine," said Miller. He worked himself free of the front desk and stood up, as if to go.

"I second the motion," said Giff. He also rose, straightening out six feet of corduroy and seersucker. "Because I—I kinda think she'd be the best one."

The chair did not put the motion. She began tossing the photographs together.

Then, "Aye!" said Miller.

"Aye!" echoed Giff.

He watched Mrs. Bailey for a moment, rubbing his chin. When Miller was gone he took a step toward her and, lowering his voice, began confidentially: "I—I suppose you couldn't be persuaded to board the teacher this year?"

Mrs. Bailey ceased shuffling the photographs.

"The Flints've boarded every teacher for seven years," he went on. "That's because Tom Flint was clerk. But now it'll be nice if you ——"

"We-e-ell," interrupted Mrs. Bailey thoughtfully; "a first-grader probably wouldn't be as stylish and fussy as a normalite."

"Shore she wouldn't. And"—Miller had disappeared up the road, but Giff still kept his voice low—"if you have the teacher at your house she'll give your youngsters a little extra boostin' of evenin's—maybe. What—er—is Number Nine's name?"

"Miss Hallie Powers." Mrs. Bailey was putting the photographs back into the large envelope.

"Hallie," repeated Giff under his breath. He turned to the shelves behind him. "Hallie Powers. Wal, nobody could say the name's homely."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Bailey.

"I was just wonderin' where's that book—Chickens: a Gold Mine. It'll give me a lot of pointers."

"Lock up when you come out."

"Yas; all right. I'll git my sister to read it too. You know that's a good idear—changin' off on to somethin' practical."

. . . . . .

The Hammond ranch-house was small and white, with a moss-green roof and a great fireplace of rubble stone. It was set in the center of a wide lawn circled by date-palms. Between the palms, clumps of scarlet geraniums ranged themselves, like a line of springing fires.

"I Got to Git Home Quick as I Can. Left Sis Watchin' the Incubator Lamp!"

The afternoon the new teacher came, Giff drove out of the yard at a trot, on his way to meet the train. The lines were over a team of his own. The surrey was Mrs. Bailey's, freshly hosed off.

As he reached the wide gate of the driveway he pulled his horses to a walk and looked back at the neatly swept porch and paths, the whitewashed buildings in the rear and the newly painted side fence. The tempered sun of late summer was shining upon all these recent improvements. Giff smiled.

He was on hand when the afternoon local rolled into the flag-station, and from his place beside his horses' heads saw a large wicker basket projected from the rear steps of the last car. Supporting the basket, and coming after it, was a wisp of a girl in a white shirtwaist and a short, dark skirt. The overhanging brim of a round, rose-trimmed hat hid nearly all of the wearer's face except her pink chin. But Giff went forward to meet her with a confident stride.

"Howdy-do, Miss Hallie!" he said, pulling at his own hatbrim. "I'm Giff Hammond, one of your trustees." And he reached for the wicker basket.

"How do you do!" she faltered. Her eyes were brown and timid.

"Glad to meet you," went on Giff, taking her hand in a big grasp. "Got your trunk-check handy?"

She colored. "Oh, I—I haven't got a trunk. I just brought along a few things."

"I see that you're goin' to suit Estrada," he declared heartily.

"I hope so. You see, it's—it's my first school."

He was lifting the wicker basket to the rear seat of the surrey when round a near-by turn there flashed into sight a runabout, with bright red wheels. It was drawn by a fat, shining roadster, and on the seat of it sat Hugo Miller.

"Just in time!" he called out as he reined up. He climbed down and shook hands with the teacher.

"Mrs. Bailey couldn't come to meet the train," Giff explained. "Bein' Saturday, she had her bakin'. And then she wanted to git up a nice supper. So I volunteered."

"Well, I'm here," said Miller, smiling down at the teacher. "And, Giff, you don't mind if I drive Miss Powers, do you? She'd enjoy a spin in the new buggy."

"A-course ——" began Giff.

The teacher interrupted. "But—but my basket's in the surrey," she said, and turned toward that vehicle.

"Oh—all right—as you like," said Miller jerkily. His smile faded. He climbed back into the runabout. As he whipped up and drove off his face was as red as his wheels.

Giff helped the teacher to the front seat, stepped to a place beside her and flapped the lines. "I live right acrost the alfalfa from Mrs. Bailey's," he informed her as he loosed the brake with one foot.

"Yes?" Miss Hallie gave a shy glance up at him. Her mouth was not unlike one of the roses on her hat.

"My sister keeps house for me," Giff went on. "And I raise chickens. It's a good, practical business. I put six hunderd eggs into the incubator the very day we got your letter sayin' you'd take the school."

"Then they must be hatching now!" she exclaimed.

Giff gave a pleased nod. "I see you know somethin' about chickens," he returned.

"Pa was a prospector," said Miss Hallie. "Whenever he started out into the mountains ma used to set all the hens she could."

"Chickens are a gold mine," mused Giff, half to himself.

"They kept ma from getting lonesome," went on Miss Hallie; "took every minute she had."

"Er—every minute!" repeated Giff. "I hope they won't keep me that busy. You see this is what you might call my first try at the business."

"I was studying to be a teacher, but I helped with the chickens all I could. Then pa died. And after that ma just seemed to lose heart, and—and ——" The brown eyes swam. Miss Hallie turned her face away.

Giff hastened to speak. "It's more'n likely I'll be askin' you for advice," he declared. "Just before I left home this afternoon, Sis, she called me into the parlor. There's where we got the incubator—and nobody could hardly tell it from a grand piano—and I could hear the hull six hunderd hollerin' like the dickens."

"Will—will all the eggs hatch?" asked Miss Hallie, covertly wiping her lashes.

"Maybe not. But I reckon on gittin' more'n five hunderd chicks."

They had come by now to a turn that brought them in sight of the Hammond ranch-house.

"That's where I live," announced Giff, pointing with his whip.

"It's pretty," said Miss Hallie.

"It's my idea of a home," Giff went on. "But—I'll be there all alone before long. Sis, she's agoin' to marry." And he sighed.

Miss Pie-Face

After supper, that same evening, he crossed the alfalfa to Mrs. Bailey's, taking long strides. There was paint on his nose as well as on the cuffs of his shirt and the knees of his trousers. It was the same shade of brown that he was using to stain the roofs of his new brooders.

Miss Hallie was seated on the front porch among the climbing roses, her clerk beside her; Lucita, the Bailey youngest, was on her knee. She put the child aside and rose at his approach.

"Them little chickens is on time!" he announced excitedly from the side gate of the garden. "Could you come and see?"

"Though, of course," interposed Mrs. Bailey, "Miss Powers had intended to discuss her Monday work with me." But Miss Hallie, having given Lucita a parting kiss, was already down the front steps.

"I got to git home quick as I can," explained Giff. "Left Sis watchin' the incubator lamp!" And, with Mrs. Bailey staring in resentment, he swung the gate wide and the teacher flitted through.

When the two reached the white cottage the new chicks were staggering out of their shells. Attracted by the light of a candle held close to the glass front of the incubator, they came tumbling forward in little droves to the edge of the hatching-shelf, where they toppled over a tiny precipice to a second warm shelf below—looking, in their downy yellow coats, like clusters of fluffy acacia.

"Oh, the sweet, baby things!" cried Miss Hallie.

"Shore are pretty," agreed Giff. But he was not looking at the chickens. He was looking at the girl by his side. Her braids were pinned high on her small head, which left bare the nape of her neck. Little curls fringed it—curls the size of a fifty-cent piece. They lay moist and flat against the clear white skin.

Sis came bustling in, a little woman in an unbelted Mother Hubbard, like an active blue-gingham cylinder topped by a revolving smile; and when the teacher had been introduced Sis made three in the line that viewed the lively yellow host. "Brother's so taken up with the chickens," she told Miss Hallie. "Ever since he got the iden he's left off working on his inventions."

"You're—you're an inventor!" Miss Hallie faced her trustee; then drew back a little, the brown eyes wide with interest and surprise.

Giff grew scarlet. "Wal, you couldn't hardly say that," he corrected hastily. "I rigged up a self-workin' prune-dipper and sent it off—yas, to San Francisco; but it won't amount to nothin'. Just tinkered on it to rest up from somethin' more practical." And with a warning look at Sis he led the way to the rear porch, where were a dozen new brooders in a double row.

Half an hour later he took Miss Hallie home.

"Isn't it beautiful—here in the San Joaquin!" she said as they crossed the alfalfa.

"I'm glad you like it," he answered heartily. "It shore is beautiful. Why, do you know, almost every teacher that's ever come has—has stayed?"

Neither spoke again until they reached the Bailey side gate. Miss Hallie walked with her head down; Giff held his high and wore his hat pushed back. "I hope you'll stay," he said earnestly.

"I—I hope I will."

"Good night."

"Good night."

He went homeward slowly. When he reached the dividing fence that shut his yard off from the alfalfa he seated himself on the top board, facing the field. The window of the Bailey spareroom showed a narrow line of light down the length of its shade. He waited, elbows on knees and chin leaning on a hand, till the square of that window went black.

As he entered the house Sis turned the searchlight of her smile upon him. "Say," she began, "didn't you tell me that you trustees picked the teacher because she was the homeliest one out of nine?"

"Yep," affirmed Giff.

"My!" she exclaimed. "They must 'a' been a terrible good-looking lot!"

At dawn he lighted the lamps in his little village of brooders and transferred a small colony of cheeping, quick-footed morsels from the incubator to each low, brown-stained house.

"Guess the poor little fellers holler so much because they're hungry," he told Sis. "What'd I best give 'em—ground feed or green stuff?"

After consulting the chicken book he compromised on both—alfalfa chopped fine in a wooden bowl and mixed with crushed wheat. He put the food into tiny troughs, and beside each trough he set a saucer. Then he rummaged his desk for a writing tablet fished the stub of a leadpencil from a vest pocket, took a seat on the back steps and fell to making rows of topheavy figures on a white page.

Mid-morning found him at the Baileys' again. Hugo Miller was there also, seated opposite the teacher in the front parlor and engaged in turning a new derby hat, wheel-like, on the axle of one red fist.

"How're the chickens, Giff?" he inquired, lifting a conscious face.

"Thought I'd ask Miss Hallie to come over and take another squint at 'em."

"Anything the matter?" she questioned anxiously.

"No; and only four died durin' the night."

"Oh!"

"Wal, a man's got to expect to lose a few. My, yas!"

As Miss Hallie pinned on her hat Miller rose and prepared to accompany her.

Giff protested quickly. "I don't want to put you to any bother, Hugo," he said. "And anyhow, little chickens've got such nervous dispositions that ——"

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Miller?" asked Miss Hallie.

"Of course," answered Miller, reddening. "But—I'd like to show you my ranch later on in the day." He managed a coaxing smile. "I've just put new sinks in my house and stationary tubs."

He nodded toward the front gate. There stood the fat roadster and the runabout with the flashing wheels.

Mrs. Bailey, coming into the parlor a moment later, found him alone, watching across the alfalfa field, his derby close gripped in his hand.

"Well!" began the clerk, wiping her hands on her apron, "has Miss Powers come to this district to teach school or to raise chickens?"

Miller met her look squarely. "We mustn't let the teacher get lonesome the first couple of days she's here," he declared.

"Lonesome!" repeated Mrs. Bailey. "Huh! It'll be that young whipper-snapper, Tom Flint, next."

Miller settled his hat securely upon his head. "Oh, a plain girl like that ain't asked around much," he observed. "Cutting the last of your peach crop, I see. Well this is fine drying weather. So long, Mrs. Bailey." He went down the front path.

Giff gave Miss Hallie some definite information about the chickens as he led the way through the field. "Eighty-two eggs didn't hatch," he told her, showing the tablet. "But I got all I can take care of anyhow—five hunderd and fourteen. And half of them'll be hens. That's two hun ——"

Miss Hallie shook her head. "Little chickens are delicate," she reminded. "You can't expect to raise all of the hens."

"I'll raise two hunderd, anyhow," he declared. "And rose-comb Leghorns grow awful quick. Why, they begin to lay in five months! That means two hunderd eggs a day." He showed her more figures.

"But—but, of course, all of them won't lay every day," said Miss Hallie. The brown eyes were very serious.

"Wal, I can count on sixteen dozen, can't I? And, by jingo! I'd better knock some nests together. I'll need a hunderd. That'll take lumber. And rough redwood's about nineteen dollars a thousand. Yas, them nests'll cost. But then, there's what I'm goin' to make on my young roosters—two hunderd of 'em, at four bits apiece."

The sun of high noon, shining on the Hammond back steps, found Giff and Miss Hallie seated side by side, he industriously making figures, she watching over his shoulder.

The same sun flashed on the red wheels of the Miller runabout as it drew up at the Bailey front gate. At mid-afternoon the runabout still waited. Miss Hallie was having Sunday dinner at the Hammonds'. Later on in the day Miller drove past the white cottage, going at top speed. But he did not turn his head toward the trio under the palms on the lawn.

Next morning, on leaving for school, her lunch pail weighting one slender hand and small Lucita weighting the other, Miss Hallie chanced to look across the alfalfa. There was Giff, walking among his brooders like a giant in a small village. He saw her and waved his hat. She answered. And long after she had disappeared into the orchard that lay between the schoolhouse and the Baileys' he leaned on the dividing fence. When at last he went back to the chickens his face was settled in determined grooves.

That evening he called at the clerk's again. Miss Hallie, having given one of the Bailey septet some special instruction, was poring over the Prescribed Course for the Grammar Grades. Giff dropped his hat into a chair and sat down upon it wearily.

"Miss Hallie," he began, "you're right about the chicken business keepin' a man busy. But as far as I can see, my time's put most on the dumpy ones."

Miss Hallie looked suddenly concerned. "The dumpy ones?"

"I have to hold 'em in my hands when they feed, and if I don't poke their bills down they won't drink. They git wet and I have to dry 'em, and give 'em cayenne and grease their heads. Then there's troughs to fill and saucers to wash, and I don't know what all else. Why, little chickens is as bad as so many little kids."

"But how many are dumpy?" asked Miss Hallie.

Slowly Giff pulled the writing tablet from a pocket. "I fed 'em too soon," he explained sadly. "The book said to wait. But how could I deny the poor little fellers when they was hollerin' so for something to eat?" He consulted the tablet. "Yas; I've lost twenty-six more."

"Dead?"

"But then I've got four hunderd and eighty-some-odd left," went on Giff hastily; "and only about a dozen of them is in soapbox hospitals behind the kitchen stove."

"Oh, it's too bad!" exclaimed Miss Hallie regretfully.

"When I was figgerin' out my self-workin' prune-dipper, why, I took the setbacks as they come. And a man's got to have one now and then in a practical business."

He stayed until Mrs. Bailey made her appearance. "Left Sis watchin' the brooder-lamps," he explained. "Last night that alarm-clock of mine raised me every single hour; for them lamps is fuller of whims than a cranky woman."

The following evening Hugo Miller dropped in. "I thought I'd like to hear how the school's getting along," he said half apologetically to the clerk. Then, "Miss Powers, my children envy Mrs. Bailey's family, you bet—having you right in the house this way. They like you first class."

"The children do?" inquired Mrs. Bailey with sarcasm. And the alert blue eyes darted him a glance of scornful understanding. But she contained herself until the following morning, when she went across to the Hammonds'.

Giff greeted her from the chicken yard. His big, boyish face looked less brown than usual. There were dark rings under the gray eyes. "My chicks dwindled a speck last night," he announced as she came up. "And this mornin' a butcher-bird got six—killed 'em quicker'n a wink. Then somebody's cat run off with one a minute ago. I don't mind accidents, though. But when it comes to —— Wal, you won't believe it, that's all!—one little feller committed suicide! He wasn't hungry. His craw was so cram-jam full that he couldn't hardly see over it. But he got to pickin' at his own two feet; and, by jingo! he picked 'em clean off!"

"H'm!" commented Mrs. Bailey unfeelingly.

"It does beat all what growin' chickens'll eat," went on Giff. "Sis says I oughta give 'em ground-up oyster shells. But, Mrs. Bailey, I ain't got the heart to do it!"

She was looking beyond him. "My nose is long," she began, apropos of nothing, "but I can see farther'n the end of it—if some people do take me for an ignoramus and think they can get ahead of me. And it's as plain as daylight why Hugo Miller went and sprung himself for that new rig."

"Hugo's what you might call thoughtful," answered Giff generously. "Not many men'd go outen their way like that to be neighborly to a new teacher, Mrs. Bailey; and ——"

"Giff," interrupted Mrs. Bailey angrily, "do you think you're pulling the wool over my eyes?" She turned to the field lying beyond the dividing fence and pointed. "Miss Powers has been in Estrada District exactly three days—and look at the trail you've broke through my alfalfa!"

It was one evening later—a warm, still evening. A new moon peered through the climbing roses on the Bailey porch. The air was heavy with the sweet, fruity perfume from the tray-covered drying-ground close to the house. Miss Hallie sat on the front steps, her slender hands in her lap, her face turned toward the white spot that was the cottage beyond the alfalfa. There was a gentle smile on her lips.

"Oh, I'm so glad you chose me to teach at Estrada this year!" she exclaimed happily.

Mrs. Bailey was seated in a rocking-chair, a sleeping child in her arms. "Don't thank me," she said shortly; "I didn't pick you." And she began to rock.

A pause. Then: "Who—who did?"—in a half whisper.

"The men. Miller put the motion; Giff Hammond clinched it."

"Mr. Hammond," said Miss Hallie softly. She rose and leaned against the vine-hung entrance to the porch—a slim, girlish figure in the pale light.

Mrs. Bailey stopped rocking. "We all agreed," she explained, with deliberation, "that the trouble we'd had in the school was due to hiring pretty, showy teachers, who liked to gad about in a buggy with Tom Flint—instead of hiring quiet, homely girls that wouldn't neglect their work. So, when I handed out the nine photographs I received, Giff said: 'Come ahead; let's pick Miss Pie-Face.'"

"Pie-Face!" It was only a breath. The slender figure shrank back.

"Well, Miller and Giff went over the photographs," went on Mrs. Bailey serenely, "and selected yours. And I feel confident that you are going to do conscientious work." With that she leaned back, gave a little kick to start herself once more, and fell to swinging to and fro.

Mrs. Bailey's confidence was not misplaced. For Miss Hallie applied herself more diligently than ever to her work. She studied the Prescribed Course so persistently that she had no time for conversation when Hugo Miller called. She brought home so many papers to correct

"I Move We Take Number Nine"

(Continued on Page 53)

WHEN TO BUY STOCKS

By ROGER W. BABSON

THERE are three distinct movements in the stock market. In the first place there are the daily fluctuations of which the average trader endeavors to take advantage. These fluctuations may be compared to the ripples on the waters of a bay. They cannot be foretold in any way, and they bear no relation to the intrinsic value of the prospective properties or to conditions in general. Any man who endeavors to make a profit from these movements is, in my opinion, simply a gambler.

Secondly, there are the broad breaks and rallies of from five to ten points, extending over a few weeks and caused by the market's becoming overbought or oversold. These broader movements may be compared to the waves caused by the winds blowing over the waters of a bay. How the winds are to blow no one can tell; but knowing how they are blowing it is comparatively easy to forecast whether the waters will be rough or smooth.

If professional traders would let the market alone it would slowly and regularly advance or decline without these waves, changing in accordance with fundamental conditions, as they either improve or become worse; but, owing to their impatience and avariciousness, these operators are continually either pushing the natural movement too far or else retarding it. If the tendency of the market is thought to be downward all these operators become bearish and sell stocks short until the market becomes "oversold" and is lower than conditions warrant. As soon as it occurs to the operators that they have done this, they all change their position and begin to buy, continuing until the market becomes "overbought," or higher than conditions warrant. The market, therefore, is very seldom at its logical point based on fundamental conditions; but is almost always above or below this point, based upon these technical conditions. Now, as to what these operators are to do, it is impossible for any one—even themselves—to foretell; but from a painstaking and systematic study of the tape it is often possible to tell what these operators are trying to do, and thus it is possible to foretell whether a break or a rally is next in order. Of course I do not advise any one to study the market's technical condition for the purpose of trading in these movements; but to those who are bound to trade I strongly recommend that they fortify themselves by a study of these movements and the technical conditions causing them.

Thirdly, there are the long swings extending over one or more years, caused by corresponding changes in fundamental conditions. These long swings may be compared to the movements of the tide. The ripples cannot be foretold in any way; the wave movements cannot be foretold with much exactness; but the tide movements can be foretold with absolute accuracy. In the same way, students of fundamental conditions can tell whether the market is at high or low tide, or whether the tide is going out or coming in.

All financial and industrial history has been divided into distinct cycles, and each cycle has consisted of four distinct periods of from two to four years. There is the period of business prosperity, when the insiders are liquidating and stocks are declining in price; the period of business decline, when stocks are dragging on the bottom; the period of business depression, when the insiders are accumulating and stocks are increasing in price; and the period of business improvement, when stocks are abnormally high. Moreover, by a systematic and thorough study of both business and investment conditions, with their relations to each other, it is possible to tell with absolute exactness in which of these four periods we are at any given time, and to estimate fairly closely when a change may be expected.

It therefore is possible to forecast these long swings, referred to as the third movement, and thus those with money and the courage of their convictions are enabled to make large fortunes. Moreover, unlike almost any other form of speculation, such men as do take advantage of these movements are performing a distinct service to their country by helping to steady conditions; in fact, every additional investor who henceforth endeavors to profit by these long swings causes the future periods of depression to be less severe and the future periods of prosperity to be less reckless.

In view of the above facts, two statements should be self-evident. The first one is this: There is no sure way of making money in day-to-day speculation, such as is indulged in by the ordinary trader. Ninety-eight per cent of such traders come to grief, losing not only their money but also their health, reputation and—what is worst of all—their courage and self-respect. The game is absolutely "rigged" against them, as the powers that be own all the paraphernalia and apparatus, and are subject to no laws or regulations. At Monte Carlo one plays simply against luck, and with the exception of about two and a half per cent in favor of the bank, the player has an equal chance with the bank to win, which is not true when he is playing against Wall Street. Not only are the commissions against the speculator—so that if he should win one-half of the time he would still be out his commissions—but almost everything is "rigged" to beat him.

Most market letters urge the public to buy when they should sell, and to sell when they should buy. The banks lower their money rates and make it easy for people to purchase when stocks really should be sold; and, conversely, they call loans and unintentionally do all that is possible to prevent the public from purchasing when stocks are low. Corporations raise their dividends and publish splendid reports, making their stocks look attractive when they are already too high, and they reduce the dividends and show poor earnings when the stocks are really an attractive and safe investment; and so it is all the way down the line. Banks, corporations, leading men, and even many of the brokers themselves, are all combined to get the public in wrong. Consequently only about two per cent of the traders who enter Wall Street ever succeed in beating this game, though even a larger percentage of those who play at Monte Carlo beat the bank there.

Of course if one knew that the Wall Street organization invariably gives the wrong advice, one could—if he had extraordinary self-control and independence—beat the game by always doing exactly the opposite of what some of the news sheets, banks, corporation officials and brokers generally advise; but this also is an impossibility, as these interests sometimes advise correctly for the very purpose of still further bewildering investors and the public generally. Therefore, the first point that I wish to impress upon the reader is that only about two per cent of the speculators and room traders ever succeed in retiring from Wall Street with any profit, and that the majority of this small percentage do it largely through luck.

The second statement that I wish to emphasize is as follows: Although the ordinary speculator has a very small chance of profit, and although it is almost an impossibility to make money in stocks along the lines ordinarily practiced, yet there is one method by which it may be done. I refer to the method of taking advantage of the long swings, extending over periods of from one to four years, which is possible by a systematic study of fundamental conditions.

As to what the stock market is to do today or tomorrow, or even next week, or possibly next month, no one knows, and only those fully acquainted with the market's technical conditions can make an intelligent guess; for, outside of half a dozen interests in Wall Street, all the rest of those who play the game are simply tools. These six are well known to all and obtain their power simply through their intimate connections with the press, the corporations and the brokers. Moreover, although these men may have their places taken by others, yet their number will never be much greater; for, as the circle extends, they begin to

Composite Plot of the Summary Barometer Figures for American Business Conditions

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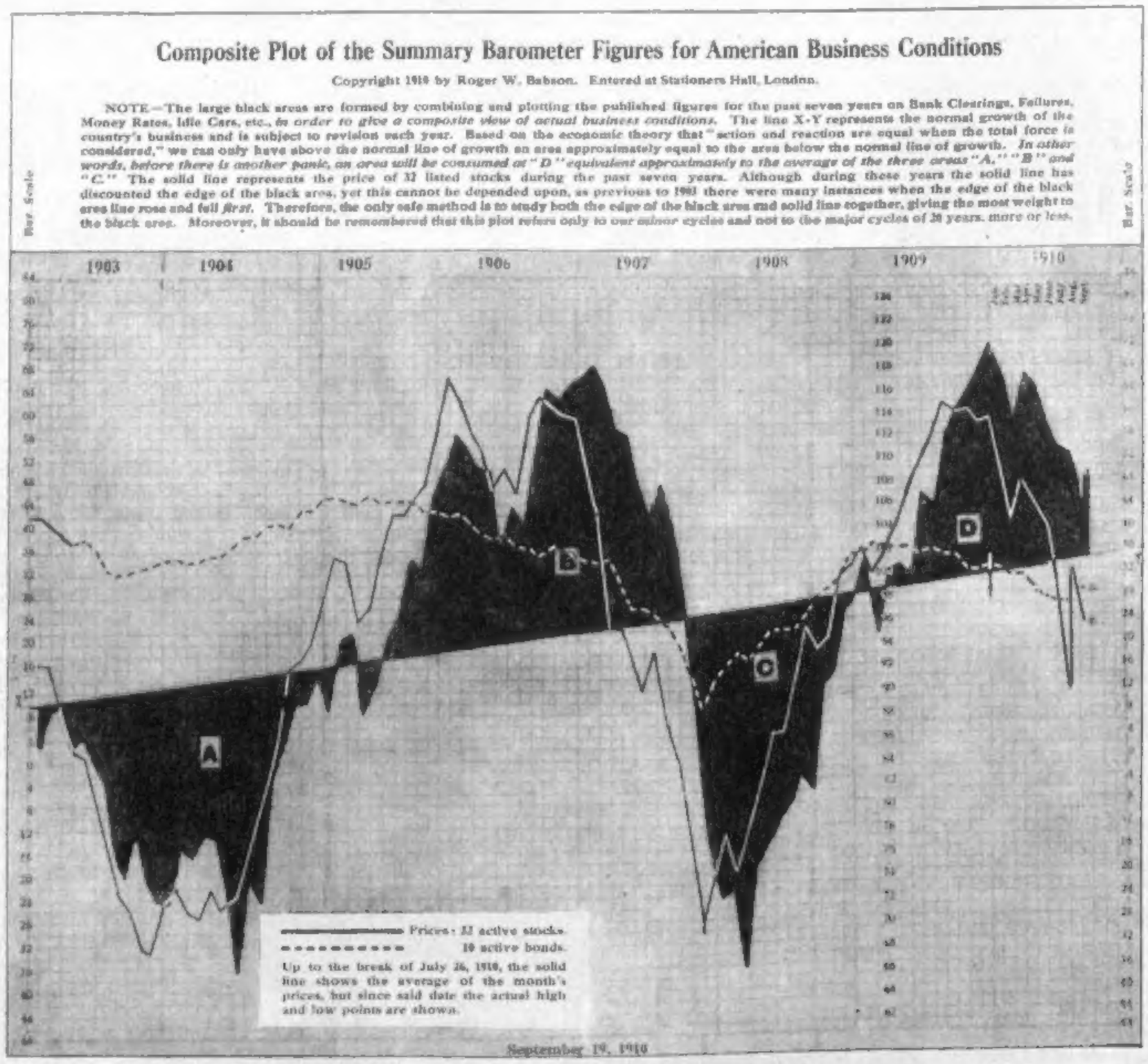
NOTE—The large black areas are formed by combining and plotting the published figures for the past seven years on Bank Clearings, Failures, Money Rates, Idle Cars, etc., *in order to give a composite view of actual business conditions.* The line X-Y represents the normal growth of the country's business and is subject to revision each year. Based on the economic theory that "action and reaction are equal when the total force is considered," we can only have above the normal line of growth an area approximately equal to the area below the normal line of growth. *In other words, before there is another panic, an area will be consumed at "D" equivalent approximately to the average of the three areas "A," "B" and "C."* The solid line represents the price of 50 listed stocks during the past seven years. Although during these years the solid line has discounted the edge of the black area, yet this cannot be depended upon, as previous to 1903 there were many instances when the edge of the black area line rose and fell *first.* Therefore, the only safe method is to study both the edge of the black area and solid line together, giving the most weight to the black area. Moreover, it should be remembered that this plot refers only to our *minor* cycles and not to the *major* cycles of 30 years, more or less.



endeavor to beat one another, which keeps the number down. So one cannot reasonably expect to be of these.

There is, however, another and much larger circle of men who represent Wall Street in the popular mind and are continually making and retaining great fortunes. These men, however, are not traders and speculators, as are the first-mentioned six, although the public does not recognize the difference. The operations of these men are based wholly on fundamental conditions and long swings.

When stocks are cheap and they consider that fundamental conditions are becoming sounder each week, they begin and continue to accumulate so long as fundamental conditions continue to improve. This period usually lasts for about eighteen months, although they may do eighty per cent of their buying during the first few months of the period, when the press, the banks and the corporation officials all seem pessimistic and the public is selling.

At the end of this period, and upon the first sign of real prosperity, these men begin to sell, although many of them continue to talk optimistically so that the public will buy. In other words, the distributing process commences, lasting for one or more years, during which time the leaders are all talking optimistically, the banks are loaning money at low rates and the corporations are raising their dividends. Nevertheless, fundamental conditions are no longer improving, and these men who study fundamental rather than surface conditions are rapidly selling all of their stocks; in fact, even the money received from the sale of these stocks is loaned on the Street to enable the public to buy stocks more easily. Then, when the public has absorbed all of the stocks possible and surface conditions are so bright that the ordinary speculator is anticipating no trouble—although fundamental conditions are, of course, unsatisfactory—the word is passed around to "pull the plug." Stocks then begin to tumble and almost every one suddenly becomes pessimistic, banks begin to call loans, corporations reduce dividends and everything is done to force the sale of stocks and cause low quotations. This method of depressing the market is continued until fundamental conditions again begin to improve, when the accumulating process above mentioned is again commenced, although business, so far as surface conditions show, is still very depressed.

In short, these men, constantly studying fundamental conditions, enter the market about once in every one or more years to buy or sell according to what these fundamental conditions indicate. After purchasing stocks they hold them for a year or so, selling out when the public begins to buy and loaning money to the public for a year or more thereafter to make said purchasing easier. When they have sold all of their previous holdings and also are heavily short of the market—while banks, merchants and investors are overextended and fundamental conditions are becoming unsound—they suddenly change their attitude, begin to talk pessimistically and again do all they can to depress stocks, as above suggested, preparatory to another period of accumulation.

As to what the market does from day to day or from month to month these men do not care. They do not trade as do ninety-nine per cent of the speculators, but rather play simply for the long swings. Moreover, although I strongly oppose many of the methods that some of these men employ, yet I believe that the ultimate result of their studies is good for the country, by tending to steady conditions as well as being profitable to themselves.

Of course, this means confining all of one's buying to perhaps one month in two years and holding said stocks for a while; confining all one's selling to perhaps a month, and then buying only commercial paper for a while. By so doing, however, one may eventually accumulate a great fortune without any great risk, especially if he will confine his investments to high-grade standard securities and paper. Nearly all of the great honest fortunes of this country have been made by a study of fundamental conditions, by independent work along the lines above mentioned. Moreover, it is only by studying fundamental conditions that one can align himself with these large interests—which do not trade from day to day or from month to month—and make money as they do.

As to how fundamental conditions may be studied I have explained very fully in my published books; but it is very difficult to explain the work in a few words. In short, however, it consists first in collecting each week the latest figures on a large number of fundamental subjects grouped under the following twelve headings:

Mercantile Conditions	
Bank clearings	Failures
Immigration	New building
Monetary Conditions	
Domestic money rates	Foreign money rates
Surplus reserves	Commodity prices
Investment Conditions	
Prices of securities and shares traded in on the New York Stock Exchange	Conditions of leading crops
	Political conditions
	Railroad earnings

After obtaining these data each week, the latest figures on each subject may be reduced to a common index figure, on the same principle that the London Economist reduces the prices of a number of different commodities to one common

(Concluded on Page 66)

The Innocence of Father Brown

The Bolt From the Blue—By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

THE little village of Bohun Beacon was perched on a hill so steep that the tall spire of its church seemed only like the peak of a small mountain. At the foot of the church stood a smithy, generally red with fires and always littered with hammers and scraps of iron. Opposite to this, over a rude cross of cobbled paths, was the Blue Boar, the only inn of the place. It was upon this crossway, in the lifting of a leaden and silver daybreak, that two brothers met in the street and spoke, though one was beginning the day and the other finishing it. The Reverend and Honorable Wilfred Bohun was very devout and was making his way to some austere exercises of prayer or contemplation at dawn. Colonel the Honorable Norman Bohun, his elder brother, was by no means devout and was sitting in evening dress on the bench outside the Blue Boar, drinking what the philosophic observer was free to regard either as his last glass on Tuesday or his first on Wednesday. The Colonel was not particular.

The Bohuns were one of the very few aristocratic families really dating from the Middle Ages, and their pennon had really seen Palestine. But it is a great mistake to suppose that such houses stand high in chivalric tradition. Few except the poor preserve traditions. Aristocrats live, not in traditions but in fashions. They catch the novelty of each succeeding generation, generally in its most vulgar form. The Bohuns had been Mohawks under Queen Anne and Mashers under Queen Victoria. But, like more than one of the really ancient houses, they had rotted in the last two centuries into mere drunkards and dandy degenerates till, on the top of twenty tales of fashion and folly, there had even come a whisper of insanity. Certainly there was something hardly human about the Colonel's wolfish pursuit of pleasure; and his chronic resolution not to go home till morning had a touch of the hideous clarity of insomnia. He was a tall, fine animal, elderly but with hair still startlingly yellow. He would have looked merely blond and leonine but his blue eyes were sunk so deep in his face that they looked black. They were a little too close together. He had very long yellow mustaches, on each side of them a fold or furrow from nostril to jaw, so that a sneer seemed cut into his face. Over his evening clothes he wore a curious, pale yellow coat that looked more like a very light dressing-gown than an overcoat, and on the back of his head was stuck a soft felt hat of a bright green color, evidently some Oriental curiosity caught up at random. He was proud of appearing in such incongruous attires; proud of the fact that he always made them look congruous.

"Norman," Said the Cleric, "Are You Ever Afraid of Thunderbolts?"

His brother, the curate, had also the yellow hair and the elegance, but he was buttoned up to the chin in black and his face was clean-shaven, cultivated and a little nervous. He seemed to live for nothing but his religion. But there were some who said—notably the blacksmith, who was a Presbyterian—that it was a love of Gothic architecture rather than of God, and that his haunting of the church like a ghost was only another and purer turn of the almost morbid thirst for beauty which sent his brother raging after women and wine. This charge was doubtful, while the man's practical piety was indubitable. Indeed, the charge was mostly an ignorant misunderstanding of the love of solitude and secret prayer, and was founded on his being often found kneeling, not before the altar but in peculiar places, in the crypts or gallery or even in the belfry. He was at the moment about to enter the church, through the yard of the smithy, but stopped and frowned a little as he saw his brother's cavernous eyes staring in the same direction. On the hypothesis that the Colonel was interested in the church he did not waste any speculations. There only remained the blacksmith's shop and, though the blacksmith was a Puritan and none of his people, Wilfred Bohun had heard some scandals about a beautiful and rather celebrated wife. He flung a suspicious look across the shed.

"Good morning, Wilfred," the Colonel said; "like a good landlord I am watching sleeplessly over my people. I am going to call on the blacksmith."

Wilfred looked down and said: "The blacksmith is out. He is over at Greenford."

"I know," answered the other with silent laughter; "that is why I am calling on him."

"Norman," said the cleric, with his eye on a pebble in the road, "are you ever afraid of thunderbolts?"

"What do you mean?" asked the Colonel. "Is your hobby meteorology?"

"I mean," said Wilfred without looking up, "do you ever think that God might strike you in the street?"

"I beg your pardon," said the Colonel. "I see your hobby is folklore."

"I know your hobby is blasphemy," retorted the religious man, stung in the one live place of his nature. "But if you do not fear God you have good reason to fear man."

The elder raised his eyebrows politely. "Fear man?"

"Barnes, the blacksmith, is the biggest and strongest man for forty miles around," said the clergyman sternly. "I know you are no coward or weakling, but he could throw you over the wall."

This struck home, being true, and the lowering line by mouth and nostril darkened and deepened. For a moment he stood with the heavy sneer on his face. But in a moment Colonel Bohun had recovered his own cruel good humor and laughed, showing two doglike front teeth under his yellow mustache. "In that case, my dear Wilfred," he said quite carelessly, "it was wise for the last of the Bohuns to come out partially in armor."

And he took off the queer round hat covered with green, showing that it was lined within with steel. Wilfred recognized it, indeed, as a light Japanese or Chinese helmet, torn down from a trophy that hung in the old family hall.

"It was the first hat to hand, you know," explained his brother airily.

"The blacksmith is away at Greenford," said Wilfred quietly; "the time of his return is unsettled."

And with that he turned and went into the church with bowed head, crossing himself like one who wishes to be quit of an unclean spirit. He was anxious to forget such grossness in the cool twilight of his tall Gothic cloisters; but on that morning it was fated that his still round of religious exercises should be everywhere arrested by small shocks. As he entered the church, hitherto always empty at that hour, a kneeling figure rose hastily to its feet and came toward the full daylight of the doorway. When the curate saw it he stood still with surprise. For the early worshiper was none other than the village idiot, nephew of the blacksmith, one who neither would nor could care for the church, or for anything else. He was always called "Mad Joe," and seemed to have no other name. He was a dark, strong, slouching lad with a heavy white face, dark straight hair and a mouth always open. As he passed the priest his moon-calf countenance gave no hint of what he had been doing or thinking. He had never been known to pray before. What sort of prayers was he saying now? Extraordinary prayers, surely.

Wilfred Bohun stood rooted to the spot long enough to see the idiot go out into the sunshine, and even to see his dissolute brother hail him with a sort of avuncular jocularity. The last thing he saw was the Colonel throwing pennies at the open mouth of Joe, with the serious appearance of trying to hit it.

"How Do You Know All This? Are You a Devil?"

This ugly sunlight picture of the stupidity and cruelty of the earth sent the ascetic finally to his prayers for purification and new thoughts. He went up to a pew in the gallery which brought him under a colored window which he loved as it always quieted his spirit—a blue window with an angel carrying lilies. There he began to think less about the half-wit, with his livid face and mouth like a fish. He began to think less of his evil brother, pacing like a lean lion in his horrible hunger. He sank deeper and deeper into those cold and sweet colors of silver blossoms and sapphire sky.

In This Place He Was Found by Gibbs, the Village Cobbler

In this place, half an hour afterward, he was found by Gibbs, the village cobbler, who had been sent for him in some haste. He got to his feet with promptitude, for he knew that no small matter would have brought Gibbs into such a place at all. The cobbler was, as in many villages, an atheist, and his appearance in church was a shade more extraordinary than Mad Joe's. It was a morning of theological enigmas.

"What is it?" asked Wilfred Bohun rather stiffly, but putting out a trembling hand for his hat.

The atheist spoke in a tone that, coming from him, was quite startlingly respectful and even, as it were, huskily sympathetic.

"You must excuse me, sir," he said in a hoarse whisper, "but we didn't think it right not to let you know at once. I'm afraid a rather dreadful thing has happened, sir; I'm afraid your brother ——"

Wilfred clenched his frail hands. "What deviltry has he done now?" he cried in involuntary passion.

"Why, sir," said the cobbler, coughing, "I'm afraid he's done nothing and won't do anything. I'm afraid he's done for. You had really better come down, sir."

The curate followed the cobbler down a short winding stair which brought them out at an entrance rather higher than the street. Bohun saw the tragedy in one glance, flat underneath him like a plan. In the yard of the smithy were standing five or six men, mostly in black, one in an inspector's uniform. They included the doctor, the Presbyterian minister and the priest from the Roman Catholic chapel, to which the blacksmith's wife belonged. The latter was speaking to her, indeed, very rapidly, in an undertone, as she, a magnificent woman with red-gold hair, was sobbing blindly on a bench. Between these two groups, and just clear of the main heap of hammers, lay a man in evening dress, spread-eagled and flat on his face. From the height above Wilfred could have sworn to every item of his costume and appearance down to the Bohun rings upon his fingers, but the skull was only a hideous splash, like a star of blackness and blood.

Wilfred Bohun gave the one glance and ran down the steps into the yard. The doctor, who was the family physician, saluted him, but he scarcely took any notice. He could only stammer out: "My brother is dead. What does it mean? What is this horrible mystery?" There was an unhappy silence, and then the cobbler, the most outspoken man present, answered: "Plenty of horror, sir," he said, "but not much mystery."

"What do you mean?" asked Wilfred with a white face.

"It's plain enough," answered Gibbs. "There is only one man for forty miles around that could have struck such a blow as that, and he's the man that had most reason to."

"We must not prejudge anything," put in the doctor, a tall, black-bearded man, rather nervously, "but it is competent for me to corroborate what Mr. Gibbs says about the nature of the blow, sir; it is an incredible blow. Mr. Gibbs says that only one man in this district could have done it. I should have said myself that nobody could have done it."

A shudder of superstition went through the slight figure of the curate. "I can hardly understand," he said.

"Mr. Bohun," said the doctor in a low voice, "metaphors literally fail me. It is inadequate to say that the skull was smashed to bits like an eggshell. Fragments of bone were driven into the body and the ground like bullets into a mud wall. It was the hand of a giant."

He was silent a moment, looking grimly through his glasses; then he added: "The thing has one advantage: that it clears most people of suspicion at one stroke. If you or I, or any normally-made man in the country, were accused of this crime, we should be acquitted as an infant would be acquitted of stealing the Nelson Column."

"That's what I say," repeated the cobbler obstinately. "There's only one man that could have done it and he's the man that would have done it. Where's Simeon Barnes, the blacksmith?"

"He's over at Greenford," faltered the curate weakly.

"More likely over in France," muttered the cobbler.

"No; he is in neither of those places," said a small and colorless voice, which came from the little Roman priest who had joined the group. "As a matter of fact, he is coming up the road at this moment."

The little priest was not an interesting man to look at, having stubbly brown hair and a round and stolid face. But if he had been as splendid as Apollo no one would have looked at him at that moment. Every one turned around and peered at the pathway which wound across the plain below, along which was, indeed, walking at his own huge stride and with a hammer on his shoulder, Simeon, the smith. He was a bony and gigantic man, with deep, dark, sinister eyes and a dark chinbeard. He was walking and talking quietly with two other men, and, though he was never specially cheerful, he seemed quite at his ease.

"And there's the hammer he did it with," cried the atheistic cobbler.

"No," said the inspector, a sensible-looking man with a sandy mustache, speaking for the first time. "There's the hammer he did it with, over there by the church wall. We have left it and the body exactly as they were."

All glanced around, and the short priest went across and looked down in silence at the tool where it lay. It was one of the smallest and the lightest of the hammers, and would not have caught the eye among the rest, but on the iron edge of it were blood and yellow hair.

After a silence the short priest spoke without looking up, and there was a new note in his dull voice. "Mr. Gibbs was hardly right," he said, "in saying that there is no mystery. There is at least the mystery of why so big a man should attempt so big a blow with so little a hammer."

"Oh, never mind that!" cried Gibbs in a fever. "What are we to do with Simeon Barnes?"

"Leave him alone," said the priest quietly. "He is coming here of himself. I know those two men with him. They are very good fellows from Greenford, and they have come over about the Presbyterian chapel."

Even as he spoke the tall smith swung around the corner of the church and strode into his own yard. Then he stood there quite still, and the hammer fell from his hand. The inspector, who had preserved impenetrable propriety, immediately went up to him.

"I won't ask you, Mr. Barnes," he said, "whether you know anything about what has happened here. You are not bound to say. I hope you don't know and that you will be able to prove it. But I must go through the form of arresting you in the King's name for the murder of Colonel Norman Bohun."

"You are not bound to say anything," said the cobbler, in officious excitement. "They've got to prove everything. They haven't proved yet that it is Colonel Bohun, with the head all smashed up like that."

"That won't wash," said the doctor aside to the priest. "That's out of the detective stories. I was the Colonel's medical man and I knew his body better than he did. He had very fine hands, but quite peculiar ones. The second and third fingers were the same in length. Oh, that's the Colonel right enough."

As he glanced at the corpse upon the ground the iron eyes of the motionless blacksmith followed them and rested there also.

"Is Colonel Bohun dead?" said the smith quite calmly. "Then he's damned."

"Don't say anything! Oh, don't say anything," cried the atheist cobbler, dancing about in an ecstasy of admiration of the English legal system. For no man is such a legalist as the good secularist.

The blacksmith turned on him, over his shoulder, the august face of a fanatic.

"It's well for you infidels to dodge like foxes because the world's law favors you," he said; "but God guards His own in His pocket, as you shall see this day."

Then he pointed to the Colonel and said: "When did this dog die in his sins?"

"Moderate your language," said the doctor.

"Moderate the Bible's language and I'll moderate mine. When did he die?"

"I saw him alive at six o'clock this morning," stammered Wilfred Bohun.

"God is good," said the smith. "Mr. Inspector, I have not the slightest objection to being arrested. It is you who may object to arresting me. I don't mind leaving the court without a stain on my character. You do mind, perhaps, leaving the court with a bad setback in your career."

The solid inspector for the first time looked at the blacksmith with a lively eye, as did everybody else except the short, strange priest, who was still looking down at the little hammer that had dealt the dreadful blow.

"There are two men standing outside this shop," went on the blacksmith with ponderous lucidity, "good tradesmen in Greenford whom you all know, who will swear that they saw me from before midnight till daybreak, and long after, in the committee room of our Revival Mission, which sits all night, we save souls so fast. In Greenford itself twenty people could swear to me for all that time. If I were a heathen, Mr. Inspector, I would let you walk on to your downfall. But as a Christian man I feel bound to give you your chance and ask you whether you will hear my alibi now or in court?"

The inspector seemed for the first time disturbed, and said: "I should be glad to clear you altogether now."

The smith walked out of his smithy with the same long and easy stride and returned with his two friends from Greenford, who were indeed friends of nearly every one present. Each of them said a few words, which no one even thought of disbelieving. When they had spoken, the innocence of Simeon stood up as solid as the great church above them.

One of those silences struck the group which are more strange and insufferable than any speech. Mainly, in order to make conversation, the curate said to the Catholic priest:

"You seem very much interested in that hammer, Father Brown."

"Yes, I am," said Father Brown. "Why is it such a small hammer?"

The doctor swung around on him.

"By George, that's true!" he cried. "Who would use a little hammer with ten larger hammers lying about?"

Then he lowered his voice in the curate's ear and said: "Only the kind of person that can't lift a large hammer. It is not a question of force or courage between the sexes. It's a question of lifting power in the shoulders. A bold woman could commit ten murders with a light hammer and never turn a hair. She could not kill a beetle with a heavy one."

Wilfred Bohun was staring at him with a sort of hypnotized horror, while Father Brown listened with his head a little on one side, really interested and attentive. The doctor went on with more hissing emphasis:

"Why do these idiots always assume that the only person who hates the wife's lover is the wife's husband? Nine times out of ten the person who most hates the wife's lover is the wife. Who knows what insolence or treachery he had shown her? Look there!" He made a momentary gesture toward the red-haired woman on the bench. She had lifted her head at last, and the tears were drying on her splendid face. But the eyes were fixed on the corpse with an electric glare that had in it something of idiocy.

The Reverend Wilfred Bohun made a limp gesture as if waving away all desire to know; but Father Brown, dusting off his sleeve some ashes blown from the furnace, spoke in his indifferent way.

"You are like so many doctors," he said; "your mental science is really suggestive. It is your physical science that is utterly impossible. I agree that the woman wants to kill the corespondent much more than the petitioner does. And I agree that a woman would always pick up a small hammer instead of a big one. But the difficulty is one of physical impossibility. No woman ever born could have smashed a man's skull out flat like that." Then he added reflectively, after a pause: "These people haven't grasped the whole of it. The man was actually wearing an iron helmet and the blow scattered it like broken glass. Look at that woman. Look at her arms."

Silence held them all up again, and then the doctor said rather sulkily: "Well, I may be wrong. There are objections to everything. But I stick to the main point: No man but an idiot would pick up that little hammer if he could use a big hammer."

With that the lean and quivering hands of Wilfred Bohun went up to his head and seemed to clutch his scanty hair. After an instant they dropped and he cried: "That was the word I wanted—you have said the word."

Then he continued, mastering his discomposure: "The words you said were, 'No man but an idiot would pick up that little hammer.'"

"Yes," said the doctor. "Well?"

"Well," said the curate, "no man but an idiot did."

The rest stared at him with eyes arrested and riveted, and he went on in a febrile and feminine agitation:

"I am a priest," he cried unsteadily, "and a priest should be no shedder of blood. I—I mean that he should bring no one to the gallows. And I thank God that I see the criminal clearly now, because he is a criminal who cannot be brought to the gallows."

"You will not denounce him?" inquired the doctor.

"He would not be hanged if I did denounce him," answered Wilfred, with a wild but curiously-happy smile. "When I went into the church this morning I found a madman praying there—that poor Joe who has been wrong all his life. God knows what he prayed, but with such strange folk it is not incredible to suppose that their prayers are all upside down. Very likely a lunatic would pray before killing a man. When I last saw poor Joe he was with my brother. My brother was mocking him."

"By jove!" cried the doctor, "this is talking at last. But how do you explain ——"

The Reverend Wilfred was almost trembling with the excitement of his own glimpse of the truth. "Don't you see, don't you see," he cried feverishly, "that is the only theory that covers both the queer things, that answers both the riddles? The two riddles are the little hammer and the big blow. The smith might have struck the big blow, but would not have chosen the little hammer. His wife would have chosen the little hammer, but she could not have struck the big blow. But the madman might have done both. As for the little hammer, why, he was mad and might have picked up anything. And for the big blow—have you never heard, Doctor, that a maniac, in his paroxysm, may have the strength of ten men?"

The doctor drew a deep breath and then said: "I believe you've got it."

Father Brown had fixed his eyes on the speaker so long and steadily as to prove that his large, gray, oxlike eyes were not quite so insignificant as the rest of his face. When silence had fallen he said with marked respect: "Mr. Bohun, yours is the only theory yet propounded which holds water every way and is essentially unassailable. I think, therefore, that you deserve to be told, on my positive knowledge, that it is not the true one." And with that he walked away and stared again at the hammer.

"That fellow seems to know more than he ought to," whispered the doctor peevishly to Wilfred. "That priest is deucedly sly."

"I Must Go Through the Form of Arresting You for the Murder of Colonel Norman Bohun"

"No, no," said Bohun with a sort of mild fatigue. "It was the lunatic. It was the lunatic."

The group of the two clerics and the doctor had fallen away from the more official group containing the inspector and the man he had arrested. Now, however, that their own party had broken up they heard voices from the others. The priest looked up quietly and then looked down again, as he heard the blacksmith say in a loud voice:

"I hope I've convinced you, Mr. Inspector. I'm a strong man, as you say, but I couldn't have flung my hammer bang here from Greenford. My hammer hasn't got wings that it should come flying half a mile over fields."

The inspector laughed amicably, and said: "No, I think you can be considered out of it. But it's one of the rummiest coincidences I ever saw. I only ask you to give us all the assistance you can in finding a man as big and strong as yourself. By George, you might be useful if only to hold him! I suppose you yourself have no guess at the man."

"I may have a guess," said the pale smith, "but it is not at a man." Then, seeing the scared eyes turn toward his wife on the bench, he put his huge hand on her shoulder and said, "Nor a woman, either."

"What do you mean?" asked the inspector jocularly. "You don't think cows use hammers, do you?"

"I think no thing of flesh held that hammer," said the blacksmith in a stifled voice. "Mortally speaking, I think the man died alone."

Wilfred made a sudden forward movement and peered at him with burning eyes.

"Do you mean to say, Barnes," came the sharp voice of the cobbler, "that the hammer jumped up of itself and knocked the man down?"

"Oh, you gentleman may stare and snigger," cried Simeon, "you clergymen who tell us on Sunday in what a stillness the Lord smote Sennacherib. I believe that One who walks invisible in every house defended the honor of mine, and laid the defiler dead before the door of it. I believe the force in that blow was just the force there is in earthquakes, and no force less."

Wilfred said, with a voice utterly indescribable:

"I told Norman myself to beware of the thunderbolt."

"That agent is outside my jurisdiction," said the inspector with a slight smile.

"You are not outside His," answered the smith. "See you to it." And turning his broad back he went into the house.

The shaken Wilfred was led away by Father Brown, who had an easy and friendly way with him. "Let us get out of this horrid place, Mr. Bohun," he said. "May I look inside your church? I hear it's one of the oldest in England. We take some interest, you know," he added with a comical grimace, "in old English churches."

Wilfred Bohun did not smile, for humor was never his strong point. But he nodded rather eagerly, being only too ready to explain the Gothic splendors to some one more likely to be sympathetic than the Presbyterian blacksmith or the atheist cobbler.

"By all means," he said; "let us go in at this side." And he led the way into the high side entrance at the top of the flight of steps. Father Brown was mounting the first step to follow him when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to behold the dark, thin figure of the doctor, his face darker yet with suspicion.

"Sir," said the physician harshly, "you appear to know some secrets in this black business. May I ask if you are going to keep them to yourself?"

"Why, Doctor," answered the priest, "there is one very good reason why a man of my trade should keep things to himself when he is not sure of them, and that is that it is so constantly his duty to keep them to himself when he is sure of them. But if you think I have been discourteously reticent, I will go to the extreme limit of my custom. I will give you two large hints."

"Well, sir," said the doctor gloomily.

"First," said Father Brown quietly, "the thing is quite in your own province. It is a matter of physical science. The blacksmith is mistaken, not, perhaps, in saying that the blow was divine, but, certainly, in saying that it came by a miracle. It was no miracle, Doctor, except in so far as man is himself a miracle, with his strange and wicked and yet half-heroic heart. The force that smashed that skull was a force well-known to scientists—one of the most frequently debated of the laws of Nature."

The doctor, who was looking at him with frowning intentness, only said: "And the other hint?"

(Concluded on Page 50)

In the Days of the Old Lyceum

Some Reminiscences of a Famous Playhouse and Some Players

By Daniel Frohman

Elizabeth Tyree, in Trelawney of the Wells

BRONSON HOWARD was the finest man I ever knew. He had a sweet, gentle nature; a patient, philosophic disposition. When one spends every day, almost every waking hour, for two months on a European tour with a man, one comes to know him very well; and in this way I came to know and love Howard, and to esteem him as a man of rare and noble qualities. But my experience is not unique. All his friends felt for him the same affectionate comradeship. He was always keenly considerate of the feelings of others. Once I saw a friend tender him his cigar-case and say: "Here, Howard; have a cigar." He apparently accepted, in appreciation of the courtesy; then, handing it back, he said: "I guess it's a little too strong for me. If you don't mind I'll smoke one of my mild ones." He had had no intention of accepting it. He always preferred his milder brand; but an abrupt refusal might have seemed discourteous, and this suggestion of acceptance made the donor feel that he really had conferred a courtesy. Such acts as these show a phase of the great dramatist's simple nature. During his lifetime he was the president of the Dramatists' Club, which he founded and to which he bequeathed his valuable library. His plays were the genuine typical plays of American life.

Howard talked with me frequently of his work and his methods. He was an inveterate smoker of mild cigars. What he called "the smoking stage" of a play, under incubation, was the construction period—that stage in which an author materializes in his mind all the active events and incidents of a drama, to get it into a symmetrical framework; exactly as a building is constructed, with foundation, girders, beams and floors, until the naked structure is completed. Then comes the dialogue which, as in the building, is again analogous to the upholstery and decoration of the rooms. That is the only way to construct a play. Many suppose a play is a matter of story-writing, which tells about people and things in a series of conversations. That is why so many literary men fail as dramatists, while many successful dramatists might fail to score in efforts at formal rhetoric.

Rich Actors and Poor Playwrights

CONVERSATION is the bane of drama. Dialogue is the chief attribute—dialogue in which the action is carried forward or developed. The simplicity and brevity of the spoken words admit of the exhibition of scenes of dramatic action or movement, or the revelation of character. Long speeches may be intensely dramatic or short ones dull. In Hamlet we actually see the ghost, and we see the tremendous impressiveness of the scene in which the son vows to avenge his father's murder. But the scene could easily have been told by the inexpert writer in a few conversations, thence leading the audience on to the action following Hamlet's resolve. All that is reasonably possible should be visualized. So Howard's chief labors were concerned with that period of intellectual gestation during which he devoted himself to the consumption of multitudes of mild cigars. His Banker's Daughter, Saratoga, and The Henrietta were all produced in London, where Howard was as well known as he was in New York. He made a fortune out of his royalties at a time when the possibilities were not so great as they are today, when the author of a successful play can reach a safe harbor for life.

A quarter of a century ago Bartley Campbell, the dramatist, had struggled a long time to acquire a competence by dramatic work. He was inspired to renewed ambition by an incident that is told of him. One day he was being driven by a friend along the principal avenue in Long Branch, then our principal coast resort. Various beautiful residences were pointed out to him.

"Who lives there?" he asked, pointing to a stately mansion.

"Maggie Mitchell, the actress," was the reply.

"And who lives there?"

"Mary Anderson."

"And who lives in that gorgeous place?"

"John Albaugh, the actor and manager."

And so the homes of various well-to-do Thespians were shown him.

"And where do the authors live?" he asked.

"Oh, they live in New York or on some farm."

"Ah!" he said, and he began to think deeply.

The following year he was being driven about Paris, and again the homes of prominent theatrical people were shown him. One splendid mansion was owned by Victorien Sardou, another by Alexander Dumas, another by Edouard Pailleron, another by Georges Ohnet, and others by various dramatists and writers.

"But where are the homes of the great actors?"

"Oh, they live in apartments!"

Here he saw how safeguarded were the opportunities for authors. So he began afresh, on his return to America, to write and also to manage his own plays. He vowed that as an author he would try to equal the prosperity of the actor. And he did. But the present age is generous to the dramatic author and, amid so much competitive management, chances for the new writers are multifarious and munificent. Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, Charles Klein, William Gillette and others have all made fortunes from their plays, and new authors are crowding forward successfully for the golden reward.

Once, at the Lyceum, I came near producing a play by Mark Twain. He had in years past written for the stage. He was the author of Colonel Sellers, in which John T. Raymond made a fortune, and of The Gilded Age, with which Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence were highly successful.

May Robson, in Lady Bountiful, by Pinero

Hilda Spong, First Appearance in America

The play I refer to was one he wrote in conjunction with W. D. Howells, called The American Claimant, which was to be produced at the Lyceum in 1886 by A. P. Burbank, a popular lecture platform entertainer. Having read the play, I rented the Lyceum for a few weeks, before my regular season, to Mr. Clemens. The piece was full of humor. The hero was an inventor. One of his inventions was a fire extinguisher. With this machine he makes his first entrance on the stage, and with it almost sets fire to the apartment. Rehearsals showed that the work was not likely to prove successful, and after some litigious correspondence between Mr. Clemens and myself I arranged to accept a suitable financial solatium for the time the withdrawal of the piece left vacant.

Mark Twain's Dramatic Ventures

MY NEXT play by this author was The Prince and the Pauper, adapted from his story by the late Abby Sage Richardson. I produced this at the Broadway Theater in January, 1890, with Elsie Leslie in the double rôle of Prince and Pauper. Later on, Fanny Ward, now a well-known London and New York actress, was Miss Leslie's understudy. Mr. Clemens made a humorous speech on the first night, highly commending the work; but later he sent me a new manuscript of the play, rewritten in his own way, though following Mrs. Richardson's construction. Though Mr. Clemens' work was admirable, it was not so suited to acting requirements as the adaptation I was using; so I returned it to the author with my very adequate but, to him, unconvincing reasons for its rejection. After that I became embroiled in a lawsuit, because it transpired in court that Mr. Clemens had yielded the rights of adaptation some time before to Edward H. House, the predecessor of William Winter as dramatic critic of the Tribune. Though we wrangled in court on the subject and upon the issue that I should be compelled to pay double royalties—to both Mr. Clemens and Mr. House—Mr. Clemens and I played our nightly games of pool at The Players with unruffled amity. I lost the case, though Judge Joseph Daly, brother of Augustin, tendered me the doubtful consolation that I was morally right, though enmeshed legally. The suit was continued; but, on the breaking up of Mr. Clemens' publishing firm, I withdrew it.

Mr. Howells, like most literary men, had also essayed stage work, but, as in the case of Tennyson and others, doubtless found it an art too foreign to his methods. Many of Mr. Howells' short conversational comedies have capital dialogue, and I have produced several of them, The Mousetrap being particularly effective.

One of my early plays was Pinero's Sweet Lavender. In those days the audiences were far more unsophisticated and fastidious as to their dramatic subjects. The first-night patrons were startled to find that the heroine was an illegitimate child. It seemed to cast a pall upon

the assemblage. I felt it and saw the reason. I cabled the author for permission to make a slight change in the relations of the parents. He grudgingly consented, and deprecated the attitude of the public mind on the subject. But the success of the play was at stake; and as a result of my revision it ran a season. It was subsequently played on tour with two companies.

A little reflection on the character of the audiences of 1887 and of present-day theatergoers will show how the public's acceptance of plays has changed. When I revived this play a few years later I produced it as originally written, and there was not a ripple of objection. My experience with The Second Mrs. Tanqueray was similar. When Mr. Pinero sent me the manuscript I wrote him I did not dare present so frank a play in the evening bill, but that I would like to produce so fine a work at a series of special matinées. To this Mr. Pinero agreed, saying that George Alexander, in London, had the same scruples, and the play was also to be tried at the St. James Theater at a series of afternoon performances. It happened that a play called Liberty Hall was then running at the St. James. The author of this play objected to the matinées of a work by so distinguished an author as Pinero, while his own drama still held the stage, and so it was subsequently placed in the evening bill.

This play gave Mrs. Pat Campbell her first London success. Mr. Pinero had witnessed her performance some time previously in a melodrama at the Adelphi, and selected her for the principal rôle in this, his greatest serious work. It laid the foundation of Mrs. Campbell's successful future. I did not give the proposed matinées of this work at the Lyceum, but later presented it in this country with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, when they were under my management, to whom I ceded my rights to the play. Many plays followed from year to year at the Lyceum, where I alternated the appearance of Mr. Sothern with my regular company. While one organization was on tour the other held the boards at the Lyceum.

Some Successes by Pinero

MY EXPERIENCE with Mr. Pinero, both as an author and as a friend, has always been delightful. For many years he gave me the rights to all his plays. We had no contract, only a memorandum of terms; and no offers of greater financial inducements have swerved him from his allegiance. The successes at the Lyceum, with the splendid casts with which I was enabled to equip his plays, pleased him far more in respect to their artistic performance than to the monetary returns, which were usually munificent. Some of the plays obtained larger runs through the appropriate casts than they might have otherwise obtained. For, while they were all works that bore the significant hallmark of brilliant literary and dramatic accomplishment, they were not always suitable in theme for very long popular runs. Among the plays of Pinero, after Sweet Lavender, were Lady Bountiful, The Amazons, The Princess and the Butterfly, Trelawney of the Wells, and The Benefit of the Doubt.

The casts for all these plays are memorable. Lady Bountiful was first given in London at the Garrick Theater with John Hare, Forbes Robertson and Kate Rorke. Mr. Hare was the lessee of the theater and the star of the performance. Mr. Le Moyne, in my company, enacted the same rôle here. Herbert Kelcey and Georgia Cayvan played the two other rôles. Miss May Robson, then a member of the company, made a distinct hit as a type of a London slavey. Mr. Walcot, Mrs. Whiffen, Charles Harbury, Effie Shannon, Bessie Tyree, Fritz Williams, Augustus Cook and John Findlay completed the cast.

One of the most remarkable of the Pinero casts was that with which I was able to give his The Princess and the Butterfly. Mr. Pinero had little faith in this play as an American moneymaker, but, acted as it was at the Lyceum, it ran nine or ten weeks—as long as it did at the St. James Theater, London. The dramatic value of the performance as reflected by the players may be judged by the list of characters in the play. They formed my company for that year. The men included James K. Hackett, Edward J. Morgan, Felix Morris, Charles Walcot, William Courtleigh, Frank Mills, John Findlay. The women were Mary Mannering, Julie Opp, Mrs. Whiffen, Katharine Florence, Bessie Tyree, Mrs. Walcot, Alison Skipworth. These were the principals of a cast that was large and of the most marked capacity. It was a five-act play, and the fourth act is one of the finest and most appealing of the earlier serious plays by this distinguished author.

Henry Arthur Jones

In New York and in Chicago the company with this play made an equally profound impression; and at the end of the first week the principal local managers gave the company a banquet, and invited the critics to meet the company. But Boston gave us an indifferent hearing, for tastes in different cities vary. The so-called intellectual drama does not always thrive prosperously in so-called purely intellectual centers. Sir Henry Irving once told me that his Faust had much greater success in Philadelphia than in any other city in this country outside of New York. When I produced The Dancing Girl, Henry Arthur Jones' powerful drama, it drew more money to the box-office in Philadelphia than it did elsewhere outside of the metropolis, and had quick orders for a return visit. It seemed strange that, in a city that reflected the moral tone as strongly as did Philadelphia, plays of unsanctified love should find such popular acceptance. This has been shown, even in these days, by the success in that city of plays lighter in character but more obviously vulgar in their moral tone. In San Francisco, where one might suppose a play like The Second Mrs. Tanqueray would find great favor, that work fell flat. The explanation was that the play carried no illusion for the Golden Gate audiences. The city—it was explained—was full of Mrs. Tanquerays then, and the play seemed to be too much of a moral indictment to find favor as a superb realistic drama.

In Trelawney of the Wells Mr. Pinero created one of the finest comedies of his career, and the cast at the Lyceum was so eminently fitted and so thoroughly capable that both the play and the company are still favorably remembered as a superb achievement. It was regarded as superior in its *ensemble* to the London company. Mr. Pinero explained this to me by saying that, in contrast to my concrete organization, he had to do the best he could in the midst of a London season with such material as he could then gather; though unquestionably several of his actors gave admirable performances. The memory of Mary Mannering's beautiful and sympathetic performance of Rose Trelawney is still keen, while Hilda Spong, in the exuberant and ebullient Imogen Parrott, made, at her début in this country, the success of her American career.

Mary Mannering's Farewell

MISS SPONG earned her stage laurels in Australia. I had seen an announcement that this actress was soon to appear in London. I watched the reports of her progress, and when I went to London I saw and engaged her for my company. Her other conspicuous successes in my company were in Wheels Within Wheels and Lady Huntworth's Experiment, both by the well-known English author, R. C. Carton. Miss Spong is now a star in this country and has made America her home. In Trelawney of the Wells Mr. Walcot was the old Chancellor, William Courtleigh an ambitious though unappreciated Thespian, Bessie Tyree the humorous and piquant Avonia. George C. Boniface and Mrs. Walcot were the two old actors whose days of usefulness in the play were passing, and Mrs. Whiffen and John Findlay appeared in two admirable character parts. Harry Woodruff, now a star, was the bashful lord. This completed a cast that won new laurels for the company.

Several years later, when near the end of the season at Daly's, I revived the play for three nights as a "farewell" to Mary Mannering, who was to leave my company shortly to assume stellar honors the following year under another management. The last night drew, for this occasion, a large audience. When, during the supper scene in act one, Rose makes her farewell speech to the members of the Bagnigge Wells company, and she has to say, "Well, I know I shall dream of you often; and if you send for me I'll come behind the curtain to you, and sit with you and talk of bygone times—these times that end to-night," and so on, the tears ran down her cheeks, and the immediate finish of the act saved her from a complete collapse. It was a real farewell to us.

Mr. Pinero's plays were always sent to me in printed book form—"printed privately." These plays were not issued to the public until a year after their performance in this country, owing to the depredations of the

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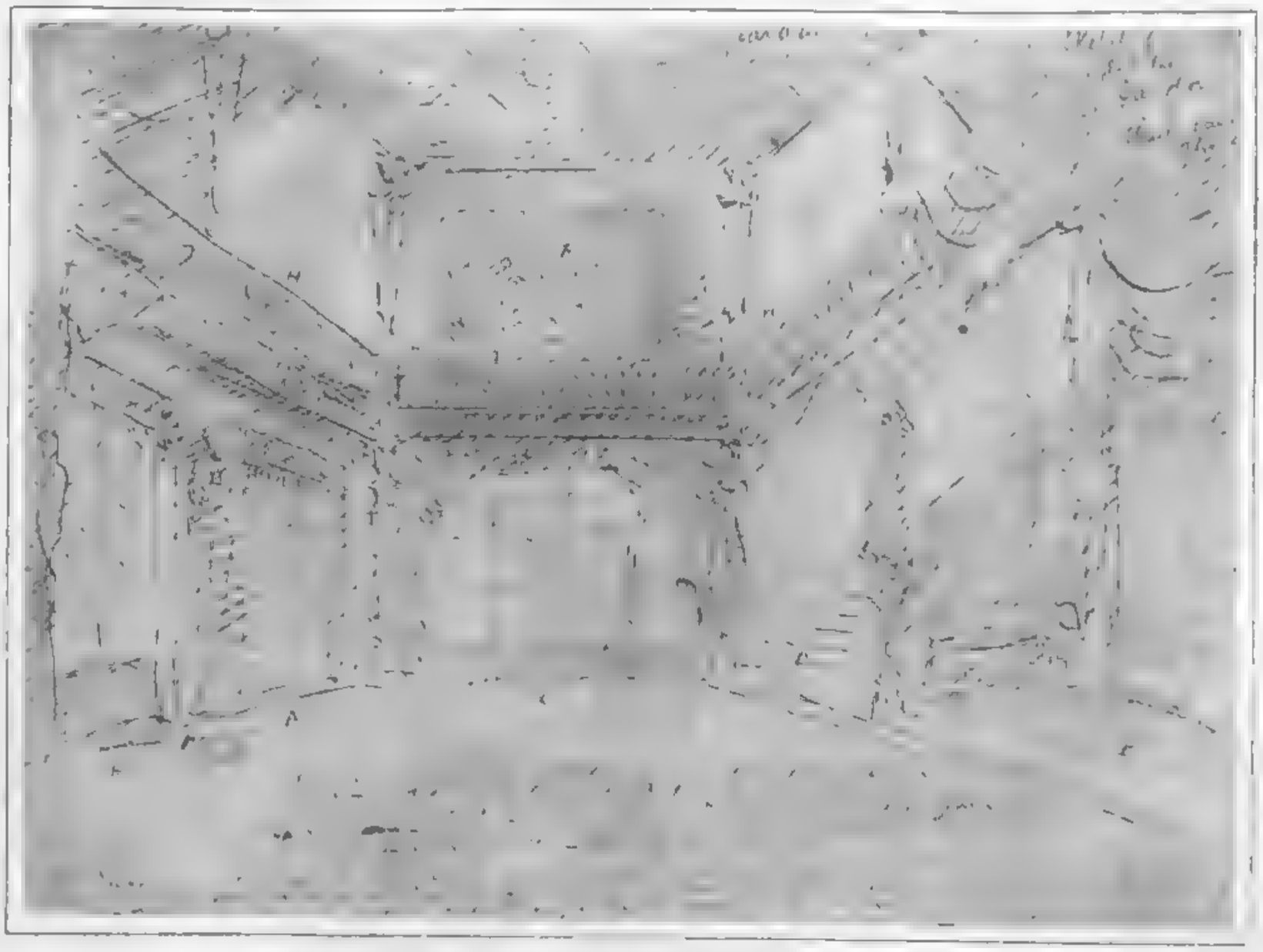

A Drawing of a Scene in Americans Abroad, by Sardou, With His Instructions

UNDER WATER

By JOHN H. WALSH
ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

A Dockmaster and a Military Diver Transmigrate

"Lawlor's Mars"

Only divers know of things below
Of waters green and fishes' sheen

A YEAR ago Lawlor was dockmaster at the Sierra Navy Yard and now I think he is a wandering tramp. Bateman was the yard diver and he still occupies that onerous position, but with differences.

Lawlor was lean and lank but thick-necked and strong He had a flashing eye and his nose was shaped like that of the bull moose. Bateman was short, bow-legged, mild and conciliatory. His glances were always apologetic and he had no features that one would be likely to remember. Some changes have taken place in these two men during the past year and they constitute what Bergstrohm calls a "dransmigration." Bergstrohm is a Swede. He rattles his r's in his throat and he has yellow hair, and that's how you know he is a Swede. Bergstrohm is a good hand with a broadaxe. His forte is hewing out spars, but he has hunted the seal—unlawfully, I fear—in Vitus Bering's big sea, and his memories of this work make him an interesting talker over a fire. He is not a scientist, however, and "dransmigration" is, I believe, only an approximate term. I am bound to admit, though, that when I laughed at him he repeated earnestly several times, "I mean egsacktly vat I say." For manners' sake I straightened my face and discussed the whole affair soberly with him, pointing out the scientific absurdity of what he had said. He remained unconvinced to the end, however.

To see Lawlor, the dockmaster, in action used to be rather a show. He would stand perfectly still on the concrete coping near the mouth of the dock complaining at his men both individually and collectively. He spoke at such times through a long megaphone and his language used to make marine sentries turn blushing away. Also boatswains and ambitious machinists came often to listen to him, to sit at his feet as it were, and learn how to address men so that they should hear. He could stand there on the coping almost without moving through all of a hot summer day, bellowing out commands, reproofs, warnings and threats. Apoplexy should have killed him the first day, and that it did not indicates that his constitutional strength was extraordinary.

Of those that Lawlor cursed most bitterly and with least restraint was poor Bateman. Yet, though he cursed him bitterly, he cursed him entirely without personal hatred. His cursing was official and no one considered it uncalled for, least of all Bateman himself, who, however, insisted that he carried himself as irreproachably as he was able. Indeed, it seemed as though Bateman were born to be cursed. Every motion he made with his strong, awkward body was wrong—until he went under water to ply his trade of diver, where he became alert, active and highly efficient. It was as though Bateman suffered when above water from a paralyzing sense of self-consciousness, whereas below water the feeling dropped away from him as though it had been a robe.

Unfortunately for him diving is an intermittent business, and he had to spend most of his time sweating in agony on the floor of the dock, moving and dogging down heavy oak blocks, lifting at heavy weights while he strove immensely to produce very small results, and above all else quivering under Lawlor's unmerciful word lashings. It used to be wondered if he wouldn't some time run amuck under Lawlor's nagging; but he was too simple for that. It would be as unreasonable to expect his reason to totter even as it would be to expect gravity to overturn the pyramids of Egypt. And the mathematicians tell us that pyramids are the stablest of structures.

Bateman's simplicity was beautiful; and it was also tragic, humorous and pathetic. One day when he was on furlough he came into Lawlor's office, dressed in his best clothes, chafing under the unaccustomed restraints of collars and cuffs. After some hesitation he stated in low tones and in an apologetic manner that he desired, "if it is consid'rate and convenient to everybody," to see Mr. McKinnon, the naval constructor, on private and urgent business. He shuffled his feet uneasily and blushed and looked at the floor as he made this request, and Lawlor answered him back chaffingly with the good-humored ridicule that seemed natural to the occasion. There was a large pink ribbon pinned to the lapel of Bateman's coat and on it was printed a legend that informed the world that the wearer was a member of the Spanish War Veterans of the United States of America.

"And what do you cal'late that you wear that for?" questioned Lawlor bantering'y, giving evidence with his "cal'late" that he had served his apprenticeship in some of the old wooden shipyards of the Maine coast. "Air you dressin' up a puppose to see the constructor?"

"Which it seemed to me," said Bateman simply, "that it 'ud be he'pful if I could speak to that gen'leman as one military gent to another—as ekals, which we all are, except that we has different jobs under the law."

Even Lawlor saw the pathos of the thing as well as its ridiculous beauty and dignity, and he sent him up to McKinnon without further questions.

Air You Dressin' Up a Puppose to See the Constructor

"He was rigged out with ribbons," said Lawlor afterward, "like a prize bull at a county fair"; and then he guffawed indulgently. The nature of Bateman's business with Mr. McKinnon did not become generally known for some time, as Mr. McKinnon was so close-mouthed that he didn't even tell his wife. However, on the floor of the dock it was afterward stated in a spirit of humorous extravagance that Bateman had suggested that the whole yard be completely submerged artificially and that the manifold operations of building and repairing ships be carried on entirely by divers, as he, Bateman, could avouch that a man did his best work under water. This fantastic idea was embellished by oaths and enriched by unprintable allusions; and out of it all some wag wove a ballad, which he sang one day in the comfort station as the men were smoking their pipes after dinner.

Bateman listened to the rude ditty with admirable patience, both his gravity and his temper untouched by the loud laughter of his comrades. Then he arose and presently, at the behest of a few voices, the room became quiet. He spoke to the men briefly. At first his voice was choked with embarrassment but afterward it came out strong, though with a mild intonation. Though he spoke seriously he spoke without virulence or resentment. His manner and gestures were as simple and mild as can be imagined.

"In course, I ain't no objection to you-all gen'lemen havin' songs and such things so long as they amuses you. But I jest wanted to say, so's they couldn't be no misunderstandin' 'mongst us, nor atween me and another military gen'leman whom I has in mind and whom I've gone to pers'nal, man to man, he being an honest man too, and upright—I jest desire to state that it wa'n't about floodin' this yard with water that I went to see said military gent. Which you couldn't do that without interferin' with business, and although divin' is my trade I don't advocate such floodin' none at all. And any pusson that thinks different is mistaken. What I went there for was private entirely, me desirin' to know, as one military man to another, what could be done to'ard leavin' a gent's property to a woman, him bein' a diver, in case if accidental the fellow runnin' the air for the divin' pump should quit work or somethin' when there might be divin' goin' on b'low, same quittin' of work causin' the death of the diver by no more air comin' down. The diver in course not knowin' said woman, she havin' just been met in passin' by him on the highways of life, figgeratively speakin'; and he likin' her looks and desirin' not to have three hundred and sixty dollars wasted by stealin's and the lawyers and such like; which acts he has allus been opposed to, him not favorin' law chaps anyway, though without antipathy to 'em. Also him admirin' the woman a good deal."

He sat down, and following this extraordinary speech there was silence. Afterward the party in the comfort station melted away, perhaps with one or two more coarse guffaws, but in general with silent and respectful attitudes. Bateman walked out with the crowd, shambling awkwardly and perspiring with his usual profusion. Several of the men spoke to him in kindly tones, but he heeded them not and seemed not to have heard them. His attention was engaged by a vision that his memory had set up, the vision of a placid, thick-necked, blue-eyed woman with corn-silk hair, soft round lips, full breasts and a presence honey-sweet. I suppose that the strangest part of his vision was that he saw this woman walking with Lawlor, arm in arm, and that he was able to look at them without feelings of violent resentment. This was unnatural. Yet he saw the vision very clearly. "There they go," he said half aloud, and people hearing him speak unintelligible words smiled tolerantly. The figures in his day-dream seemed to be walking ahead of him on a sandy sea-beach that was so far-stretching that it extended forever. The beach was to him an allegorical representation of life. He was behind them on the beach, directly behind them, and when the breeze blew, the extraordinary fragrance of her hair was warm in his nostrils. He fancied that she knew he was behind there and that she could call to him if she needed him. That was sufficient for him; he asked nothing

Woman is the great civilizer. If it were not for her man would revert to whiskers and carry a club.

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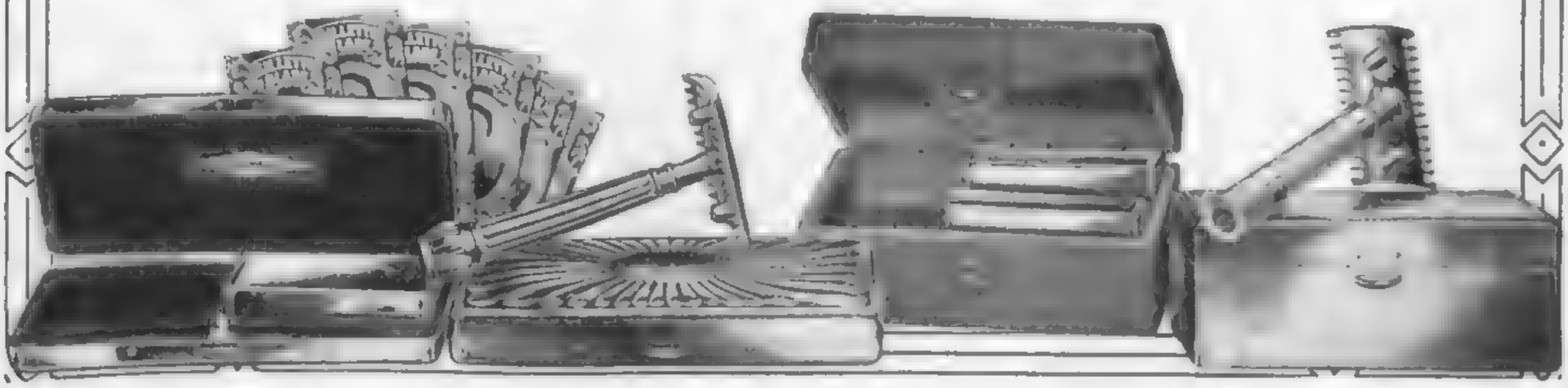

In the Days of the Old Lyceum

(Continued from Page 13)

Western play pirates, brought about by the meager and difficult protection the copyright laws afforded managers. These laws have since been amended. Pinero's plays came with printed stage instructions for the movement and situations developed by the dialogue, which were so complete and thorough in detail that it was not difficult to rehearse them from the author's point of view. In The Amazons, for instance, the play was so surcharged with "business" that one-half of the humorous effect lay in the interrelated action of the characters.

The last act was as elaborate as a pantomime. It represented a gymnasium. The three girls—Miss Cayvan, Miss Florence and Miss Tyree—had been brought up by their erratic mother—Mrs. Walcot—as boys. In this act there was a complete gymnasium outfit, and for a few minutes nothing was spoken on the stage. It was all action of a diversified and humorous character. Then entered the men, and their advent culminated in a general and uproarious lark, finally broken in upon by the sudden appearance of the amazed and maddened mother. I sent the three actresses to a gymnasium to secure professional hints and practice in these "stunts." Miss Cayvan's Indian-club exercises were so proficient and expert that she received many rounds of applause during their brief exhibition. All these instructions were carefully embodied in Pinero's text, and so elaborated that they disclosed how much studious attention the author gave to his "business" as well as to his text.

A Hit and a Fiasco

I produced very few plays from the French at the Lyceum, but I had two from Sardou. Their American careers were both surprises to him. The one he thought would fail proved a great success; the other, which he felt would prove popular, was an instant failure. The successful one I renamed Americans Abroad. I had read the play and purchased it for the Lyceum Company. The other, A Woman's Silence, did not meet with the expected approval. It was in this play that Georgia Cayvan appeared for the last time at the Lyceum.

Sardou gave me personally some idea of the characterization of the parts in his plays, and he was a very good actor at these impromptu performances. One day, while I was walking along a street with him in Paris, he stopped at a stationer's and bought a package of writing-paper and pens.

"Here," he said, "is all I need for my stock in trade—paper and pens, while you Americans have to spend vast sums to build theaters."

"But," said I, "we have a little story of a man in America who went to a lawyer for a few minutes' advice. When the lawyer presented him a large bill for this service the man said: 'What!—that big sum for ten minutes' advice!'

"'Yes,' said the lawyer; 'what I was enabled to tell you in ten minutes took me thirty years to acquire.'"

To Sardou's surprise Americans Abroad ran nearly through a season in New York, and he expressed to me his deepest gratification over this result.

Not so with his other play, A Woman's Silence, which came later. When I speedily withdrew it, after its failure, he wrote angrily and disappointedly, feeling that I had possibly not cast the play properly. He said: "This play will be done soon in Paris with a company of actors!" The play was never given in France. I sold it to Comyns Carr, in London, who produced it, somewhat modified in treatment but with equally disappointing results.

Sardou's manuscripts were remarkably lucid in their stage exposition. Every movement and situation, the location of every piece of furniture and "prop," was delineated by him with carefully written directions. In the manuscript of one of his plays an artist had been employed to make a pen-and-ink drawing of the principal stage scene. At the bottom of the drawing Sardou penciled the following: "Pay no attention to this scene. The fellow thinks he is an artist. He is not an artist." Then followed his own written descriptions of the scene and its details, which were to be followed by our scenic artist.

One of the best comedies written by Henry Arthur Jones was The Case of Rebellious Susan, which I produced at the Lyceum. It was the first of Mr. Jones' sociological comedies. In this play Isabel Irving made one of the most gratifying successes of her career. Mr. Jones' plays always gave splendid opportunities for acting. Though never an actor himself, as Pinero, Jerome, Carton, Esmond and other authors were, he had a keen, sympathetic sense of the theater, and whether in comedy or in drama the actors of his plays were always able to score.

I first met Mr. Jones in his early struggling days in London. I read there his first play, or one of his earliest. It was called Saints and Sinners, and was produced at the Madison Square. This he followed with The Silver King, a great moral study in conscience and doubtless his greatest work. Mr. Jones is always a serious, thoughtful man, though he has his humorous moments. He has always shown Americans, and especially American actors, a generous hospitality in England, and some of his dinners and luncheons given to American authors and managers are yet pleasantly remembered. He has made addresses on the drama, in American colleges and in England, and has written numerous important works on the theater.

My first of the Henry Arthur Jones plays was The Dancing Girl. The production of this play was a significant event in Sothern's career. Mr. Sothern had previously been identified with comic rôles. This was a profoundly serious one and he hesitated a long time—in doubt as to whether the public would receive him as the serious and profligate Duke of Guisebury. He had come to the crossroads in his career. The question was, whether he should abandon comic rôles and essay serious characters or remain always a comedian. I was strong for the new departure; but, then, I had already invested five thousand dollars in the play. He finally decided favorably. He was most successful in this piece, and with his success as the dissolute duke came the foundation of his future purpose, of which Hamlet was the goal—a goal which has always been the hope of every actor who has gained the public's approval.

Plays by Anthony Hope

One of the frequenters of the fifty-cent gallery of the old Lyceum was James K. Hackett, who came to the matinées after his "school was out." He was a student at the City College, across the way from our playhouse. He told me afterward that he often looked down from his lofty perch on the triumphant work of "Young Sothern," and hoped the day might come when he could disport himself on that stage as a real Thespian. The time did come, as he not only succeeded Sothern there as the second Prisoner of Zenda but became the leading man of my stock company later. The Prisoner of Zenda was one of the greatest romantic plays of the period. I had read the book casually, and a fortnight afterward had secured the acting rights from Anthony Hope. Mr. Sothern never gave a finer impersonation of any rôle than he did of the Red Elphberg. When I sent him on tour I continued the play at the Lyceum with my stock company, with Hackett as the Ruritanian hero. The tricky changes of costume and beard required for the many transformations were numerous. While Sothern was playing Zenda in Boston I sent Hackett to him to spend a week in Sothern's dressing room, studying these difficulties. Mr. Sothern gave Mr. Hackett all the necessary facilities to enable him to perform these arduous changes. "The only time I have to rest in this play," said Sothern, "is when I am acting on the stage. When I am in the wings or in my dressing room it is quick and exciting work to change and appear again, quite calmly, in the scene."

Another play of Anthony Hope's I came by quite curiously. It was The Adventure of Lady Ursula. Mr. Hope was delivering a series of readings at the Lyceum when he handed me a manuscript play. "I wish you would look it over," he said. "They tell me in London it is not of much account." I read it, and the next morning, to his surprise, I told him it was not only a very good play but that I would produce it with Mr. Sothern in Philadelphia within six weeks. I did so. When I showed Mr. Hope the glowing press criticisms of its first performance he was amazed, but

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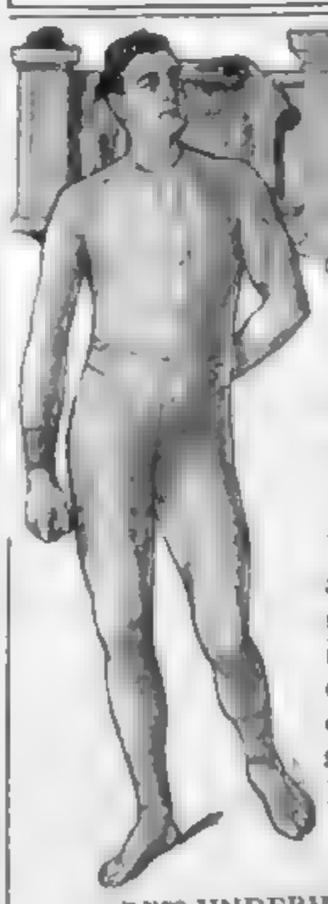

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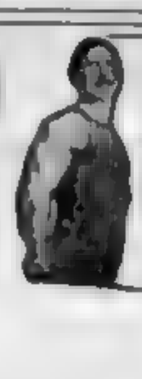

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more, neither of God nor of men. It was curious, unnatural, the cumulative effect of a life of humiliation.

This woman who so occupied Bateman's virgin affections was affianced to Lawlor—"Lawlor's Mary" she was called. Bateman at this time had never spoken to her and probably he never expected to speak to her. He had seen her come down many times in the late afternoon to the docking of ships, thick coils of her corn-tassel hair wrapped tight and piled high on her head, her eyes downcast, her whole aspect mild, tranquil and sweet. When she reached the dock she used to lean her two elbows on the first bollard beyond the head capstan and gaze down curiously upon the sweating men on the altars.

But the scene was meaningless to her unless she saw Lawlor. There ought to have been something beneficent in the glances she cast upon him. There was something of maternal tenderness in them, a yearning past expression in words, a beautiful abandon of admiration.

Bateman used to see her stand looking at Lawlor with the sunlight enriching her hair; and that is about all he knew of her at first, but afterward a woman told him that Mary and Lawlor were to marry. He might have known it before that for every one else knew, and he had seen her, when dockings were over, put a hand in Lawlor's arm and go with him into the dirty town streets. Bateman seemed unaffected by the news that Lawlor and Mary were to marry. "Sech a thing is nacherl and proper," said he. But afterward he went to his cabin on the sand-dunes and, with his outward eye obscured with a vision of Mary, he watched the man-o'-war lights blossom over the harbor and listened to the voice of the wind singing dreamily over his sand spit.

It was at the undocking of the Japanese liner Eldorado Maru that the thing that Bergstrohm has called a "dransmigration" seemed to commence—that is if anything ever does commence, which one doubts when one thinks closely.

The Eldorado Maru made a dockful. Her bilge keels came within six inches of the altars and her counter hung far over the caisson, so far that it cast a shadow there by the capstan, where the dockmaster stands while the water comes into the dock.

It happened at that time that the use of the dock was exceedingly much in demand among shipping men. On this account it had been decided to dock another ship on the same tide that took out the Eldorado. They had Bateman stand by in his diving gear, telling him that it would be his job to go down and examine the keel blocks to see whether any had floated loose or were crooked. So he was waiting on the altars that day, ready, dressed completely in diving garb, before the flooding was finished. I suppose that this was an exceedingly lucky thing for Lawlor.

The diving suit seemed to broaden Bateman's already fantastically wide figure and he was a strange sight as he swayed his body uneasily without moving his feet. At first glance he seemed to weave his body like a caged bear. Later one would notice the heavy soles of his diving shoes and say to himself: "Those heavy lead soles are evidently too heavy for the son of a woman to lift; Bateman is tied to the earth with a piece of stout string spun from the forces of gravity." But that surmise would be wrong. He could move very easily. His helpers were at their posts, he was ready to dive.

Lawlor's Mary stood on the opposite side of the dock. As she looked at Lawlor she dimly saw Bateman, the diver, weaving uneasily on his feet, and she saw the sun shine back from his brazen helmet. She remembered afterward to have thought that his body rocked like a tree in a storm, and to have fancied that there was something pathetic and mournful in that synchronous movement. But mostly she saw only Lawlor, the dockmaster; he was red-faced, arrogant, thick-necked, strong and lovable.

Bateman saw her there that day, saw the gold glint of her hair, saw the white of her neck and the blue of her eyes, and the air smelled as spicy as though it blew to leeward from the island of Celebes.

Lawlor must have seen both Mary and Bateman, but he pretended that he watched the streams of water that wrathfully came foaming and roaring through the sluices of the caisson into the dock. Clouds of spray were driven off from the falling waters and the sun shot them through and made a bouquet of rainbows. The water itself was of a beautiful blue streaked with white. He may really have been watching the water—who shall say?—perhaps the roar of its falling was music to him, perhaps it seemed to sing the song of his work to him and perhaps he was fascinated by it. At any rate he leaned far over the edge of the caisson, then drew back and motioned imperiously with the long megaphone, and a dock laborer went away at a run.

He leaned yet farther over. The water in the dock had covered the skeg, had climbed to the shafts and had covered them, and already it was halfway to the tips of the propeller blades. The water was commencing to run more silently, owing to its smaller distance of fall, but it still ran very swiftly with about ten millions of quirks, twists and eddies, with foam and with a rustling like the frou-frou of silk garments. Lawlor leaned farther and farther over, seeming to seek to see something in the seething green and white of running water. He hung coolly poised for a moment—then with apparent slowness and deliberateness he lost his balance and fell. As he fell he twisted his megaphone awkwardly striving to right himself; then he cried out, but the song of the waters smothered his voice.

When he struck, the waters took hold of him and pulled him down, down, till he thought he must be a mile from the surface. At first, though he was unalarmed, he struggled very hard and his instinct for life taught him to hold his breath. He would come up very soon, he decided, and this experience was really not unpleasant, for the eddy had a comfortable motion and the water was pleasantly cool to his skin. But when he realized that the myriad fingers of water had laid their clutch on him in good earnest he was frightened. However, he had no time to think. He was swept confusedly away, struggling hopelessly against the cataracts of water that held on to him.

As he was whisked by the rudder he threw out his arm against it to see if he might catch himself, and his arm dropped down broken. Then he became unconscious and breathed water into his lungs. He was carried past the propellers and along the line of the shafting, and then jammed tightly between the shaft and the hull of the ship where the current held him in pawn for a time.

Mary saw all that happened above water with more distinctness than any one else. She saw the awkward, twisting motion Lawlor's body made as it fell, and she saw him pulled under as though hands below in the water had been waiting to receive him. He was swept forward under the ship and she was conscious of that, though she was not sure that she saw him with her bodily eyes. However, she was sure that he was there under the ship, very, very sure, but she could make neither a sound nor a motion. She was frozen with the sudden horror of it.

The divers' gang slapped the face plate into Bateman's helmet and gave it a turn, then he walked swiftly, almost lightly, down the altars and a little way into the water. As he stood waiting for a moment, he remembered afterward, he saw Mary's eyes, their whites gleaming wildly. Then his helper put extra weights on his shoulders to assist him in keeping his feet and he stepped boldly into the current.

He had seen the course that the dockmaster's body had taken and he followed it. At first the water was pale green above his head and then it became darker in color as he passed under the overhang of the stern of the ship. But he only vaguely noticed the changing of colors about him, for he was struggling with all of the strength of his gorilla-like figure not to be swept from his feet.

At first he felt a sharp pain in his ears but this he disregarded—it is for enduring such things that a diver is paid. He groped his way beyond the propeller, then turned sharply to his right to follow the line of the shafting, and the current now made travel easy. But when he had gone a few feet he saw that his air-hose was pinched shut on the edge of the propeller blade and that his air was shut off. He had no time to go back and he let himself go faster, knowing that his time below must be short if he was to pull Lawlor out before the man was drowned. Several times he lost his footing and it grew so dark that it was difficult to see. "Pay out, pay out," he signaled to the man tending the line around his waist, and the man paid out ungrudgingly.

Something from above struck his helmet and he managed to stop. The thing could not have been a part of the ship. He felt with his hand in the dark water over his head, for he could not see more than eight inches ahead, and his hand struck an object and grasped it. It was Lawlor's foot, and Bateman saw that the body was jammed between the shaft and the hull. The leg vibrated in the current like a willow rod. Bateman pulled on it as hard as he could and the body came down in his arms.

"I'll go back now," said Bateman aloud to himself in a solemn voice. As he spoke he felt the lack of fresh air, and as he leaned on the cold bosom of the waters he felt weak and faint. He tried his strength against the current, and

(Continued on Page 64)

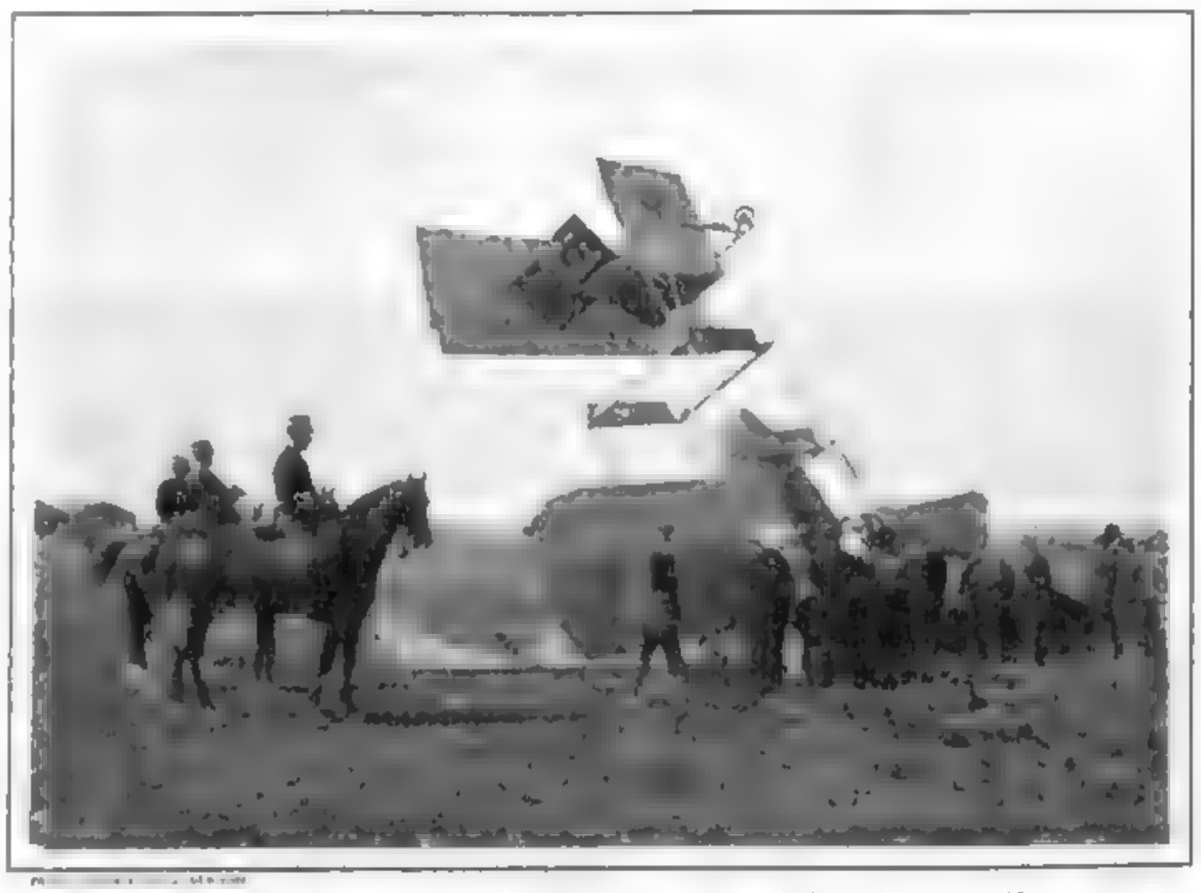
The Crowd Cheered Him Thrice, But He Seemed Scarcely to Hear

THE PERILS OF BIRDMEN

By Waldemar Kaempffert

SUPPOSE that you were a drop of quicksilver living on a glass plate. Suppose that the glass plate were exceedingly unsteady; that it rocked to and fro and from side to side; that it were constantly but irregularly rising and falling—in a word, that it had several different motions at the same time. Suppose, further, that your existence as a drop of quicksilver depended on your ability to keep your balance on your unsteady, highly polished glass plate of a world. If you can suppose all this you can imagine the situation of a man in a flying-machine skimming the air—the most uncertain, treacherous and least understood element to which a human being ever trusted his neck.

Like the great ocean that laps our shores, the sea of air at the bottom of which we live has its currents and counter currents, its whirling maelstroms and quiet pools, its billows and its breakers. The misfortune of it all is that we cannot see them. Only the man in the air knows that they exist; that he must feel his way in the brightest sunshine through these unseen perils like a blind man groping his way in a strange room. He can tell you that this sea on which he rides is never absolutely calm. He can tell you, too, that against every cliff, every mountainside, every hedge and every stone wall the air is dashed up in more or less tumultuous waves. The men who crossed the English Channel found that against the chalk cliffs of Dover a vast, invisible surf of air beats as furiously as the roaring, visible surf of the Channel below—a surf of air that drove nearly all of them out of their course and imperiled their lives. There are whirlpools, too, near those cliffs of Dover, as Moissant can assure you. He was sucked down into one of them within two hundred feet of the sea. His machine lurched heavily and it was with considerable difficulty that he managed to reascend to a height at which he could finish the crossing.



This is a Picture of an Accident Which Happened to Bréguet, Without, However, Injuring the Pilot. From the Position of the Machine it Would Seem as if the Aviator Had Attempted Too Rapid a Descent and Had Struck the Ground Almost Head Foremost

The Quicksands of the Air

SOMETIMES there are pockets in the air just as dangerous as the breakers—expanses of dead air into which a machine may drop as into unseen quicksands. On his historic flight down the Hudson River, Curtiss ran into such a pocket, fell with vertiginous rapidity, and saved himself only by skillful handling of his biplane. A less-experienced pilot would have been dashed into the river.

So great are the concentration of mind and the dexterity required by these long cross-country flights that a man's strength is often sapped. During the recent *Circuit de l'Est*, in which the contestants were compelled to fly regardless of the weather, the German, Lindpaintner, had to give up because of physical and nervous exhaustion. Another competitor crawled under his machine as soon as he alighted and went to sleep. I once heard Wilbur Wright remark: "The more you know about the air, the fewer are the chances you are willing to take. It's your ignorant man who is most reckless."

Because of the air's trickiness, starting and alighting are sometimes difficult and dangerous. Like every soaring bird an aeroplane must be in motion before it can fly. To get up preliminary speed the machine must run along the ground for a hundred yards or so and then leap into the air. More aeroplanes are wrecked by novices in this effort to rise than from any other cause. In high winds even practiced airmen find it hard to start. During the meeting at Havre, in August, 1910, Leblanc and Morane were invited to luncheon at Trouville. Like true pilots of the air they decided to keep their engagement by traveling in their machines. At half past eleven they ordered their Blériots trundled from their sheds. Twice they were dashed back by the wind before they succeeded in taking the air. An untried man would have wrecked his machine in that wind.

The bicycle wheels on which a machine runs in getting up preliminary speed serve also for alighting. When a monoplane glides down at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, and strikes the ground, some disposition must be made of its energy. Usually skids or runners, like those of a sled, are employed for that purpose, the bicycle wheels giving way under the action of springs so as to permit the skids to arrest the machine. Men like the Wrights can bring an aeroplane to a stop without spilling a glass of water, but your unpracticed hand often comes down with a shock that makes splinters and junk of a seven-thousand-dollar biplane.

Consider now the remarkable contrivances on which airmen travel. They are all the same in principle, no matter what their differences in appearance may be. As their names imply, a monoplane is a single-deck machine and a biplane is a double-deck machine. Both have a horizontal or elevation rudder for vertical guidance, and a vertical rudder, like a ship's, for horizontal guidance. Planes and rudders alone, however, do not make a flying-machine. There must be some means of balancing a machine, some means that will enable the pilot to meet the gusts and eddies that are so likely to upset him. Human flight would have been practicable long ago if there had only been some mechanical way of mimicking the swaying vulture that circles in the blue, watching for carrion below. It was not until the Wrights found a way of doing what the vulture does—a way of meeting the countless little blasts unheeded by most of us—that flying became possible at all. They hit upon a way of bending the planes, so that if one side of the machine were tilted up the resistance could be increased beneath the falling side to lift it up. In other words, they made of the aeroplane a kind of seesaw, which is so distorted that pressure is brought to bear upon the falling end. To prevent skidding during this warping of the wings the vertical rudder is suitably manipulated. This principle which they discovered—of increasing the pressure beneath the falling side and of simultaneously employing the vertical rudder is embodied in every successful flying-machine of the day.

How the Pilot Keeps His Balance

THE manipulation of these corrective devices is no easy art. Machines and bones have been broken in the effort to acquire it. Man and aeroplane must become one. The horizontal rudder, which projects forward from most biplanes, is like the antenna of an insect. With it the pilot feels his way up or down, yet without touching anything. Balancing from side to side is even more difficult. Curiously enough, it is when the machine is near the ground that it is hardest of all to bring the aeroplane back on an even keel. Imagine yourself for the first time in your life seated in a biplane with a forty-foot span of wing, sailing along at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour about ten feet from the ground. If your machine suddenly drops on one side it will scrape on the ground before you can twist your planes and lift the falling side by increasing the air-pressure beneath it. You will come down with a

All That Was Left of the Machine of Baroness De La Roche. She Was Caught in the Wake of Another Flying Machine at Rheims, Lost Control, and Met With an Accident Which Nearly Cost Her Her Life

All That Was Left of a Machine Which Blériot Flew at the 1909 Rheims Meeting. The Cause of the Accident Blériot Himself Did Not Know. His Machine in Some Inexplicable Manner Caught Fire and Was Reduced to a Mass of Blackened Metal

crash. If, on the other hand, you are an old airdog you will tilt up your horizontal or elevation rudder and glide up before you attempt to right yourself. So, too, if you see a stone wall or a hedge in your course you will lift yourself high above it. Why? To avoid the waves of air dashing up against the wall or hedge. For, if you did not rise, the waves would catch you and toss you about, and you might lose your aerial balance.

It has been suggested by Mr. F. W. Lanchester, a distinguished English authority, that the perils of balancing may be largely if not altogether obviated by increasing the speed of the flying-machine to one hundred miles an hour. The effect of a puff of wind depends not on the velocity of the puff but on the ratio of the puff's velocity to the machine's velocity. The faster the machine flies, the less will it be affected by puffs and the safer will it be. The Lusitania at twenty-five knots dashes through waves and winds that would drive a fishing-smack to cover.

Another method of relieving the aviator of nervous strain and of lessening the present risk of accident consists in the provision of some automatic device that will either prevent the machine from capsizing or right it as soon as it heels over. The most obvious device of this kind—one, moreover, with which some experimenting has already been done—is the gyroscope, which Mr. Louis Brennan employs to keep his monorail car upright even when it is standing still. Automatically movable weights and pendulums also have been proposed as solutions of the problem. Some such invention will sooner or later be applied to the aeroplane. At present, even the most skilled aviator can never be quite certain that after leaving the ground he will come down alive.

More difficult than balancing is the making of a turn. When a line of soldiers wheels round a corner the man on the inside does little more than mark time; the man in the middle of the line marches at a steady pace; but the man on the outside all but runs to keep the line straight. So it is with an aeroplane when it turns. The outer end must travel faster than the inner end. In doing so the machine is necessarily canted over at a more or less steep angle, very pretty to the eye, but dangerous if the man holding the levers is inexpert. If a turn is made when the machine is too near the ground one end will scrape as the machine cants, and the pilot will be lucky if he escapes with a few bruises and a broken plane. If the turn is made too abruptly in midair parts of the structure may be strained to the breaking point.

It took the French two years to learn the art of turning. Indeed, a wealthy Parisian, named Armengaud, offered a prize to the first Frenchman who performed the feat. Farman won that prize so recently as July, 1908. The Wright brothers spent the whole flying season of 1904 in learning how to sweep a circle when the wind was blowing. Octave Chanute, the only engineer who was allowed to see them at work during that period of apprenticeship, gives this account of their trials and tribulations:

I witnessed a flight at Dayton on October 15, 1904, of thirteen hundred and seventy-seven feet, performed in twenty-four seconds. The start was made from level ground and the machine swept over about one-quarter of a circle at a speed of thirty-nine miles an hour. The wind was blowing diagonally to the starting rail at about six miles an hour.

After the machine had progressed some five hundred feet and had risen about fifteen feet it began to cant over to the left, and assumed an oblique transverse inclination of fifteen to twenty degrees. Had this occurred at an elevation of, say, one hundred feet above the ground, Orville Wright, who was in the machine on this occasion, could have recovered an even balance even with the rather imperfect arrangement for control at that time employed. But he felt himself unable to do so at the height then occupied and concluded to come down.

This was done while still turning to the left, so that the machine was going with the wind instead of against it, as practiced where possible.

The landing was made at a speed of forty-five to fifty miles an hour, one wing striking the ground in advance of the other; and a breakage occurred which required one week for repairs. The operator was in nowise hurt.

This was flight No. 71 of the 1904 series. On the preceding day the brothers had made alternately three circular flights, one of fourteen hundred and one feet, one of forty-nine hundred and two feet, and one of forty-nine hundred and thirty-six feet the last covering rather more than a full circle.

Flying exhibitions, which are so popular in these days and tempt the prize-winning aviator to be overbold, are responsible for many of the tragedies that have occurred within the last few years. At the recent Rheims meeting as many as eighteen machines were circling round one another, swooping down hawklike from great heights or cutting figure-eight curves to the plaudits of an enthusiastic crowd. It was not the possibility of collision that was so perilous, but the disturbance created in the air. The wake that every steamer leaves behind it finds its counterpart in the wake that trails behind an aeroplane in the air. A rowboat may ride safely through a steamer's wake with much bobbing; an aeroplane caught in the wake of another pitches alarmingly. That was how Baroness de la Roche met with such a terrible accident at the last Rheims meeting.

So far as inherent strength goes, the monoplane is inferior to the biplane. The superposed surfaces of the double-deck machine can be trussed together by numerous cross-struts and wire diagonals. If one of the wires breaks the result is not necessarily disastrous. Nevertheless a broken wire was the cause of Kinet's ghastly death in a biplane at Ghent on June 6, 1910. During a flight at Mourmelon Farman once found himself unable to move his elevation rudder. One of the wires by which it was controlled had snapped. Farman rose against his will. Death stared him in the face. He shut off his motor to stop his further progress and dropped like a stone before the eyes of a thousand horrified spectators. Fortunately he escaped serious injury.

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The Career of Farthest North

A Nervous Romance—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

A LARGE, olive-green automobile, containing two passengers, rolled along the curving gravel road that ran through the grounds of the Havalon Sanitarium—grounds comprising some thirty acres of undulating woods and lawn, twenty-two miles from Chicago.

The first passenger to alight when the machine stopped at the main entrance was a woman who may have been anywhere from thirty-five to forty-five—an ample person of swarthy complexion, with big black eyes, low forehead and full, firm lips. A slim man who seemed about twenty-five followed her out of the car. His soft, dark hair fell to the top of his collar at the back and showed that it had not been trimmed recently. The collar itself was frankly dirty, and the shabby clothes looked as though the young man had been sleeping out-of-doors in them. He had mild brown eyes and delicate features, and in the nervous alacrity with which he climbed from the car in the ample woman's wake there was something that reminded the attendant of a pet lap-dog that has come home after a muddy debauch and is trying to reinstate itself.

"I Want Him to Have a Man Nurse, for He'd Bamboozle a Woman in No Time"

The lady asked imperiously for Doctor von Stein and was shown at once to his office. The doctor was a meager man in middle life. He looked very serious and wore very large-rimmed spectacles. The lady seated herself with a sort of ample hauteur, and the young man with nervous haste took a chair beside her, clasping his slim hands in his lap and looking modestly at the floor.

"I am Mrs. Philander North," said the lady in a rich, firm voice. "My husband is Senator North, of Michigan."

Doctor von Stein gravely inclined his head. Like every one else who read a newspaper he had heard of Kalamazoo's opulent threshing-machine manufacturer and statesman.

"Francis, here," the lady continued without looking at the dejected youth, "is my husband's nephew. He and my husband don't get on well together. Francis went to the Philippines two years ago and got sick there. The doctors filled him up with morphine and he's never been able to get over the habit. I want you to take hold of him and straighten him out."

Again the doctor gravely inclined his head, and the lady continued: "I'm doing this on my own hook, Doctor. I don't want you on any account to write to the Senator or to me either. The Senator is all out of patience with Francis, and he's sick and notional besides. It would make trouble in the family if he found out what I'm doing. But I want to give the boy another chance. I think he'll brace up if he gets the dope out of his system. I'll be responsible for his bills myself, and you don't need to worry if you don't happen to hear from me just when they're due. I may not be able to get my hands on the money just when I'd like to; but I'll get it in time."

"I understand," said the doctor with grave sympathy.

"Francis must be watched," the lady added firmly. "He mustn't get hold of morphine. He can wear the things he's got in the suitcase, then he won't be tempted to run away. And, Doctor," she added very decisively, "I want him to have a man nurse, for he'd bamboozle a woman in no time."

At this injurious statement the nephew merely lifted his soft, apologetical eyes to the doctor in silent appeal; then looked modestly at the floor. The lady meanwhile was taking a particularly fat roll of bills out of her handbag. She removed the rubber band, considered a moment, then took off two twenties and a ten and laid them on the doctor's desk.

"I guess fifty's all I can spare you today," she observed, "but I'll be out again as soon as I can get away."

She arose majestically. The nephew followed her out to the automobile and the two had a few minutes' private conversation before she rolled away and he reentered the sanitarium to begin his cure.

The Senator's lady quite enjoyed the ride back to the city. Reclining at dignified ease in her large green car she surveyed the landscape and the feminine occupants of other cars which hers passed—the former with calm, unthinking satisfaction; the latter with coldly critical stares.

Without any instructions from her the chauffeur guided the car to a garage on Wabash Avenue where the passenger, again producing her thick roll of bills, paid the man at the desk thirteen dollars. She then walked up to Madison Street and boarded a west-bound trolley car, from which she alighted in the neighborhood of Halsted Street. Climbing the stairs that led to the second story of a shabby brick building—over a delicatessen store—she drew a key from her handbag and let herself into the dingy rear flat. There she hung up her hat and coat, briskly removed her black dress and corset and slipped on a greasy wrapper, also black, with a number of bright steel ornaments down the front. She stood indulging the luxury of getting a full, deep breath once more, and the next moment she added the further luxury of a cigarette.

A sheet of paper lay on the battered writing-desk. This she took up and examined with care. It was the proof of

her regular "personal" advertisement for the Sunday newspapers, and it began:

Madam Ptolemy, Guaranteed Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, Known to the Scientific World of Europe as THE VEIL OF ISIS, is Back in Chicago.

Satisfied with the proof, she once more took the thick roll of bills from her handbag, removed the rubber band and threw away the strips of green paper that composed the core of the roll. All that remained was a five-dollar bill and three ones.

Contemplating that modest residuum of her senatorial opulence, Madam Ptolemy puffed thoughtfully at the cigarette. She was a very good-hearted woman, and when she had run across Farthest North the day before, in a shockingly forlorn condition, she had really felt sorry for him. But considerations of a commercial nature went along with her humane motive. She was aware that Farthest possessed talents which, if he could be straightened out and kept in hand, would be highly profitable. She expected, in fact, that the seventy dollars that she had devoted to him—for automobile hire, the payment at the sanitarium and incidentals—would prove a remunerative investment. She confessed that Farthest's genius had made the money go a long way. Seventy dollars, outright, would have kept him at the sanitarium only ten days; but supplemented by his fiction about Senator North it ought to keep him in credit there several weeks.

It was not all fiction either. On one point Madam Ptolemy had told the strict truth, as the doctor's examination abundantly proved. The young man undoubtedly had been doping himself with morphine.

He proved a most exemplary and interesting patient. Even his costume added to the interest. This consisted of extraordinarily broad black trousers cut after a pattern unknown to Occidental fashions; a pair of long, high red slippers with the toes turned up; a limp white silk shirt with a rolling collar; and a sort of double-breasted tunic, much too large for him, that fell to his knees. His putative aunt had told Doctor von Stein that she wished him to wear the costume because he would not then be tempted to stray beyond the bounds. Farthest himself, as he rapidly formed acquaintance among the patients, explained that he had become accustomed to the garb during his long sojourn in the Orient and felt more at home in it than in any western costume. As a matter of fact, this was precisely the costume in which the shade of El-Rey-Dizzin, the celebrated Arab sheik, formerly appeared to the patrons of Madam Ptolemy's dollar-a-head séances. Of late years the pious sheik had not been numbered among the madam's ghostly friends. In fact, she had grown so stout she couldn't get into the trousers, which was the reason she selected the costume for Farthest. Considerations of a practical nature accompanied the lady's benevolence.

Acquaintanceships were easily formed there—the patients being shut up together with little to do. Naturally the grand staple of their conversation consisted of the reasons that had brought them to the sanitarium. Farthest, a highly sympathetic listener, soon knew in copious and more or less confidential detail the pathological histories of a score of patients, male and female. As in some social circles there is an eager nudging and whispering when a duchess appears or the daughter of a billionaire passes by, so here the lady whose liver a famous surgeon had bisected was at once pointed out to newcomers. The nurses and assistants found the same relief in innocent gossip that the patients did. Thus everybody who was at all interested soon knew in a general way about everybody else—such facts, for instance, as where they lived, what their or their husband's business was, when they had had their operation and what it was for.

Thus nearly everybody knew that the rather tired-looking little brunette was none other than Mrs. Stuyvesant Ogden; that she had arrived shortly before eleven in a touring car, and that the chauffeur had worn brown livery with blue facings. Long before that nearly everybody knew that Mrs. Stuyvesant Ogden was born a Wexler of Philadelphia and that Mr. Stuyvesant Ogden owned most of one side of State Street. As to Miss Spofford, who arrived with Mrs. Ogden, the news was conflicting. Some had it that she was a professional companion who had brought Mrs. Ogden to the sanitarium; others that she was a relative whom Mrs. Ogden had brought. The latter were soon triumphant, for directly after the light and inexpensive evening meal which Doctor von Stein served in lieu of dinner, the touring car and brown livery reappeared and bore Mrs. Ogden away—to the intense mortification of a neurasthenic lady from Dearborn Avenue, who, the moment she heard of the distinguished arrival, had telephoned home to have three trunks full of her best dresses sent out instantly.

Thus interest fell back upon Miss Eliza Spofford—as the name was written on the register in Mrs. Ogden's own hand. She was a relative, but whether on the Wexler or the Ogden side no one definitely knew. She was a spare and bony lady, freckled, with a long nose, a receding chin, light blue eyes and bright red hair that was touched here and there with gray. She kept very much to herself and pointedly snubbed the lady from Dearborn Avenue, who concluded she must be a Wexler. She seemed attached to flowers and put in an hour or so daily watering, trimming and weeding the beds.

Farthest noted this horticultural inclination. In fact, in his demure, unobtrusive way he noted everyth ng about Miss Spofford. She was certainly not beautiful, nor in the bloom of youth; but he judged that she was of a submissive, clinging nature, and that she might still be on the sunny side of forty. His own situation was desperate. He had hardly a cent to his name, and not much prospect of getting one. He felt a legitimate yearning—after his recent beggarly experiences—to establish himself on a solid basis as regards a bank account.

He took occasion to address Miss Spofford on the third day after her arrival, as she was coming in from her gardening. With his engaging air of shy friendliness he asked her whether she knew much about botany.

"Oh, no," Miss Spofford replied candidly, with a slight blush; "only what I've picked up watching the gardeners at home and talking with them."

Farthest mentioned the gardens of Japan, and Miss Spofford observed that she had never been in the East.

The next day as Miss Spofford—incased in a large gingham apron, a garden trowel in her cotton-gloved hand and a watering pot beside her—was kneeling over a flower bed, a shadow fell in front of her. She looked up and saw the modest young man in the odd costume who had spoken to her the day before. He was smiling down at her in a boyishly amiable yet embarrassed manner. In his right hand he held a round, hard vegetable substance resembling an onion.

"Do you suppose you could make this grow?" he asked with shy eagerness. "It's a Korean tulip bulb. A friend just sent it over to me, but I don't know how to plant it."

"Tulips ought to have plenty of water, I believe," said Miss Spofford, regarding the bulb with interest. As he was offering it to her she took it in her cotton-gloved fingers, turning it around curiously. "The gardener would know how to plant it," she suggested.

"Why, you see," said Farthest, in engaging confusion, "I'd rather a lady planted it. There's quite a little story about it. My friend, you know, has a post under the Korean Government and his sweetheart is coming out from Michigan to marry him. He wrote me about it and sent me the bulb. It seems there's a native superstition about these tulips. When there's to be a wedding the bride and groom send bulbs to their dearest friends to plant. They say it brings the friends happiness in marriage."

"Why, how interesting!" exclaimed Miss Spofford. Her pale eyes shone softly and she smiled over the pretty sentiment. "I'll ask the gardener about it," she volunteered quite enthusiastically.

"But don't give him the bulb," Farthest cautioned. "Of course I wouldn't want it planted by hireling hands."

"Oh, no," Miss Spofford agreed. "I'll find out from him how to do it."

And the next day they planted the bulb together, choosing for that purpose a little flower bed in the oak-shaded hollow behind the bowling alley. Naturally it established a common and sentimental interest between them. Farthest discovered a great enthusiasm for flowers, assisting Miss Spofford in tending the beds.

To her, more than to any of the others, he disclosed himself. Gradually, as he felt assured of her sympathetic interest, he told her of his troubled young life. In his rich uncle's house, it seemed, he had been given everything save love. The Senator was all for business and politics, while his aunt was all for society—burning great bundles of the senatorial wealth on the altar of her ambition. Miss Spofford, of course, knew all about this ignoble strife for social position and spoke of it with scorn. Confidentially she gave him a number of illustrations, familiarly using names of the local elect that made his ears tingle. She herself, she said, cared nothing for society, knowing its hollowness; but of course Lucille—so she called Mrs. Stuyvesant Ogden—was under a noble obligation to entertain lavishly. It appeared that her relationship to Lucille was on the Wexler side—not, she added with fine candor, that she was rich like Lucille's immediate family; her whole fortune was only two hundred thousand dollars.

Thus their acquaintance ripened. Twice daily they watered the spot where the tulip bulb was buried, and this rite led them into tender speculations on the subject of happiness in marriage.

Farthest had been in the sanitarium nearly four weeks when he bribed the gardener with a quarter to post a letter that he didn't care to have handled in the sanitarium office, where they were more or less curious about patients' mail. It was addressed to Madam Ptolemy on West Madison Street, and ran as follows:

My dear Fannie: Will you please go down to Field's and pick me out two suits of every-day clothes, one light, the other dark; also a derby hat, two pairs of shoes, two pairs of gloves, six shirts, a dozen collars, three suits of underwear and three or four pretty neckties? I inclose a memorandum showing the sizes I wear. Of course I don't want you to pay for them. There is a George P. Gregory, of 8715 Prairie Avenue, here. I know he has an account at Field's, for several things have been sent him from there. He has neuritis so bad he can hardly stir some days. I do a lot of errands for him. He is a very nice old chap and we are great friends. Have the goods charged to his account and sent to him here. I will get the bundles when they come. In addition, please send me by mail the large imitation ruby breastpin and earrings that go with your Dolly Madison costume.

Now, my dear benefactress, this is the reason I want the things: I have got very well acquainted with a patient here; an old lady about sixty-five, whose name is Mrs. Eliza Spofford. She is a widow and very much interested in spiritualism but has never tried it. She comes from Philadelphia and is awfully strong on family. I want to show her the jewelry as an heirloom from my great grandmother which my deceased mother handed on to me. I know this will make her have greater confidence than ever in me. Her auto comes nearly every day to take her for a ride. She has invited me to go along several times, and

Out of Mere Haste and Confusion He Took the Watch Also

When Farthest Was Perfectly Plausible Was Exactly the Time to Look Sharp

once I did go; but as soon as we got away from the sanitarium everybody noticed my queer clothes. I saw that it annoyed Mrs. Spofford. I want the things from Field's so I can ride with her. It will be all to the good, for I am finding out all about her deceased relatives, and I am sure we can get her into a séance where you can tell her all I've found out. She is very rich.

Yours in gratitude and affection, F. N.

P. S. I called Doctor von Stein's attention to the item in the newspaper saying that Senator and Mrs. North had sailed for Europe. I'm very sorry I didn't know they were going, for I could have turned it to good account. However, I told Doctor von Stein you had written me that the Senator's health was bad and you were so upset you couldn't get hold of any money at the moment. Please write me at once a brief note that I can show him. Date it New York day before yesterday. Say the Senator was taken worse and you are just on the point of sailing and are nearly distracted, but will remit from the other side. Be sure to write it on nice notepaper, and please look in the dictionary to get the spelling right.

Having dispatched the letter, Farthest joined Miss Spofford in the woodsy hollow. "I have written to my uncle, Eliza," he said presently, "telling him the step I am about to take. But whether he takes me in or casts me out with only the little money my mother left is immaterial to me. I know now it is not his money that can give me happiness."

"Oh, Francis," said Eliza, "why should we think of money? Thoughts of money destroy happiness."

"We will not think of it," he answered firmly. His dark, flowing, poetic locks and Eliza's rather scanty red hair, flecked with gray, bent together over the flower bed. "The superstition is true," he murmured gently, sprinkling the tulip's burial spot; "it does bring good fortune in marriage."

Madam Ptolemy received the letter duly, but did not at once act upon it. The little matter of bilking George P. Gregory or Field's out of some clothing she would, of course, have performed very cheerfully, as a merely incidental act of friendship; nor did she prize the pinchbeck jewelry. But to her mind the clothes suggested travel. True, Farthest's statement was perfectly plausible; but she could not free herself of a rather disturbing recollection that when Farthest was perfectly plausible was exactly the time to look sharp. She had not only invested seventy dollars in him, but by every obligation of good faith she was entitled to share in any profitable enterprise that he might undertake. Naturally, if he had a scheme in his head that involved travel and was lying to her about it, he meant to leave her in the lurch, and the madam hated mortally to be played for a sucker. She reread his letter carefully, smoking several cigarettes over it.

However, as she was ostensibly on the high seas, bound for Europe, she could not visit the sanitarium to make inquiries. The rich and feeble-minded old lady who might prove a highly profitable patron of the séances certainly looked tempting. So she went downtown next day, picked out the articles Farthest required, and directed that they be sent to Mr. Gregory at the sanitarium; and she mailed the imitation rubies.

The clothing Farthest easily intercepted, as he had been confident he would be able to do. The breastpin and earrings he laid in Eliza's gentle hands. This took place in the woodsy hollow behind the bowling alley. It was about the only spot where they could converse confidentially, and even there they were apt at any time to be under the eye of some strolling patient; so they were obliged to talk while seeming to be absorbed in their work. Thus when Farthest finished his pathetic little tale about the heirloom and slipped the articles into Eliza's hand she felt that they were moist, but she couldn't have sworn whether he had wept upon them or merely sprinkled them from the watering pot. With one melting glance she dropped the gift, so charged with tender sentiments, into the pocket of her apron.

There was a deeply emotional pause. Then Farthest continued in a low voice: "And yet, Eliza, precious as those jewels are to me I may have to pawn them."

Eliza looked up again in shocked surprise.

"You know," Farthest murmured, "my aunt and uncle sailed unexpectedly. Of course," he added with tender significance, "they expected me to stay on at the sanitarium. So they sent me no money. And if we go to the forest primeval in Canada, as we have planned, it will take some ready cash."

"Oh, my dear," said Eliza eagerly, "I have money! I have money downtown in the bank—enough, I am sure, for our simple wants."

Farthest silently bowed his head over the flowers. A great load was lifted from his mind. As a matter of fact he had just sixty cents in cash, and he had judged it neither delicate nor prudent to question Eliza as to how her fortune was disposed. Except at the first, that subject, indeed, had never been mentioned between them.

Eliza presently broke the silence, speaking abruptly and with much feeling. "Francis! The money and all that—it doesn't really make the least difference to either of us, does it? It would be just the same if—neither of us had prospects?"

"Can you doubt it?" Farthest asked tenderly. "Are we not going to Arcadia?"

Obviously, however, one could not go even to Arcadia on sixty cents; and it was a very pleasant thought to Farthest that Eliza had money downtown in the bank.

He still had a number of little details to work out such as getting his suitcase with the new clothes in it out of the sanitarium and down to the station. As for Eliza, he concluded that she could say she was going downtown to do a little shopping. Thus she would be able to leave the premises wearing a traveling dress and carrying a small handbag without exciting suspicion. If he fell in with her on the grounds and they strolled off through the woods together in the direction of the station nobody would think anything of it. Once they were downtown, with an hour's leeway in which to visit the marriage license clerk and find a justice of the peace, all would be plain sailing. He decided that they would go in two days, taking the 10:16 suburban train to the city.

Meanwhile Madam Ptolemy was still thinking. The annoying suspicion that Farthest had elected her to enact the rôle of a sucker would not leave her mind. Of course she couldn't visit the sanitarium to make inquiries; but as she read his letter once again a bright and bold idea occurred to her. In his fairly instinctive passion for verisimilitude he had mentioned that the rich old lady's name was Mrs. Eliza Spofford. Changing her prophetic wrapper for a more conventional garb, the madam repaired to the drugstore on the corner, entered the telephone booth, called up the Havalon Sanitarium and asked to speak with Mrs. Eliza Spofford.

"There's a Miss Eliza Spofford here," said the young lady at the other end of the wire, emphasizing the prefix.

"Oh, yes; I meant Miss," Madam Ptolemy replied promptly, as dark thoughts loomed upon her mind.

A few moments elapsed, then the following dialogue was held:

"I Have Written to My Uncle, Eliza, Telling Him the Step I am About to Take"

MADAM PTOLEMY (joyously): "Is that you, Eliza? Do you recognize my voice? This is Jennie Tuthill!"

MISS SPOFFORD (dubiously): "Jennie Tuthill?"

MADAM PTOLEMY (astonished): "Surely you haven't forgotten me! Why, we came over from Europe on the Lusitania together last fall."

MISS SPOFFORD: "There's some mistake."

MADAM PTOLEMY (still astonished): "Why, aren't you Eliza Spofford, of Binghamton, New York?"

MISS SPOFFORD: "Oh, no! I never was in Binghamton, New York, in my life. I live in Lake Forest."

MADAM PTOLEMY (downcast): "Why, how could I make such a mistake? I'm sorry I troubled you. Goodby."

The madam's brow was contracted as she left the drugstore. She had not the least doubt now as to the rôle for which her grateful beneficiary had cast her, nor the slightest intention of carrying it out. The simple fact that the person at the sanitarium was a Miss naturally suggested that the enterprise in which Francis was engaged might be of a matrimonial nature. The wardrobe and the precious heirloom pointed in the same direction. Probably it would be easy enough for her to block Francis' plan by simply exposing him, thereby taking summary vengeance for his deceit. But that, she saw at once, would be both crude and unprofitable. She considered a number of tentative plans, smoking many cigarettes, with lowering brow. But it was evident that any really intelligent action must be predicated on more exact knowledge. Therefore, the next morning she took a train for Lake Forest.

The spreading suburb was not a very promising place in which to discover a person whose address was unknown. They would know at the postoffice, of course; but Madam Ptolemy was aware they would not divulge an address to an unofficial inquirer. So she went at once to the police station, where she found a superior officer and a patrolman. She was a stranger, she said, addressing herself more particularly to the patrolman as he looked better-natured. She was in search of a relative and had come a long ways; in fact, from Cork—for she perceived at once that the man was Irish. When she had fully explained her interesting situation, the good-natured patrolman slipped out and presently returned with information that Miss Eliza Spofford lived at Mr. Stuyvesant Ogden's. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden were away at the seashore, he added, but there would be somebody about the place of whom she could inquire, and he directed her how to find the big house.

The name of Mr. Stuyvesant Ogden and the big house were both rather formidable, but Madam Ptolemy was not easily daunted. She presented herself confidently at the side entrance and asked for the housekeeper. She remained inside conversing with that person some twenty or thirty minutes, and when she reappeared it was evident that her good-nature was fully restored. Indeed, while she sat in the suburban station waiting for a train to take her back to the city she burst out laughing two or three times.

Farthest's own thoughts at that moment were pleasurable in so far as they anticipated the future, but they were by no means mirthful. He was aware that the next eighteen hours were bound to be rather trying. The little matter of smuggling his suitcase out of the house might prove difficult. Then the strain was evidently telling on Eliza. She had grown quite nervous and distraught. There was a painful possibility that she might do something to betray them. Another point caused him special anxiety. He hadn't enough money to pay his own and Eliza's carfare to the city, to say nothing of hiring a cab, paying for the marriage license and a modest fee to the officiating magistrate. No doubt Eliza would have some change. But then, at the last moment, she might not have; which would leave them in a fairly horrible dilemma. It would be folly, at any rate, to take the chance.

He was aware that Eliza would be taking her bath and massage from that time until supper, and of late he had been careful to avoid being seen in her company about the building. But he managed to intercept her in the hall as she came from supper and beckoned her outside. They strolled to the end of the veranda, and he felt Eliza's hand tremble.

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PETTICOAT PROFESSIONS

New Women in Old Fields—By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

A CERTAIN young woman approaching thirty, tired of genteel starvation on a very little a year, announced to her aunt that she was going to work for her living. The aunt, old-fashioned and blunt, protested emphatically, even going so far as to offer the girl a small income.

"I'll make any sacrifice," she said, "to keep you from going into the business world."

"It is not business, you know," the young woman replied. "Not that it makes much difference, as long as I am going to work; but it happens to be a profession."

The aunt's face lighted up, for she saw the working-girl stigma taken from her niece.

"Oh, a profession!" she cried in a deeply relieved tone. "Why, that is entirely different. If it is a profession you can call it a career, and then all your friends will pretend that they believe you prefer it to marriage. That's the convention, my dear.

"If I Don't Read the Line Just So or Make That Sudden Gesture I Don't Get it Over the Footlights"

"A girl goes into business because she has not married or else to wait till she gets married; but a profession is such a personal, self-sufficing, superior thing that there are actually some women who prefer it to a husband, and that takes the curse off all the rest who would rather marry, but, failing the husband, take up the career."

The girl sighed impatiently, but she knew that you cannot instruct an elderly old-fashioned woman who has been married so long that she cannot conceive of anything worth while for a woman except marriage. This type of woman looks on a proposing man as a kind of savior, to be accepted whatever his inadequacy, and admired not for what he can give personally but for his power of lifting the woman he chooses into the thoroughly tried institution of matrimony. There is much to be said for this point of view; it has made a good many men very comfortable.

"It is a satisfaction to me," went on the aunt placidly, "that there is this fiction of a career for the professional women. Under it they can hide with dignity either until they do marry, which is always possible, thanks to Providence; or in case they fail to marry. Yes, my dear; if a girl must work, by all means let her choose a profession."

The Lure of Learned Occupations

THE word "profession" has an honorific sound to American men of the lower middle classes and to almost all American women of whatever class. The small tradesman tries to send his son to college, to the end that he may choose a profession and be lifted into that purer air serene where the father hopes petty cares dissolve, but where, nevertheless, the demands of boarding-house keepers and haberdashers still hold sway. Even in a socialistic society professional work would probably keep its honorific flavor because such work is difficult to do well. Like athletics or chess playing, it takes a rare kind of ability for real achievement. While people remain emulative—men in all sorts of ways and women in a few ways—the distinction given to professional work will continue to prevail. Daughters of a laborer will go into shops so that Jennie, "the bright one," may become a teacher. It is the outcome of that curious mixture of democracy, plutocracy, generosity and snobbishness that makes up one phase of American psychology.

The professional woman has existed in America in a sporadic way since the days of the dame schools, though her occupation was not then made conspicuous by pomp and circumstance, sheepskins and swivel chairs, as it is today. If the term "professional" had been used to one of those old-time ladies in caps, whose chief insignia of dignity were a ferrule and a hornbook, she would probably have first looked up the word in Doctor Johnson's dictionary and then prayed over it. It took more than a hundred years for the women with the making of real professionalism in them to interfere so fully with the precedents of the past and the ways of men as to be called pioneers by the various grateful women who followed them. There are various records which show that other women and that many men have called them other names.

America is the land of the woman worker, though if figures alone were trusted, it would seem that more women are idle in the United States than in any of the other great countries. For figures tell us that in England thirty-seven per cent of the feminine population is engaged in gainful pursuits, in Germany twenty-five per cent, and in America only about twelve per cent. These general statistics mean merely that in America more women are engaged in domestic work without pay.

American women, for the most part, cannot help working—even the few who belong to the leisure class. These make organized work out of their social arrangements, and when monotony or competition bores them they go into suffrage or welfare work. The toilers of the domestic, industrial, business and professional worlds are seldom languorous or lazy, for the American climate makes for the development of nervous energy rather than for the development of energy of sex. If the American woman does not really work she goes through the motions; she bustles. The professional woman, especially if she be somewhat mature, is effective, executive, self-confident and articulate. She likes to hold up her head as the equal of man.

Women tend nowadays to feel themselves the equals of men rather than their inferiors, as was the case in the Middle Ages, and this is largely because of the change in the economic situation, the development of money economy. We now have a scheme of life that seems to give any woman, if she wants it, the chance to make her own way. Under the old régime, even a man could not stand alone; he had to be somebody else's man. From one point of view there is something fine and big in the social situation that money economy brings about. We become less immediately dependent on our immediate circle of friends, but more dependent on society at large. We face a big, impersonal market, to which we must go for what we want and to which we must bring what we have to sell. We may be able to do without any one individual, but we cannot get on without the mass of the people.

On the surface it looks as if the gain to women had come fast, especially within the last few decades. According to the twelfth census there are only eight out of three hundred and three separate occupations in which women fail to appear. The real truth is that they appear in most of them only occasionally, though in a few of them they cluster so thickly as to cause a lamentable congestion.

Moreover, it is one thing for a woman to feel as if she were the equal of man and another thing for her to be received by man at her own valuation. Men do not often contradict her now on the question of equality; perhaps they are tired of hearing the statement iterated and reiterated. They merely go on believing that in all competitive work the average man tends to do better than the average woman.

Men recognize that the pecuniary organization of society is making it increasingly impossible that all women should have homes, and with this recognition has come something of a change in public thought toward women and a chance for wider careers. Numberless facts show that it would be better for the whole world if women were economically their own backers; but no man accepts this truth, though with the top of his mind he acknowledges that many women must go out in the world to work. Yet he has the feeling that they should be parasitic, and for this sense of chivalry he makes them pay well in cold, hard dollars.

There are many and complex reasons why women must take less money for their work than men. For one thing, they are willing to take less because they always have done so. Then, women workers of any class care less for money than men do, and more for accessories that seem to men relatively unimportant. They will sacrifice money for reasons of comfort and for social reasons. The average shopgirl would rather get a dollar a week less and work in a store where the aisles are wide and where there are enough employees to attend comfortably to the volume of trade. She would rather stay in that or in any other shop than go into domestic service, where she would be better fed and make twice the amount of money, but where her personal freedom would be somewhat hampered and where she would be socially discredited. To the professional woman, perhaps, more than to any other—especially the professional woman of the intellectual categories—this desire, subconscious or not, for social distinction is a strong factor in determining her choice of a career.

On the Stage and at the Bar

THE average woman in business or in industry, and frequently the housekeeper, looks with longing upon professional women, envying them their equipment, their presumed salary and their social distinction, when, as a matter of fact, professional women have to pay more heavily in self-sacrifice and in vital energy than their sisters in other fields. Whether they are working in professions where they appear only occasionally—as lawyers, architects or university instructors—or whether they are in the well-tried and congested professions of secondary and elementary school-teachers, librarians and actresses, they are constantly forced to give out all that in them is, and their margin of physical and intellectual safety is small enough. The encouraging fact about their fate is that they like the work. Moreover, and this applies particularly to those in the more intellectual professions, their sister women are beginning to believe in them. The average homekeeping woman is not so prone as she was to think the lawyer queer and unwomanly. The more advanced of them not only believe in the professional woman but give her work to do, while the professional women themselves, though unorganized, help each other whenever they can.

Despite the fact that the big trust corporations are handling what was once the lawyer's business, the legal profession offers real opportunities to women, though the number of women lawyers is increasing slowly enough. There are some hundreds of women in the state of New York who have taken legal degrees, but less than forty of these have office addresses. Some of these make a living at their profession and some do not.

No Account is Taken of the Many Years the Writer Spends at Both the Craft and Art of Her Work

"We are handicapped from the start," said one of the most successful of these women. "We ought to receive, like our brothers, a general business experience from the age of six, but we do not. Our college training is easy enough to get and it would seem that experience in our work should be easy to get, for we are entitled to practice before all courts. Where we are not admitted under existing statutes, indulgent legislatures, with but two exceptions, have passed enabling acts.

"Moreover, the Women's International Bar Association is doing its best to foster the opening of new law

schools for women; is trying to remove all of their disabilities for admission to the bar and to secure their eligibility to the bench, besides disseminating knowledge concerning the legal status of women. When we embryo lawyers are in the law school we all have plenty of hope; it is after we come out and try to get the law clerkships necessary—if we are to have good, all-round experience—that we realize the fact that the average man seems to think that women's aptitudes run parallel to sex. As a matter of fact, the legal type of mind has nothing to do with sex, though it more often chooses a man's body to live in than a woman's. When that mind gets into a woman's body it carries with it a lot of explicit and implicit handicaps. No woman is ever a big corporation lawyer, though she may be employed by a corporation in an inferior position. No woman, whatever her age and experience, is likely, in the East, at any rate, to be paid much more than the young man lawyer just starting; and, however great her reputation, she is not likely to handle much more work than the successful young man lawyer.

"As to our clients, a good many come to us because they can get us cheaper. Most of these are women, who employ us to deal with their investments as well as with their domestic difficulties. They are beginning to see that they can trust a certain class of cases more safely to us than to men, for we understand. Radical men and charity organizations are also prone to give us a chance in investigations. Like any average lawyer, we do very little criminal work. We usually take up specialties that depend on the individual and not on the sex. One woman may go in for real estate, another for reorganizing mercantile and commercial tangles. Another may do almost nothing but office work, preferring to settle cases rather than to fight. Some women make good trial lawyers, but only a few have been at the bar long enough to succeed there. A successful trial lawyer has to think on her feet, and before that. She must have power to interpret the law of evidence, quickness of wit, and the ability to estimate some unexpected situation legally and psychologically, and to arrive at it two seconds before the opposing lawyer.

"It isn't that women lawyers have not the native ability to become preëminent; it is more chance for experience that we need and more time to make the men and women who are prejudiced against us see that we are justifying our right to work, and are proving that we are needed in a world where men who evidently don't understand women make the laws and legislate for both women and men."

A Woman's Big Fee

SOME of the lawyers who have successfully worked against the conservatism of New York are Miss Bertha Rembaugh, Miss Eva Reynolds and Miss Ashley. The West is more generous to the women lawyers. Miss Mary E. Miller, of Chicago, has as many men as women clients, and after a two years' fight she has secured a verdict awarding her the balance of a fee of forty-two thousand five hundred dollars due her for legal services—the largest fee ever given a woman lawyer. Like Miss Mary Bartelme, the public guardian of Chicago, and Mrs. Catharine Waugh McCulloch, the Evanston justice of the peace, all the women lawyers are doing what they can to make justice coincide with law. It was Miss Miller who, finding that the Illinois courts had deprived the poor of their rights of "a day in court," took up the cause of the pauper and won for him equal rights before the law with the rich. It is this sense of fairness that will keep women from gaining the big rewards of the profession. No woman will ever be allowed to handle great buccaneering, for she is too honest in a traditional fashion to play the game. She could never be trusted to possess that high sense of honor that is said to be found among thieves and is necessary to the success of a predatory group.

Women clergymen are even rarer than women lawyers. They are ordained by such liberal churches as the Universalist, Unitarian and Congregationalist. They are paid the smallest kind of salaries as a rule and are generally overworked. The West is fairly good to them, and strangely enough they are sometimes to be found in small towns which, at first blush, seem provincial and hidebound enough. As a rule, men seem to be even less favorably disposed to women clergymen than they are to women doctors. Many are still equally prejudiced with Samuel Johnson, who said that a preaching woman was like a dog walking on its hind legs: it was not well done; but the wonder was that it should be done at all. Plenty of men will say that religion belongs to women and children, and they like to have it gently permeating the home, especially when women and children go to church vicariously for them. Yet, curiously enough, they are prone to feel that there is something incongruous in a woman preaching about this very same charity and reverence that are supposed to be her sphere.

Architecture is another field to which the professional woman has been turning of late years. It calls for careful training as artist and as engineer, and for excessively hard work. There are women who can draw plans, make designs, inspect buildings, superintend planning and construction, deal with workmen and suit their patrons, and still their livelihood is often precarious. They are frequently used as assistants—they may even be given houses to build; but so far they have created no public buildings. In Boston there are only two women architects and draftsmen to four hundred and fifty men. New York and Chicago are more liberal, but even in those cities the women are usually in subordinate positions.

Their Work Keeps Them Individual and Isolated

Among the pioneers in these new professions, those who pay more heavily than most are the scholars who hope to become teachers in universities. A university is like any other employer; if it has women at all it wants to get them as cheaply as possible. It is often obliged to save money and it does it by keeping down the salaries of the women. A university holds more to tradition than any other employer; it really does not want women at all. College boys do not like to be taught by women; they do not understand their feeling in regard to this matter, but still it is there. Men professors, when they admit that women are on their faculties, do so with slightly deprecatory smiles. These professors are supposed to do the abstract thinking for the universe, but they yield to a prejudice that is not the result of thinking at all.

As a matter of fact, the average woman tends to be inferior scholastically to a man. She is more likely to assume the attitude of one taking orders, and is less likely to do independent intellectual work. Moreover, there is always a period of grind in some part of the professional training when it is a little hard to take the work seriously. Many women, and many men, too, are apt to slacken a little at such a point, and come out with a decent but not a thorough record. Very few people have vigor enough to keep at work because it is absorbing. Most of us will neglect it unless we are held to it by means of pressure.

The best work, indeed, is not for the mass of women or the mass of men; but there are women in America who have more intellectual vigor than the average man scholar, who have gone through this severe training, and who have given up much of the feminine side of life, which other professional women do not have to sacrifice, in order to spend every ounce of their energy on severe scholastic research. The best rewards they can hope for are positions in a few coeducational colleges and universities of the West. They are not given these positions unless their scholarship is sound. If men of equal ability appeared who would take an equally low salary the women would not be given the positions at all. Often a reason stronger than the one based on scholarship is that in coeducational colleges women are needed as heads of girls' dormitories.

Women instructors are rarely promoted, and when they are their salaries are not likely to keep pace with the promotion. It is not uncommon for a woman instructor in a university to be a much better equipped scholar and a much better teacher than two or three men professors in her own department who are above her in rank and above her in salary. This is the situation, and it shows no signs of changing. Universities still stoop under the burden of past prejudices, and with them times have altered but little since sixty years ago, when Harvard, refusing to admit a woman to the medical school, said: "Whenever a woman should prove herself capable of an intellectual achievement, that would cease to constitute an honor for the men who had previously prized it."

Women as Teachers

IN ALL the above-mentioned professions, women, however great their individual successes have been, have still far to go in breaking down the prejudices of men. To a certain extent they are still pioneers. There may be some relation between this attitude of men and the fact that all of these professions call for severe intellectual effort of a rare order. It is characteristic of the paradoxes and inconsistencies of the professions that some of them call very little on the intellectual faculties, but throw a woman into a work that is almost purely emotional and self-centered, while other professions put a woman into a life that is partly intellectual and partly emotional.

To the latter class belong the hundreds of thousands of teachers in the elementary and secondary schools of the United States. The chief complaint made against them today is not that they do not do their work admirably, but that they have driven out the men. This merely means, considering the salaries open to men in other directions, that teaching efficiency is cheaper from women than from men. For the rest, that great body of women stands forth to show the world that women can take up and handle well a profession that requires hard intellectual work, though not the hardest kind. Some of them make the intellectual part of it mere mechanical routine, with no zest in it either for themselves or for their pupils; besides, their energy is frequently diverted from teaching to discipline—mere policing. But the intellectual part of the work they have, upon the whole, treated with more real grasp than the men. They are more independent; they think more of what is best to be done in the case in hand and less of consequences; less of what the board of education will do to them. Besides all this, the woman teacher has intensified the emotional part of her work by putting into it the moral and maternal element. She is not only the teacher of the child but for five hours a day its clergyman, its doctor and its mother.

In the work of trained nurses there is less that is intellectual than in the work of the teachers, and, in this country at least, less social recognition is given to a nurse than to a teacher. In England a "lady," technically so considered,

(Continued on Page 32)

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 5, 1910

Turning Off the Water

IN TEN years the railroads have probably put a billion dollars of earnings back into their properties, in the form of permanent improvements charged to income account and of accumulated net surplus earnings. By the advance in the value of real estate the roads must have profited. The enhanced value of their city terminals alone would amount to millions. The argument that these items balance the watering that was practiced in an earlier day is, therefore, plausible.

Formerly, it is admitted, railroad securities contained great amounts of water. Obviously, when roads paid dividends on water their rates were more than enough to yield a fair return upon the actual investment; or if they deducted large sums from earnings for the purpose of making permanent improvements that their stockholders should have made, their rates were more than enough to yield a fair return upon the true investment. We are willing to concede, in short, that ten prosperous years have about wiped out the water. But we don't want the roads to repeat the operation—issuing a lot more water in the hope that another prosperous decade will wipe it out.

Cutting Out Cocktails

BANK clearings in the United States for the first nine months of this year were two and a half per cent greater than in 1909; and for the first nine months of 1909 they were twenty-eight per cent greater than in 1908. Gross receipts of railroads to October first this year were larger than in 1909 by about two hundred million dollars, and 1909 showed an increase of nearly the same proportions over 1908. Grain crops this year, in the aggregate, broke the record and we raised more cotton than last year. From all of which you might infer that the country was exceedingly prosperous.

But transactions on the New York Stock Exchange in September amounted to only seven and a half million shares against twenty million in 1909 and seventeen million in 1908. For the nine months the volume of business in that institution was much smaller than last year. One result is that bank clearings in the city of New York for September fell off twenty-six per cent and for the nine months were smaller than last year.

But there is a much broader result. The cocktails have been lacking in business this year. The vim and zest of speculation have been absent, comparatively speaking; and there is no question that the mental tone of business, so to speak, has been rather slower and duller. A good many people have even taken rather lugubrious views of the situation. That Manhattan cocktails do stimulate business cannot be denied; but perhaps you remember how you felt on the morning after the last big stimulation!

Short-Sighted Directors

THE president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers has been pointing out that a generation ago there were twelve different gauges of steam railroads in this country, and to secure economical interchange of traffic it was finally necessary to bring all of them at great expense—to the present standard gauge. The point of this is that Mr. Westinghouse uses it as an argument for standardization of electric tracks and equipment against the coming day when electricity will either supplant steam as the principal motive power for land transportation, or supplement it to so great an extent that economical handling of traffic will require uniformity of gauge and equipment on electrically operated roads. It scarcely need be added that he was speaking as a practical man to practical men.

Able engineers, with much experience upon which to base opinion, see a great and continuous extension of the use of electricity in land transportation; but executive committees, handling railroad finances, usually have to be clubbed into seeing it. Electrical operation, broadly speaking, has been forced upon the railroads; and where the force is not overwhelmingly strong—as in Chicago, for example—they still resist, multiplying lame reasons why they must fill the air with soot and cinders. Formerly they were as industrious in producing reasons why they must maintain murderous grade crossings.

When Lawyers Worked for Nothing

AMONG other failings, the fathers of the country—or, more accurately, the grandfathers—were bitterly prejudiced against lawyers. In the reign of Charles I, the Virginia Assembly forbade all paid attorneys to practice in the courts. As the prohibition was evaded it presently enacted that no attorney should take any compensation either directly or indirectly for his services. Even this was evidently ineffectual, for in 1657 the House solemnly debated whether it should undertake "a regulation or totall ejection of lawyers"—and as solemnly decided upon "totall ejection." Thereafter, any man pleading for another in court must take oath that he was not receiving compensation; any one taking compensation for legal services was liable to a fine of five thousand pounds of tobacco.

Of course this merely embarrassed the practice of law as a paid profession for a short time. What now brings it to mind is news that the Government has decided to proceed against some other trusts under the Sherman Act.

We are as prejudiced against trusts as the grandfathers were against lawyers; and our House at Washington has as sapiently decided that the way to deal with them is not by regulation but by "totall ejection." The trusts, however, will no more be ejected than the lawyers were. Knowledge of this fact is not lacking among politicians. Only the courage to act upon it is lacking. Who has the political sand and honesty to propose the repeal of the Sherman Act at the next session of Congress?

What Injured Workmen Get

NEW YORK, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ohio and Illinois have appointed commissions to study the subject of compensation to workmen for injuries received in industrial accidents. Michigan, Oregon and Missouri are pretty certain to do likewise in the near future.

As in so many other instances, only by grace of general ignorance of the facts could the gross abuses in this field have persisted so long. A report of the Minnesota commission shows that, in the cases investigated, fifty per cent of the families of men killed in industrial accidents received no compensation; twenty-four per cent received not over two thousand dollars; only eleven per cent received more than that sum. In five cases of total permanent disability one man got a hundred and sixty dollars; one a hundred and seventy-five dollars; three got nothing. Those that fared best were the ones injured seriously but not permanently—that is, the ones left least helpless.

As we have pointed out, enough money is wasted in litigation over damage claims to provide considerable compensation for the victims of these accidents. Employers and taxpayers contribute millions on account of industrial accidents, but courts, lawyers and insurance companies get most of the money.

This is like building a public hospital and keeping the patients outside so the surgeons will have plenty of room to play handball.

A Disrespectful Father

WRITING to Judge Moody upon his resignation as a justice of the Supreme Court, President Taft speaks of the functions of that office as "most precious to one who feels in every fiber, as you do, their sacred importance."

Webster defines "sacred" as "made holy; not profane or common; entitled to extreme reverence"; and the less of that frame of mind there is respecting the Supreme Court, on the bench and off, the better for the bench and the country.

Cannot one say that the Dred Scott decision was stupid and wicked; that political exigencies forced the court to reverse itself in the legal-tender cases; that the "commodities clause" decision was an extremely feeble piece of reasoning? One of the early members of the court wrote: "If any act of Congress violates those constitutional provisions it is unquestionably void; though I admit that, as the authority to declare it void is of a delicate and awful nature, the court will never resort to that authority but in a clear and urgent case." Yet the court does frequently resort to that authority in a case so far from clear that four of its members disagree with the other five.

In the same sentence which describes the functions of the court as of "sacred" importance Mr. Taft refers to "the Fathers." The author of the Declaration of Independence is entitled to be regarded as a "Father." It was concerning the Supreme Court that he wrote: "We have long enough suffered under the base prostitution of law to party passions in one judge and the imbecility of another."

Frankly, we should consider it exceedingly unbecoming in any American citizen to hold such language nowadays; yet it is scarcely more reprehensible, on the whole, than is the modern lawyer-tendency to make an idol of a merely human and sometimes erring governmental institution.

Wives, Novels and Hired Girls

"NO WOMAN," says an able representative of that sex, "whose husband earns less than twenty-five hundred dollars a year has any business to keep a hired girl."

This naturally reminds us that women, as the great patrons of fiction, have been treating themselves with the hair of the dog that bit them. At least, corruption of women and the rise of the novel were pretty much coincidental. True, Shakspere's heroines were sensitive, but they were not sickly. Imogen's mind was exquisitely delicate, yet she was a notably husky girl. But the novel, from Fielding to Thackeray, teems with ladies who go wavering and lopping through life like so many damp dishrags. Imagine Sophia Western, Fanny Price or Amelia Sedley kneading bread! They would not only fall into the dough but, after a quarter of an hour, nobody could tell which was which.

It is said the feminine ideal has changed much latterly, and young women—with the hearty approval of young men—wish to be reasonably vigorous physically. They ride, golf, play tennis, swim. Of urban and well-to-do young women this doubtless is true; but among the less well-to-do, and in country towns and even on prosperous farms, thousands of girls are growing up with no more vigorous bodily exercise than an elderly cat takes. They will have no physical stamina. Doctors and hospitals will gather a huge toll of them. When they marry they will keep servants or the family will board, because they haven't the strength and endurance for kitchen and nursery.

Strong and Weak Railroads

HERE is a well-conducted railroad—the Louisville & Nashville—capitalized at only forty-four thousand dollars a mile. In the fiscal year recently closed, which railroad magnates tell us was so terribly trying for transportation interests, this road managed to earn seventeen per cent on its capital stock. Stated in another way, its freight earnings might have been reduced by sixteen per cent and it would still have been able to pay its stockholders their regular seven per cent dividends. So, if we were considering only the Louisville & Nashville, we might say there was room for an argument that freight rates be reduced.

Here is another road, physically inferior to the Louisville & Nashville, but with a decidedly higher capitalization per mile; probably with a less able management. It failed to earn the full dividend on its preferred stock and has never been able to pay anything on the common. So it might be held up as an argument that freight rates are already too low. Cut down its freight revenue sixteen per cent and it would not earn fixed charges.

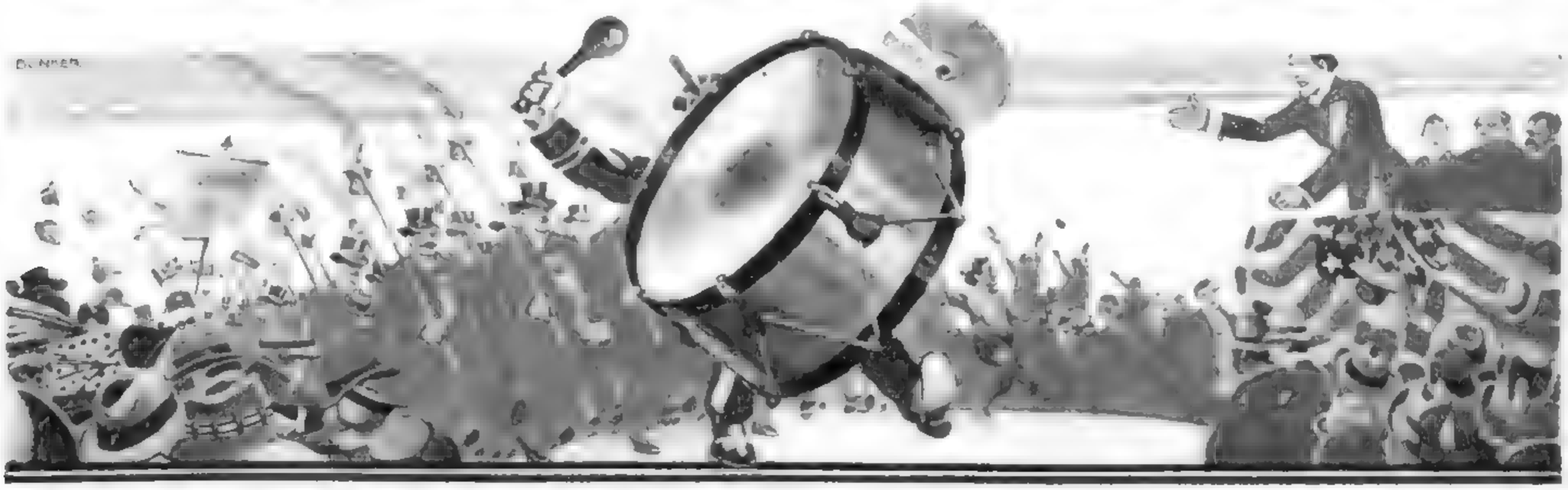
This creates a difficult problem. If rates are high enough for the poorest roads to earn a fair return upon their capitalization the best roads will certainly earn more than a fair return. Professor Adams, chief statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has suggested that roads so fortunately situated as to be able to earn a large surplus over a fair return might be invited to turn that surplus into the national treasury. Railroad organs rage at the suggestion, but it is one that may come up for serious consideration by-and-by.

Beveridge and the Woolen Interests

IN AN article on the Tariff Commission which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of September 17th, Senator Albert J. Beveridge refers to the American Woolen Company as having been in existence and having benefited as a company by the Gorman-Wilson Bill. As a matter of fact, the constituent companies of the American Woolen Company did not combine until after the passage of the Gorman-Wilson Bill.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



Hoch der Hoke

IT IS in one of the favorite lairs of the Demon Rum in Atlanta, Georgia, in the days when the demon was a demon instead of a blind tiger or a blind pig, as the case may be at present. Seated about the glowing fire or standing in groups are fifteen—perhaps a score—of desperate men, sworn to have the lifeblood of our hero.

"Kill him!" the leader hisses as well as may be, the hissing not being particularly good because of a lack of sibilants in those terrifying words.

"Aye, lads, kill him!" hisses another capable hisser, which pleasant remark is followed by a hoarse—indeed a guttural—roar of "He must die!" from many if not all of the genial gentlemen present. Weapons are produced and handled significantly. From the looks of things our hero has a right to be concerned about the stability of the company carrying his life insurance.

"Boy," hisses hisser number one, "we must exterminate this presumptuous fledgling of the law who has dared to assail one of our companions for the mere slaughter of a citizen who ——"

"Kill him!" Again that raucous roar, that hideous demand for gore, coupled rather insistently, it may be said, with demands for drinks.

Plans are laid. The assassination is scheduled for that very night. Three tried and true marksmen are told off to do the deed.

Silence falls upon the room while the three men selected to carry out the vengeance of the band look at their weapons—their trusty weapons, to be exact.

But, hark! What noise is that? The clatter of hoofs—the clatter of hoofs! A coal-black steed, urged to a gallop by an impetuous rider, surges into the quiet street.

"Whoa!" The clarion command rings out.

The coal-black steed stops before the gilded entrance of the lair of the Demon Rum. The conspirators inside stand with bated—baited—breaths.

Our Hero Enters the Assassins' Den

ALIGHTING gracefully from his horse our hero, for it was none other, strides into the lair. Tall, with flashing eye and impetuous mien, he indeed looks the part—hero, you understand. Pausing near the end of the bar he surveys the astonished assassins. Then he proceeds slowly around the room, looking each man present in the eye until the owner of each individual eye quails before his glance.

Not a word is spoken.

Then, having completed the circuit of the room, our hero, shouldering several of the abashed conspirators away from the point of vantage just in front of the bartender, shouts, in thunder tones: "Give me a lemonade!"

Watching the barkeeper closely to see that he uses real lemons instead of acid dope out of a bottle in preparing this delicious beverage, our hero presents a picture of manly grace and courage and is undeniably full of assurance. He takes the decoction handed to him by the bartender and with a mocking "Here's how!" drinks it slowly. Then, placing the glass on the polished bar, he emits just one word, but that one with a world of scorn:

"Bah!"

So saying, he stalks negligently from the room, leaving the conspirators in various attitudes of dejection and abasement, mounts the coal-black steed and rides slowly up the street.

Several minutes pass. Finally one of the braver members of the group gives tongue to the sentiments of all. "Well!" he says. "Wouldn't that jar you?—and he didn't even set 'em up."

At this point you, dear reader, get your cue. It is the proper place to ask: And who is our hero? Still, for fear you may not ask, I ask for you; thus: And who is our hero?

Well may you inquire and even more appropriately may I answer. Our hero, be it known, is none other than Hoke Smith, who is once again governor-elect of Georgia, after a relapse back to the law of one term, but who at the time of this story was a struggling lawyer in what we may call the New York of the South. The circumstances were these: A man who was a gambler had shot another person in the same line of business—that is, the other person was a gambler also. Our hero, Hoke, then just admitted to the bar, assisted in the prosecution of the gambler; and the way he waded into that homicide was a caution. He made various remarks about his associates and these caused the vow of death to be made against the intrepid Hoke, then at the mature age of twenty-two. What Hoke did has been related above in a most graphic manner; and suffice it to say that Hoke was not killed at that particular time nor since. This proves that courage is its own reward.

They have just elected Hoke governor of Georgia again, for the second time out of three opportunities to confer this distinction. Once he ran against Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, and won. Once he ran against Little Joe Brown and lost; and again he ran and wiped up Georgia with Little Joe. That was just recently. Wherefore, safe and secure in the governor's chair for this present term, Hoke can now turn his attention to the United States senatorship, which, they say in Georgia, is what he has in mind and whereby the Honorable Augustus Octavius Bacon and the Honorable Alexander Stephens Clay, present incumbents, are more or less on pins and needles.

Hoke has been a big man in Georgia for a good many years, but he first blossomed into a national figure in 1893, when he was made Secretary of the Interior by President Cleveland. Hoke served three years or such a matter and then held it to be his duty to the Democratic party to give a series of sharp staccato cheers for free silver, and resign.

He practiced law until 1905, when he began a campaign for governor against Clark Howell that hasn't stopped echoing yet. Being an ardent friend of the plain people, Hoke took the antirailroad end of the fight, there being more or less railroading in the politics of Georgia or politics in the railroading, whichever you prefer; and he whooped it up backward and forward, crisscross, cater-cornered, up and down and through that commonwealth, outlining a new and complete set of reforms he intended to put into immediate effect.

He won and he began work to get his reform laws made. He was reasonably successful; but when it came time for the next campaign he found opposed to him Little Joe Brown, a railroad commissioner whom Hoke had fired incontinently. Little Joe won and Hoke went back to the practice of the law. Gubernatorial campaigns begin early in Georgia—that is, as soon as one governor is elected the campaign for the election of the next one starts. Georgia is always in the throes of a gubernatorial campaign.

Brown was a candidate for reëlection and it was given out that Hoke wouldn't run. However, Hoke presently thought it over and jumped in and reversed things. He defeated Brown and is to be governor again.

Hoke is a large, urbane person, who stands a couple of inches more than six feet in height and is prominently upholstered with about two hundred and fifty pounds of meat. He is an orator of the most approved Southern style and he can weep over the wrongs of the people for twenty-four hours a day—weep with his voice, you know, not with his eyes. He has been after the railroads ever since he used to win damage suits from them. Also, the railroads have been after him; but Hoke seems to have beaten them to it.

Among his other activities, he ran a newspaper for a good many years and was a stockholder in a big hotel. A good many people have tried to change the first letter of Hoke's first name from an H to a J, but nobody has had any success in the enterprise.

A stalwart and successful citizen is Hoke, and the Democrats of Georgia have indorsed him for President for 1912. Perhaps those Georgia Democrats are figuring on getting that H-to-J shift over. Time, the original tattler, alone will tell.

The Cornfield Code

A CORNFIELD judge in Oklahoma was hearing a trial for stealing. The defendant testified. Then the prosecuting attorney moved to strike out his testimony as irrelevant, immaterial and half a dozen other undesirable things.

"What else has the defendant offered in defense?" asked the judge.

"Nothing, your Honor," the prosecuting attorney replied.

"Well," ruled the judge, "I won't strike it out. Do you suppose I want to take away the only defense he has?"

Hams First

H. W. CHILD, president of the Yellowstone Park Association, went to Europe two or three years ago and had for a companion a man interested in the hotel business. They traveled over Europe, investigating hotel and commissary problems to some extent, and finally arrived in Rome.

They went into Saint Peter's and stood beneath the dome. "Well," said Child, "here it is. Here's the dome."

The hotel man took one look upward. Then he turned to Child and asked: "How much did that man in London say he wanted for them hams?"

An X-planation

"X" BEIDLER, whose name was John Xenophon Beidler, or something very much like that, but who always was called "X" and who was one of the famous Montana pioneers as well as a vigilante, was out on the plains one day with Liver-eating Johnson, another well-known Montana character, when they were chased by a band of Indians.

Johnson had a better horse than "X" and was soon ahead. He turned several times and urged Beidler to hurry up.

"Hurry up, 'X,'" he yelled. "Get a move on!"

"Dod-gast you, Johnson!" shouted Beidler as he spurred his horse; "do you think I'm trying to throw this race?"

IN THE PLAY HOUSE

By JOHN CORBIN

AT A PERFORMANCE of Pinero's masterly *Mid-Channel* the audience sat in frozen horror, spellbound by the cold, hard revelation of conjugal disillusionment and defeat. In explanation of her unhappy married life the wife in the play remarked that if there had been children, things might have been different; some touch of self-sacrifice, of generous ideals, might have remained to make life worth while. At these words a matron in the center of the house gave an involuntary exclamation of approval and loudly clapped her hands. The whole audience murmured in sympathetic amusement at the naïve outburst, and sat up with interest refreshed until the final moment, when the childless wife hurled herself from the ninth story upon the pavement.

With the lines referred to above Pinero, who has been a pioneer in so many things, introduced a new theme into the acted drama. His priority was brief; for it is a subject to which we of today are peculiarly alive. Less than a year has passed and there have been three independent attempts at the dramatization of baby. A difficult and delicate subject, is it not?

Emma Dunn, in Mother

The ablest of the plays artistically is from the man who has been least suspected of a serious purpose, moral or dramatic, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. The author of Jack Straw, Lady Frederick and Penelope has hitherto figured as a purveyor of light and perhaps somewhat frothy entertainment for the world of fashionable leisure. His latest offering, Smith, in which Mr. John Drew is appearing, is by no means a masterpiece either of theatric art or of purposeful morality. Its dramatic texture is thin and it is far too well bred in its portraiture of modish society to indulge, even for a moment, in portentous preachment. No doubt thousands will be entertained by it without a suspicion of any intention to hoist or otherwise elevate them. It is even possible that the author is guiltless of any such intention. If so, Mr. Maugham shares with greater geniuses the good fortune of building better than he knew.

Freeman in Search of a Wife

THE playgoing world may still remember The Walls of Jericho, by far the most successful of the plays of Mr. Alfred Sutro. Unlike Mr. Maugham, Mr. Sutro makes no concealment of a purpose, moral and artistic. His hero returns to Mayfair from Queensland, Australia, to find his old friends sunk in Babylonian mire. In a passage of oratorical magniloquence, the like of which was never heard in real life except from prigs and pedagogues, he honks the honk of primal morality. The walls of Mayfair-Jericho crumble, and, snatching the heroine out of the ruin his oratory has wrought—one quite understands this dire result—he exports her to Queensland, Australia, where it is assumed the primal virtues blossom alike in the hearts of deported criminals and ladies of Mayfair. The theme of Smith is identical, except that Mr. Drew is supposed to come not from Queensland, Australia, but from Rhodesia, Africa.

The difference in the spirit of the two plays is aptly indicated by their titles. There is nothing portentous or high-sounding about Smith. Mr. Drew lately received a letter of thanks from a New England friend of that name who evidently thought that the purpose of the play was to crown the clan with the laurel of heroism. The writer of the letter was probably mistaken. The business of the play seems rather to represent with simple truth the normal and the commonplace; but that, as it happens, is the distinguishing affair of high comedy, which knows no more fruitful subject than the Smithiness of Smith. Mr. Maugham's Smith is what we in America should call the second girl.

Freeman—Mr. John Drew—had, nine years before the opening of the play, emigrated to Rhodesia, ruined by stock speculation and jilted by a certain young woman of fashion. He returns, the prosperous farmer of a thousand acres, for a vacation of a few weeks, which he proposes to divide impartially between buying the latest things in agricultural machinery and finding a wife to command his farm household. It is amusing, if unromantic. In the decade of his absence, it appears, while he has been learning the value of the normal and the commonplace, London has become more and more the modern Babylon.

It is a precious set of worldlings in which Freeman finds himself. A younger sister, whom he has been disposed to idealize, regards an income of seven or eight thousand a year as barely sufficient for bridge and fashionable travel. She can't afford to have children, but she cultivates the assiduities of a youth described as a tame cat and also as a poodle. This she does with full sanction of her husband, who is himself inclined to dote on the assiduous young man.

As portrayed by Mr. Maugham, the poodle is a most interesting character—and almost as familiar, alas, to modern America as to England. With an income barely sufficient to pay for his clothes and cab fares, he lives with his mother. He is provided with odd meals, both at home and in restaurants, as well as with tickets to the theater and the opera, by the fair object of his assiduities. He is the modern form of what the ancient dramatists called the parasite, though of old the parasite fastened himself upon the man of the family, not the wife; and Mr. Maugham's portrait stands comparison very well with the similar characters of Terence. Nothing in recent comedy is fresher and more entertaining than the scenes in which this arrogant and odious insect is confronted by the frankly uttered scorn of the very masculine Freeman. Skilled by his profession in paradoxical small talk, the parasite meets blunt scorn with barbed contempt; and when fighting words are spoken he confronts the enraged Rhodesian with insolent and imperturbable courage. He remarks that Freeman has still enough manners not to make a row in the presence of a lady, and walks out with a supercilious shrug, quite the master of the scene.

The girl by whom Freeman was jilted when he went broke has herself been twice jilted since, and now makes a precarious living out of her skill at bridge. Quite coldly she resolves to take advantage of his masculine helplessness; and in an adroitly conducted scene she pretends repentance and tears and so makes him propose. The vicious circle in which Freeman finds himself is completed by a Mrs. Otto Rosenberg, who has married into a Hebrew family for prudential reasons. If a single generous thought found itself in the neighborhood of this child-hating set it would shrivel and die of mere lonesomeness.

And then there is the second girl, Smith. She is a farmer's daughter—one of a large family. There is nothing remarkable about her unless it be her uncommonly fresh cheeks and extraordinary common-sense. Wooed by the man who cleans the windows and rejoices in an income of twenty-five shillings a week, she quite frankly discusses with him the advantages and disadvantages of the offer and, leaving sentiment quite out of the question, promises an early decision.

As the amusing, uneventful scenes of the play progress, Freeman is interested in Smith, delighted by her in proportion as he is distressed by his sister and her friends. On the eve of his departure for Rhodesia he discovers the plot that resulted in his reëngagement to the girl who had jilted him. In humorous chagrin at the failure of his matrimonial project, he half jestingly proposes to Smith. Quite naturally she fails to see the joke and feels only the implied though unintentional insult.

The Central Scene in Mr. Maugham's Play

THEN comes the central scene of the play. A part of Mrs. Otto Rosenberg's concession to her spouse is an heir to the millions she has married. The child falls sick and Mrs. Rosenberg is summoned from bridge. Freeman's sister does not deliver the message, preferring not to have the game broken up. Then Smith receives word that the child is dead and reports it to the bridge party. Her womanly sense of the horror of the situation is so evident that it completes the conquest of Freeman's heart. He proposes to her again and quite seriously. The happy ending of the play is that they emigrate together to Rhodesia.

Does it sound rather bald and impossible? Then the art of the play is all the greater; for in the acting it is so natural as to seem inevitable. This is partly due to the unfailing charm and truthfulness of the scenes. I suspect that it is also in a measure due to an uncommon moral cogency somewhere deep beneath the surface. Superficially the last play one would think of in connection with Smith is The Passing of the Third Floor Back. One play deals in simple realities, the other in symbols; one artfully conceals whatever purpose it may have, the other is rather obviously uplifting. Yet the two have this in common, that when the stranger from afar leaves the mundane circle into which he has ventured his wholesome inspiration remains and is felt by those to whom at first it seemed most alien.

Miss Laura Hope Crews, as Mrs. Stuart Randolph in Her Husband's Wife

The bridge gambler of the many fruitless engagements forswears her rouge-pot and with a palely beautiful face sets out for the colonies to lead a normal life. Mrs. Rosenberg bids a dignified farewell to her own world and retires, as one gathers, to make a more serious effort in behalf of the family Rosenberg. Even the parasite bids his lady adieu. The play is too truthful, however, to promise his regeneration. His destiny is no better than a mercenary marriage with an American heiress. Thus abandoned by all, the lady of the house is left in

sad and repentant contemplation of the emptiness of her life, and with half-intimated resolutions for the future. The feminine Babylon of Mayfair is reduced to Baby.

Perhaps, after all, the play is the humble epic of the tribe of Smith—which almost alone among modern families has resisted the tendency toward race suicide.

Miss Mary Boland is an artist of increasing resources and very distinct personal charm. Her Smith is simple, human, delightful. Mr. Drew, as it seemed, failed to make a sufficiently clear distinction between the subtle mock seriousness of Freeman's first proposal and the genuine feeling of his sincere declaration; but, on the whole, the performance is by far his best in recent years. For an actor of his pronounced personality it is exceedingly difficult to give the effect of various impersonations; yet his Freeman was quite convincingly rough and downright, and when the occasion required it was full of genuine fervor, even passion. The many moments of light comedy charm were, of course, consummately rendered.

From the adroit naturalness and studious detachment of Smith it is a far cry to The Spendthrift; yet, in essence, the plays are the same. No better illustration could be had of the difference between our dramatic art and that of England. Mr. Porter Emerson Browne—who also wrote A Fool There Was, for Robert Hilliard—has no reticence about his moral purpose: he delights in crude colors and glaring contrasts, and his audiences delight with him.

The wife in his play is an obvious monster of feminine vanity, frivolity, and indeed mendacity; and to be a monster in such things means that one has also a touch of the imbecile. Bronson Howard, whose view of the contemporary drama was as full of shrewd common-sense as of high intelligence, once remarked that the fool girl is no fit subject for the drama. Certainly one may well feel shame in laughing at the fatuities of this fool girl in the scenes in which they are presented as satirically amusing. Our sturdy ancestors, as we find in the Diary of Pepys, used to go of a Sunday afternoon to Bedlam and find diversion in the antics of the inmates; but such recreations have fallen out of fashion. A more interesting heroine would have made a far more interesting play.

The Spendthrift

THE husband of the spendthrift, though alleged to be a successful man of affairs, is almost equally bereft of common-sense. He is passing through a business crisis in which, to save himself from utter ruin, he requires every available dollar. Yet, in the furtherance of the plot of the play, he conceals the fact from his recklessly extravagant wife, and allows her to buy automobiles and such like. Surely the noted gallantry of American husbands has never gone further than this. The common-sense of the dramatis personæ entire is concentrated in the most amusing Aunt Gretchen. Her nostrum for the ills of the household is babies.

In the last act the wife has disappeared from her world and supports herself in a Harlem garret as nursery governess. Thus she learns the blessing of offspring and, in the end, returns to her husband with the benediction of Aunt Gretchen. "Go to," said Benedick. "The world must be peopled."

One may doubt whether the life of a nursery governess is the one best calculated to inspire maternal longings in the frivolous, and one deeply questions whether it is a valuable service to propagate such people as this husband and wife. But there you are.

This view of the case is perhaps somewhat captious. Certainly Mr. Browne's previous play, which met an even less cordial reception from his critics, has proved exceptionally popular, and The Spendthrift bids fair to be equally successful. The reason is not far to seek. It treats a new and vital theme with obvious sincerity and crude power. In a phrase which the theater has borrowed from the prize ring, it has the punch; and it has the further advantage of the art of Mr. Edmund Breese, which does all that is possible to make the character of the husband both plausible and sympathetic.

Farcical or sternly serious, the baby plays have one thing in common. They regard the matter of child-bearing only from the personal point of view, as it contributes to individual character and happiness. Mr. Howells once remarked that this is a trait of American plays in general, as distinguished from English and Continental plays, which take the larger view of human life—in its relationship to social and political issues. Dumas *fils* makes his Francillon claim for women a prior if not a greater patriotism. If it were not for the milk of the nursing mother there would be no soldiers' blood to shed for the fatherland. And the arts of peace have the same humble or glorious origin. In a decade in which, while the birthrate is steadily declining, women are making more and more insistent demands for a share in business and in politics, this larger aspect of motherhood has a special claim to consideration.

By implication at least, Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman's Mother falls within our category, but it shows no influence of the modern feminine *zeitgeist*. Its purpose is to depict an ideal of motherhood the comedy of its charm and the heroic beauty of its sacrifice. The critical reception of Mother was largely unfavorable; and the verdict of the public is still undetermined. It has certain crudities—overemphasis of emotion and improbabilities in character, but, in part at least, these are due to the acting. Essentially the artistic aim is sincere and sober. It is a work of truly remarkable realism and emotional power. As such, it deserves success and is not unlikely to achieve it.

Ostensibly the play represents American life. The scene is in an old New York house; a college flag proclaims that one of the sons is a Harvard man, and we are informed that the younger daughter has lately graduated from Wellesley. But in some subtle manner, very difficult to analyze, the effect is of European family life, or at least of the life of a foreign family in America.

Here is a mother who has no personal ambitions, no social life, nor any interest in things of the mind; and she has had eight children. Her only avocation is to don an apron and busy herself in the kitchen. The nursery, she says, is such a sad place. Some one surmises that this is because her babies have grown up into mere young men and women. But she answers "No." Her nursery is sad because of the thought of all the children who never were born.

So little is this mother a creature of twentieth-century America that her menfolks still seem to her lords of creation; in behalf of her sons she does not scruple to sacrifice her daughters, and the girls share her illusion. Without a quaver they give up their allowances to their brothers—even their patrimonies—to be spent on a pair of precious chorus girls. In his England and the English, Mr. Price Collier has a chapter on the place of the man in the English household, which to the American male reads like a description of Paradise. The entire economy of the household, it appears, is bent to the furtherance of the career of the all important male. But even an English mother or sister would scarcely go to such lengths in behalf of young men so worthless. One is an obvious fool; the other a bungling forger. The only drama in the piece centers in the effort to save the one from his folly and the other from the penitentiary. If this were a representative picture of American life the most patriotic would be reconciled to race suicide.

The explanation of this miscalculated effect probably lies in a question of technical expediency. To make an effective revelation of character requires a sharp dramatic crisis, and the author failed to conceive such a crisis occurring in the life of a young man worthy of supreme maternal sacrifice. It is no easy problem in dramatic composition, but to make a convincing and important portrait of motherhood it must be solved. There must be promise of some permanent gain through the sacrifice—in personal happiness if not in public welfare.

In the title rôle Miss Emma Dunn was handicapped both by the material provided and by her own lack of experience in exacting rôles. Yet her work was promising always and at times beautifully effective, both in the many passages of intimate household comedy and in the scenes of primal emotion. Her audience alternately laughed and wept with her. The most happily conceived scene in the play was one in which, while pretending with innocent guile to favor her son's marriage with his peroxide charmer, she trapped the girl into a revelation of sordid greed and heartless duplicity, and so rescued the lad. Here her attack was firm and sure, and the effect of a very rare blending of comedy and emotional drama.

John Drew as Thomas Freeman, Mary Boland as Smith, in a Scene From the Comedy, Smith, by W. Somerset Maugham

Her Husband's Wife

NOT all of the recent plays are focused upon the cradle. That ancient dramatic hobby-horse of love and marriage is not quite forgotten. Some months ago it was observed that there were signs of a return of the popularity of farce—as was witnessed by The Blue Mouse, The Lottery Man and Seven Days.

By far the most interesting of the new farces, and one of the most laughable, is the work of a new playwright, Mr. A. E. Thomas. Her Husband's Wife centers in a development of feminine character, and Mr. Thomas thinks his thought through to an inevitable and significant conclusion.

Mrs. Parton is a hypochondriac; and a hypochondriac, the play tells us, is a perfectly well person who imagines himself an invalid—usually a woman. She is addicted to doctors, nurses and medicines. Her eager forebodings do not end with her own demise. Between doses she occupies herself with providing Parton with her successor. It is a new idea in the theater, and as common in actual life as it is new. Very few wives, happy or hypochondriac, have escaped such post-mortuary imaginings.

If Mrs. Parton had been as unselfish as she imagined herself she would have chosen a young woman distinguished alike for goodness and beauty; but hypochondriacs are seldom occupied wholly with regard for others. The maiden she chooses is as good as gold, but she is also both plain and dowdy. It is, in fact, her plainness rather than her goodness that recommends her. In a comedy scene, quite delicious in its point and freshness, Mrs. Parton makes all this known to the young lady of her post-mortuary choice. Again, if she had not been a hypochondriac she would have had more consideration for the plain young lady's feelings.

Miss Huntley is not really so plain and dowdy as she seems. She has had a tempestuous love affair unknown to her friends; and, having dismissed forever the object of her affections, she has renounced all vanity and dedicated herself to good works. But at bottom she has plenty of pride and an abundant sense of humor. To all outward seeming she falls in with the hypochondriacal plan. Her complaisance astonishes even Mrs. Parton; but at the end of the first act, when Miss Huntley realizes that she has been chosen because she wears brown and combs her hair flat, she rushes to the mirror and gives her spinster coiffure a toss and her hatpin a jab that are charged with fateful significance.

When she reappears she is a vision of delight, resembling her former self only in an apparent willingness to become the second Mrs. Parton. Parton loves his wife, but, confronted by the rejuvenated Miss Huntley, he very

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naturally says "Oh, you kid!" or words to that effect. Mrs. Parton's satisfaction with the success of her plot is mingled with an increasing qualm, which mounts by steady degrees to an outraged sense of confidence betrayed. She forgets her spoonfuls and casts off her nurse. Her doctor finds her not at home. Miss Huntley's rejected lover, meantime, gets wind of what seems to him a very distressing scandal. A series of delicious scenes results most naturally from the complication, which ends in a pair of reunited couples.

The play is of the order of Mr. Hubert Henry Davies' satire on feminine foibles, The Mollusc. It is not, however, so even or sustained a piece of craftsmanship. That is too much to expect of a first performance. Toward the end the fun becomes a trifle forced, perhaps—or at any rate somewhat irrelevant to the main theme; but Mr. Thomas makes up for this abundantly in the more vigorous humanity of his idea and in the keen fun of his principal scenes. Her Husband's Wife is the high-water mark of American farce and in many passages sounds the more difficult notes of pure comedy.

As the hypochondriac wife, Miss Laura Hope Crews more than fulfills the promise of her performance as the confidante sister in The Great Divide. Without detracting a jot from the reality of the imaginary invalid's languid selfishness, she makes it unfailingly amusing—even delightful.

Eight Plays From One Idea

Judging by the response of its audiences, Mr. Edgar Selwyn's new play, The Country Boy, seems destined to be one of the great successes of the coming season. It is well that it should be, for its scenes are lively, its characters freshly drawn and, above all, its moral tone unimpeachable; but it does not, perhaps, deserve so well on the score of originality and artistic excellence. It is unfortunate that it comes so close on the heels of The Fortune Hunter.

In this play Mr. Winchell Smith followed the doings of a fashionable young man who has failed at everything in the metropolis and, as a last resort, goes to a small town with the intention of marrying the local heiress. His fate is better than this; for he finds, on one hand, that he is too decent to carry out his mercenary design; and, on the other, he discovers in his temporary occupation as a drug clerk a business ability quite unsuspected. He marries the druggist's daughter and dedicates himself to the simple life, far from the madding metropolis. The Country Boy is the symmetrical reverse of this. In The Literary Shop, James Ford showed how any idea is divisible into eight parts, and each part a story. He illustrates with the case of The Two Brothers. A is ambitious; B steady. A goes to the city, fails, returns to the farm a wreck and is reclaimed by B to the simple life. Or, A succeeds after years in the city and returns to the farm to lift the mortgage which is overwhelming the unfortunate B. If we reverse the situation, making the two brothers city chaps, two more stories result. Make them two sisters and we have four more stories.

The country boy is ambitious, not lazy, and he goes from a small town to the metropolis. He fails and returns to the country; but out of this experience he learns wisdom that enables him to prosper in a small way and marry the local heiress. The action is reversed; but both plays teach the value of humble life when lived in the right spirit. An amusing play is, to be sure, an amusing play. So are two amusing plays. But give us seven or eight of the same kind and we shall, perhaps, lose our taste for them.

The audacity and irresponsibility of the country boy are amusingly drawn and the development of his character is sure and consistent. In the people he meets at his boarding house in the city Mr. Selwyn has given us a very varied and racy gallery of portraits. It is said that the scene is taken from life, and that the originals of several of the characters are men and women now famous in the world of the theater. They would, perhaps, rather not be named. The production is unusually atmospheric and the cast able and well stage-managed. Mr. Forrest Winant gave a brisk performance of the hero. As a brokendown newspaper man Mr. Robert McWade, Jr., was uncommonly finished and amusing.

Miss Marie Dressler has come into her own again. It is no slight task to dressmake a play for a great big girl like her. At times it has seemed doubtful whether the entire contemporary drama would go far enough round to hook up the back. Tillie's Nightmare humps every hump.

Miss Dressler is the slavey in a one-night-stand boarding house. The musical theme of her whole drab existence is her mistress' yodel of "Til-lee!" She is a willing soul and nobody suspects the sorrow of her life. Even the slender young man to whom she is provisionally engaged—the provision being that he shall become able to provide—does not dream that she longs for luxury and the metropolis. So, when she is prevented by the yodel of Til-lee! from going with him to the circus he trots along without her. It is a tragedy; but she finds her tragic uplift by gloating over the magazine section of a metropolitan Sunday supplement. Then she falls asleep—so sound asleep that you can hear the sound.

The subsequent acts show how she realizes her dreams. Her young man has become a department-store magnate and, with resources thus amplified, decides that he can dress his wife up fine. He does so forthwith—with variegated results. There are automobiles, a yacht, a flying machine. The magnificent Tillie rewards her faithful friends and heaps scorn on her impoverished detractors. Then the airship tumbles; the pipe is broken; the nightmare is ended. In the midst of a dark change is heard the familiar yodel and Tillie is disclosed yawning herself awake in her chair. The circus party returns with sausages and waffles, and once more the public, which seems to have an illimitable appetite for the simple life as applied to others, accepts a one-night stand as a happy ending.

All the world will end by loving Miss Dressler's Tillie, though to some she may be an acquired taste. When all is said, however, she is utterly human and so amusing that one's entire osseous structure becomes a funny-bone. In her own inimitable way she is an artist too—every inch—and that is a good deal to say of a great big girl like her.

One on Mr. Hinds

DURING the recent campaign in Maine Asher Hinds, who was running for Congress from the First Congressional District, was speaking to a small audience in one of the farming communities. In an offhand manner he asked whether there was a Democrat in the room. When no one responded to the question Mr. Hinds remarked that it was no disgrace for a man to be an honest Democrat, adding that if there was one in the room he would like to have him show his colors.

After a little wait a slow-moving and lengthy man deliberately unfolded himself, as though he were a big three-jointed rule, and in measured words announced that he was a Democrat.

Mr. Hinds in his suave manner said that he would like to ask him one question. It was this:

"Why are you a Democrat?"

"Well," replied the farmer, "my grandfather was a Democrat and my father was a Democrat and I am a Democrat."

"That," said Mr. Hinds, "is not a very good reason for a man's party preference. I wonder—personalities aside—if your father and grandfather had been fools, what you would be."

The man looked Mr. Hinds all over.

"I suppose," he drawled out, "I should have been a Republican."

A Breakfast Treat For Every Man

All the wealth in the world could not buy a better breakfast than real, old Southern waffles with maple syrup.

Their alluring savor and delightful flavor have won the hearts of all men.

It's no trick at all to make dainty, delicious waffles, either.

Griswold's
Waffle Iron

will bake waffles so good that once you get a taste of them, you'll want them ev[illegible]

But one must be sure to use Griswold's Waffle Iron, else the waffles will not be delicious

[illegible] to insure the waffle of perfect [illegible] golden brown top and bottom—and [illegible] clean through

With Griswold's Waffle Iron, you can turn the waffles at will without lifting. The [illegible] are made with ventilated and insulated wood handles that never get hot, and a grooved base plate [illegible] that may spill

Ask your dealer to show them to you. They [illegible] several sizes [illegible]

Please see you get **Griswold's Waffle Iron**. If your dealer [illegible] get them w[illegible] we'll tell you where you can get the genuine "Griswold."

Valuable Book on Waffles Free

A Recipe Book [illegible] be sent to you [illegible]

THE GRISWOLD MANUFACTURING CO.
1045 West Twelfth Street Erie, Pa.

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

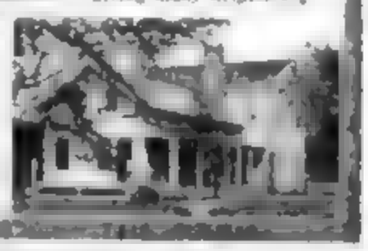
You'd like our sausages. Our neighbors do. In truth, all who have tasted them are never again satisfied with anything else, when they want sausages.

[illegible] are made right here [illegible] Jones's recipe, and have the [illegible] [illegible] spices and salt to be [illegible] [illegible] grind home and shoulders of [illegible]

Write us if your grocer can't supply you.

Ask for our home booklet telling all Jones [illegible] along many helpful [illegible]

Milo C. Jones
[illegible]
P. O. Box 605
Fort Atkinson
Wis.



Normal School of Physical Education

Battle Creek, Mich. [illegible] year [illegible] with [illegible] College and Sanitarium. Terms reasonable. Special opportunities for self-support. Three $100 competitive scholarships to High School Graduates. For [illegible] address

WM W HASTINGS, Dean.

RAD-BRIDGE BRIDGE WHIST ACCESSORIES

[illegible] Price 40¢

Send [illegible] RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

Get the Right Shape!

YOU cannot clean your teeth properly with common wooden tooth picks. They are [illegible] and hurt the gums and teeth besides.

Ivory [illegible] toothpicks [illegible] are used more than once—and positively injurious.

For the sake of good teeth then, always get

GOLD MEDAL TOOTH-PICKS

Rounded at BOTH ends

Patented July 5, 1910

These are the first and only toothpicks made to suit fastidious people.

They are clean and sanitary—untouched by [illegible]

[illegible] Made [illegible]

[illegible] they are [illegible] smooth that you can use them between the teeth without injury or discomfort.

They are flexible—hence will not break off in the teeth.

They are cleanest and safest. Used by the better class of hotels and restaurants everywhere, and in the best homes.

5c package except in the extreme West

For sale at grocers in 5c. packages, or we will send a sample package for your grocer's name

Insist on getting them.

FORSTER MFG. CO.
Dixfield, Maine
Maurice W. Forster, Pres.

Here's an Opportunity

to do your duty by your family and at the same time secure for yourself the social intercourse and benefits which every man craves. Nowhere can these two objects be better attained than in the

Royal Arcanum

a fraternal beneficiary society, which, in the thirty-three years of its existence, has promptly paid death claims amounting to $135,000,000. Its 246,000 members are themselves its best agents. They can tell you why they belong to an order which ***protects the home*** and renders ***aid to its sick and distressed members.***

Any member of the Royal Arcanum Button will gladly tell you of the enduring friendships he has formed, and the great influence on his life which membership in the order has conferred.

Over 50,000 bereaved families have found the ROYAL ARCANUM "a friend in need." At a cost of only a few cents a week, [illegible] Over [illegible] since its organization, [illegible] to its great social and [illegible] aims. Its standard is high, its selection of members most careful, but there are thousands of eligible persons to whom the [illegible] and social benefits of the Royal Arcanum must appeal. If you are one of those [illegible], we will gladly furnish you detailed information.

ALFRED T. TURNER, Supreme Secretary
Box E, Station A, Boston, Mass.

Red Cedar Chest Is a Fine Xmas Gift

This [illegible] of [illegible] is [illegible] Two [illegible] drawers. A very magnificent [illegible] Has [illegible] Wide copper bands. Useful XMAS [illegible] We [illegible] freight and [illegible]

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 18, Statesville N. C.

Home Study

Martin A. Knapp

LAW DEPARTMENT

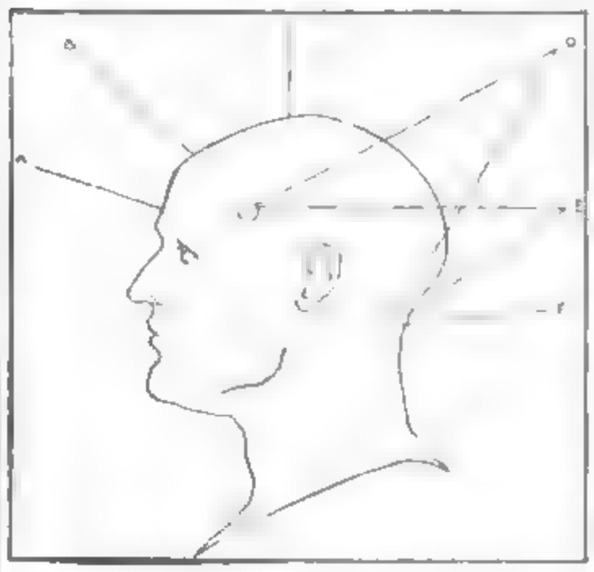
Intercontinental University

Prepares [illegible] by mail. [illegible] Founders of this National School [illegible] Hon. Martin A. Knapp, Chairman Interstate Commerce Com. Write for Catalogue.

I. C. U., 1413 H St., Washington, D. C.

HEADACHE

By Julian W. Brandeis, M. D.



A. Eye—Dyspepsia
B. Adenoids and Nasal Trouble—Bad Teeth—Constipation
C. Anemia—Uterine Trouble
D. Bad Teeth
E. Ear Disease
F. Eye—Adenoids and Nasal Trouble

HEADACHE is the most frequent of minor complaints. Surely none other is so often the subject of casual remark or the beneficiary of so many and so variant recommendations for relief; and it may be stated that it is an axiom in therapeutics that the larger the number of remedies suggested for the relief of an ailment, the more elusive the cure. It is to be understood that headache falls in this category merely because the average sufferer is content to have the pain relieved, unconcerned as to what deeper significance the symptom headache represents.

Headache is independent of season in its appearance; for, although more frequent in the spring and fall, it adds to the depressing effect of the summer heat and it blunts the exuberance of the winter spirit. Indeed, even the period of diurnal variation has but little influence on its occurrence; for though headache is more apt to occur during the afternoon and evening, none is more widely celebrated than that of the "morning after." It is no respecter of age either, affecting alike the young, the middle-aged and the senile. As to social conditions, it is perhaps partial to those upon whom the greater stress of living—rather than of livelihood—is imposed—namely, the wealthier classes. As to sex, woman suffers in far greater proportion than man.

Naturally an ailment so distressing while it lasts—of which it is true, as Don Quixote says to Sancho Panza, "When the head suffers all the members suffer"—and so widespread in its distribution, must have an influence that is nothing short of economic in import. The child in school is hampered and deterred; the worker in the shop, factory or university is handicapped, and the reins of administration fall slack when the "head" is afflicted with this crown of pain.

The Ostrich Treatment

Headache is a local or diffused pain in the head. It is caused by an irritation in a nerve in the affected region, or, as happens in one class of cases, the pain is sympathetic, being referred to the spot by disease existing elsewhere. So let it be understood at once that headache is not a disease but merely a symptom. In every case an underlying cause exists, and if a cure is to be accomplished that cause must be sought for, found and remedied. In administering a drug that will merely dull the sensibilities to the existence of the pain for the time being, and then do nothing further, we parallel the ostrich that hides its head in the sand and feels secure in no longer being able to view the enemy.

The pain may attack any region of the head and is designated, according to the situation, as frontal when the forehead is affected; occipital when the back of the head is involved; temporal when the pain is limited to the side of the head, and vertical if confined to the top of the head—or the headache may be a general one, spreading itself over the entire surface.

Experience has shown that headaches, dependent on certain definite causes, quite

An Umbrella as Good as the $5.00 You Pay For It

Heretofore, you've just bought "an umbrella." Now you can buy, anywhere, an umbrella with a name, an identity, a guarantee, a reputation, and a fixed value.

All over America we are adding to the Hull line the new $5.00 Umbrella, The Peerless Hull with detachable and interchangeable handle. This new umbrella sets a new standard at the price.

The dealer's guarantee isn't necessary. You don't have to hesitate or ask questions. You know your $5.00 can't buy you a better umbrella value anywhere in the world. When you buy it for gift purposes the recipient knows by the name The Peerless Hull the merit of the gift.

And in no other umbrella, under no other name, can you get the incomparable advantages of the

Hull Umbrella

with Detachable and Interchangeable Handle

It is our own invention and patent.

This $5.00 Umbrella, The Peerless Hull, is mounted with a plain, genteel handle and is made of [illegible] Italian Silk [illegible] The [illegible] umbrella costs [illegible] to make is [illegible] silk, [illegible] and [illegible]

Your choice of The [illegible] Detachable handle in any Hull Dealer's Store at this price—by which you buy this $5.00 umbrella—the Peerless Hull, you buy the absolute assurance of special value.

You never need have a Hull Umbrella re-covered. When the cover wears out—as ever, this special [illegible] must, of course, in time—you simply go to any Hull Store, anywhere, and have a new base (rod, ribs and cover) snapped on. This entire new base doesn't cost you any more than having an old style frame recovered.

There is a way in which you can have your old style umbrella changed into a Hull at the cost of the covering, if you like. We'll tell you how.

In any event, [illegible] get out of the old-fashioned [illegible] class and join the hundreds who have recognized the superiority of the Hull. Go to a Hull dealer and ask him to show you The Peerless Hull.

Hull Detachable Handle and Suit Case Umbrellas are made to retail at $1.00 and up to $50.00

Hull Bros. Umbrella Company

Toledo Ohio

SMITH, GRAY & CO.—Four Stores. Exclusive Distributers for Greater New York

"Occasionally an ideahst like the unique Pachmann astonishes us by his marvelous play."

Mr. James Huneker in "Mezzotints in Modern Music."

AN "IDEALIST'S" IDEAL

The beauty that may be evoked with piano-tone in its highest state of development makes memorable in music Pachmann's playing of

The Baldwin Piano

The rainbow-wealth of *color* offered by mobile Baldwin-tone—the *dynamic* range, so vast as to permit of the most exquisite shading, the boldest effects,—*all* have wedded inseparably to the Baldwin this poetic artist, "the greatest pianist since Chopin played Chopin."

THE BOOK OF THE BALDWIN PIANO, fully descriptive and illustrated by examples of Baldwin-design in art-cases, will be sent free upon request

Chicago
[illegible] Wabash Ave

New York
8 E. 34th Street

Indianapolis
[illegible] N. Penn'a St.

The Baldwin Company

CINCINNATI

Louisville
425 S. Fourth Ave.

Boston
40 Huntington Ave.

St. Louis
[illegible] Olive Street

San Francisco
310 Sutter Street

Denver
1626 California St.

Well-Dressed Folks Wear the Bradley Muffler

because it gives the best protection against cold—fits snugly about the throat, chest, shoulders and spine—is full of style—can be washed when soiled—and holds its shape and retains its stylish appearance year after year.

Ask Your Dealer to Show You

Bradley

Full Fashioned V-Neck Muffler

(Patented 1908-1909-1910)

The only 50c muffler made of imported Egyptian silk—knit extra heavy—in all colors and collar sizes, for men, women and children—50c and $1.00.

The Bradley Auto Scarf—for men and women—extra long and extra heavy—imported Australian Worsted—all colors and collar sizes—$1.50 and $1.75

Bradley

Knit Coats

—like Bradley Mufflers—are knit to fit. They are made in many styles and colors—in all sizes and different lengths—from the fleeciest imported wool—retailing from $2 to $10.

The Bradley Style Book

illustrates and describes the various Bradley Mufflers and Knit Coats—tells why they are superior—shows which are best for you. Sent free to all who fill out and mail the coupon.

Bradley Knitting Co.

115 Bradley Street

Delavan Wisconsin

Mail the Coupon Right Now

Bradley Knitting Co.,
115 Bradley St.,
Delavan, Wisconsin.

regularly attack the same region, so that it is possible to glean considerable information merely from the location affected. The diagram illustrates this.

Again, certain causes result in attacks that exhibit a definite character of pain. Thus, there is the throbbing headache of congestion; the dull, heavy headache, which is the result of some poisonous material circulating in the blood; the constrictive headache, which feels as though a band encircled and compressed the brain, and occurs in neurasthenic and nervous people; the dull, gnawing headache of anemia, and lastly, the sharp, boring pain of hysteria. It will be expedient to consider the various types each under the heading of the specific cause in order to arrive at a definite understanding of the particular symptoms and the requirements of treatment.

The headache of anemia naturally affects women more often than men. Girls are the ordinary sufferers from impoverished blood, and the accompanying headache results from the lack of blood supply to the brain. The pain is situated at the top of the head and is dull or gnawing in character, although at times, as the attack becomes temporarily worse, the head feels hot and pulsating. Fatigue makes matters worse, while rest in a recumbent position diminishes the pain by increasing the supply of blood to the affected member. Indeed, these bloodless girls, with their pale cheeks and colorless lips, are disinclined to exertion, anticipating as they do the resulting headache. In Adam Bede, as Doctor Hare pointed out, the suffering of Anne Irwine is a nice illustration of an attack in an anemic woman:

"Mr. Irwine entered a room so darkened by blinds and curtains that Miss Kate would not have had light enough for any other sort of work than the knitting which lay on the little table near her. But at present she was doing what required only the dimmest light—sponging the aching head that lay on the pillow with fresh vinegar.

"It was a small face, that of the sufferer; perhaps it had once been pretty, but now it was worn and sallow. Miss Kate came toward her brother and whispered: 'Don't speak to her; she can't be spoken to today.' Anne's eyes were closed and her brow contracted as if from intense pain."

The Next Morning Variety

From the very designation of this class of headaches it is apparent that the pain is practically a call for relief on the part of the starved tissues, and any attempt to relieve the suffering without striking deep at the root of the trouble is clearly to endanger the health, if not the life, of the individual. Such patients find for themselves or learn from others that an artificial stimulant like coffee, tea or wine will temporarily abate the acuteness of the attack; and even a narcotic, which some ill-adviser has suggested, may ingraft itself on the victim as a habit. The proper treatment consists in the building up of the health by means of fresh air and outdoor life, proper nutritious diet and the use of medicines that tend to increase the iron-content of the blood.

In complete contrast to the foregoing is the congestive headache. Here the throbbing pain is the result of an excess of blood flowing through the brain. All the blood-vessels are choked with blood and the full, bounding pulse is an indication of the state of affairs. The pain involves the entire head and it increases in severity when the patient is reclining, as the blood tends in that position still more to the head.

This is the headache of full-blooded, red-faced men—those good livers with bad livers from overindulgence in food and drink and from lack of exercise. Here comes, too, the fellow with the big head of the morning after, although his *katzen-jammer* is really a combination affair. Not only has he a congestive headache, with its demands for a cold towel, but he is also affected by the poisonous products of digestion that are circulating in the blood. On the mistaken principle that to cure the condition it is necessary to imbibe sparingly of the drink taken to excess the night before, it is he who cries:

I pray thee let me and my fellow have
A haire of the dog that bit us last night.

These headaches may be caused, too, by any condition that even temporarily increases the congestion of the brain. Such, for example, is the effect of excessive

MISTRESS OR MAID

The New *Richelieu* Union Suit

THE qualities of the new Richelieu union suit are such that this garment appeals to both mistress and maid.

Glove-Fitting Waist *Without Seams*

The glove-fitting waist is absolutely without side seams, and, without sacrificing strength, is of finer fabric than the balance of the garment.

Knitted to your figure and not seamed somewhat to shape, it lends itself equally well to modish dress and to comfort.

We guarantee it in fabric, fit and finish.

On sale at leading department and dry goods stores at a dollar and a dollar and a quarter. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and address, together with your height, weight and bust measurement, and we will see that you are served.

H & S Richelieu

FRISBIE & STANSFIELD KNITTING COMPANY

Department "B"—Utica, N.Y.

For ten years manufacturers of the famous Richelieu Underwear

Different sleeve lengths to fit all men

Emery

Guaranteed Shirts

The *Emery* label is the Guaranty mark.

It means that the dealer will give a new shirt FREE if any *Emery* shirt fails to fit; or if colors run with proper washing; or if the workmanship proves faulty or the wear unsatisfactory.

So, look for *Emery* when you buy shirts. Pay $1.50—or more according to your choice of fabric.

If your dealer can't supply you, write for the name of the *Emery* dealer in your city

WALTER M. STEPPACHER & BRO., PHILADELPHIA

Shirtmakers for 30 years

Copyright 1908 By A. Stein & Co.

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL can touch you

To Be Sure of Satisfaction always get this box and

look for the name PARIS on every garter

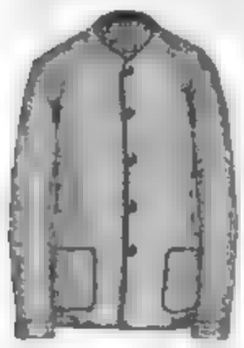
A. Stein & Co. Makers

Chicago Ave. Chicago

Keep Out Cold and Wind

WITH A

BEACH JACKET



Is as warm as an overcoat, cheap as a sweater, wears and wears like iron. While playing or working in wind or cold you will always be comfortable with a **Beach Jacket.**

It is made of a specially [illegible] with gray [illegible] is treated with specially prepared cold-proof [illegible], has strongest button fasteners, is braid-bound to prevent wearing. You can wear it over your vest and under your coat, or in place of an overcoat.

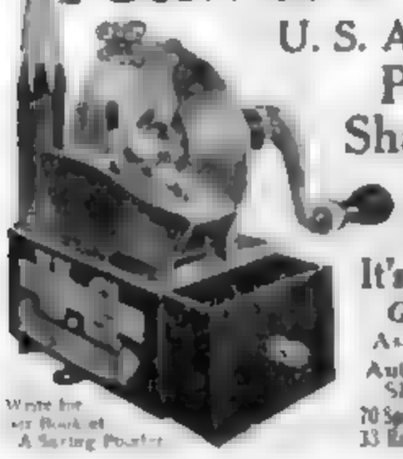
Price $3.25

It is furnished without sleeves at $3.00, a coat without collar $3.25; a coat with collar, $3.50.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will ship [illegible] Address Dept. B for [illegible]

W. W. BROWN, P. O. Box 84, WORCESTER, MASS.

Pointers On Pencil Economy



U. S. Automatic Pencil Sharpener

Pays for itself six times a year in any ordinary office.

It's a Wonder!

Guaranteed

Ask Your Dealer.

Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co.

70 Spring St., New York City

13 Endicott St., Chicago

Write for our Booklet of Saving Points

exposure to the sun's rays, of a severe coughing spell, or of violent emotion so frequently experienced after a paroxysm of rage. Such was the case with the nurse in Romeo and Juliet when she exclaimed:

Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I! It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

A tight collar encircling the neck interferes with the escape of the blood from the head and in the case of women may very often be looked to as the exciting factor. Then there is the headache of "brain overwork and overdriving," which, as Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton points out, may even attack an anemic person. It affects the editor, the writer and the student cramming for his examinations. The coffee and tobacco resorted to, to promote wakefulness, do not fail to add their baneful effect. Just recall how Sydney Carton, in A Tale of Two Cities, prepared himself for the work of the night in the interests of Mr. Stryver, fortifying himself from time to time by recourse to the wine bottle: "Carton came back with a large jug of cold water, a basin and a towel or two. Steeping the towels in the water and partially wringing them out, he folded them on his head in a manner hideous to behold, sat down at the table and said, 'Now I am ready!' . . . He resorted to the drinking table without stint, and he was so deep in his task that his eyes did not even follow the hand he stretched out for his glass, which often groped about for a minute or more before it found the glass for his lips."

Frequently the nose begins to bleed spontaneously just when the pain of a congestive headache has become well-nigh unbearable and a quick relief ensues. In this occurrence Nature had pointed out to us the proper line of treatment, which consists, then, of abstracting blood from the affected part. To this end one ingenious surgeon has invented an apparatus to induce nosebleed artificially, while another has suggested the pricking of the turgid tissues within the nose to accomplish the same result. But simpler methods at the disposal of every one consist of an ice bag applied to the head, of a hot mustard foot bath or a hot sitz bath. Besides these means there are various drugs at the command of the physician which relieve by means of their depressing and depleting effect on the blood system. Here again, however, the main issue is to alter the general habit of the patient. A system of reduction must be instituted which would consist of an exclusion of wines, liquors and rich foods of all descriptions, a limitation of the amount of meat eaten, a course of exercise and the use of cathartics.

Poisoning by Tea and Coffee

Who has not experienced a dull, depressing headache during an evening spent in a close room over a coal fire or in a poorly ventilated theater, where each intake of breath is laden with the poisonous products of the exhalations of the lungs and skins of those in the audience? Few, surely. Such headaches result from the poisonous gases entering the blood through the lungs, thence circulating to the brain and exercising a noxious effect on the nerves, which finds expression in the resulting ache. In this occurrence we have the directest example of what may be termed toxemic headaches, including such frequent ones as follow indigestion, constipation and the excessive use of coffee, tea and tobacco.

In all these conditions a poisoned state of the nerves results; and though the effect of the inhalation of vitiated air is quite promptly dissipated by almost the first breath of fresh air, it is not so simple a matter with the headache of tea and coffee drinking, and especially of tobacco smoking. Along with the headache, which should serve as rather a kindly warning, comes a group of serious and alarming symptoms, including indigestion, muscular weakness, heart pain and heart irregularity. The treatment naturally hinges on the withdrawal of the drug, but, further, the poisonous effects must be eliminated by stimulation of the kidneys, skin and bowels, and counteracted by means of fresh air, proper diet and the use of drugs that tend to restore the upset digestion and to calm and tone the disturbed heart and nervous system.

There are many persons who suffer frequently from headaches, perhaps even daily, but who show neither lack of blood nor an overabundance thereof and who do

"By George, these coupons are certainly coming in thick and fast.

"Just what I expected, though—This idea of letting the quality of Occident Flour do the talking, instead of the advertising was sure to make a hit.

"It's waking the people up to the economy of paying a few cents more for better quality—flour that gives better results and goes farther.

"Of course, we grocers knew it must come. But why some milling firm didn't get out of the price-cutting, quality-cheapening competition *long* ago is more than I can understand.

"I told 'em so. I've always said that a flour really superior in quality would find the people right ready and mighty glad to pay the extra cost of making such a flour."

A Word To Dealers

Occident Flour is far superior to other flours. If you want to sell goods that give your customers absolute satisfaction, you must carry Occident Flour. Write us today.

OCCIDENT FLOUR

—Made So Much Better It Must Cost More

Explanatory Note:

Quality reasons for extra quality are [illegible] advertisements. It would take a book [illegible] to explain the [illegible] these wheat [illegible] many intricate processes of separating and purifying the flour particles [illegible] laboratories where chemists and bakers study [illegible] toward the Occident product. We [illegible] far greater assurance of better satisfaction with Occident Flour than mere reasons in advertising. We give you the very best reason—proof in the flour itself by trial of one sack.

Occident Flour is sold on *proof* not mere advertising argument.

Our Offer

Try a sack of Occident Flour, making as many bakings as you wish. If you are not satisfied that it is better than any other flour you can buy your money will be returned *without argument.* All we ask is that you tear off the coupon and hand it to your grocer. Tear it off now and you won't forget. If your grocer does not sell Occident Flour, he can easily get it for you. If he won't, send us the coupon or a postal giving your own and your grocer's name and address.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.

Minneapolis U. S. A.

Special Offer Coupon

[illegible]

Grocer's Address [illegible]

Your Name and Address [illegible]

Special Notice to Grocers.—We will protect you fully in this guarantee. If [illegible] sacks are returned through dissatisfaction with the flour, you are authorized [illegible] be full purchase price and we will reimburse you for same.

[illegible] MILLING CO.

WALES
Visible Adding and Listing Machine

Corrects Errors Quick as Thought

THE best adding machine operator will sometimes press the wrong key by mistake. To correct such an error on the WALES you simply press the right key. The action is natural, instantaneous, and a wonderful time saver compared with usual method of using one or more error keys.

Combine with this feature visible printing and totals, and the Non-add and Non-print keys. Then you will see why 97% of our sales are made after competitive tests

5-Year Guarantee

The WALES is the only adding machine with a 5-year guarantee Remember this when you are asked to buy a machine guaranteed for 1 year. You certainly should not bear the expense of keeping a bad machine in good shape. Insist on a 5-year guarantee.

30-Day Free Trial

Let us place a WALES in your office. Give it unlimited use for 30 days. If the machine doesn't convince you in that time we will remove it immediately. All at our expense.

SIGN THIS COUPON

Please send me booklet describing in detail the construction and features of the WALES Visible.

Name

Address

The Adder Machine Company

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Agents in All Leading Cities

Over 30 Different Models

not seem to violate any of the mandates of sensible living. A careful examination of the sufferer fails to discover the existence of any of the usual causes of headache, but finally the attention is arrested by some disorder such as eyestrain, ear or nasal trouble, or even carious teeth. Time was when the relationship between the two conditions was not realized and a diagnosis of nervous headache was made in such cases, which meant little and accomplished less as regards cure. Now, however, that it is clearly understood that headache is an indirect result of any one of those conditions, this most distressing class of "reflex" headaches has become amenable to treatment. Indeed, the frontal and occipital headache of eyestrain is today a most valuable symptom in that it is the most frequent one to direct the sufferer to attend to a very incapacitating condition. An examination of the eyes reveals the existence of astigmatism or of farsightedness, which is promptly relieved by the application of proper glasses and is attended by a cessation of the headaches.

A similar headache, frontal in site, results from congestive and obstructive conditions of the nose. In this class is included the headache that affects the child whose proper breathing channel is obstructed by adenoids. The pain is attended by an inability to fix the attention and a backwardness which, together with the retarding influence of eyestrain on its victims, undoubtedly accounts for the largest proportion of deficient children in our schools today. It need scarcely be stated that the cure consists of the removal of the impediment.

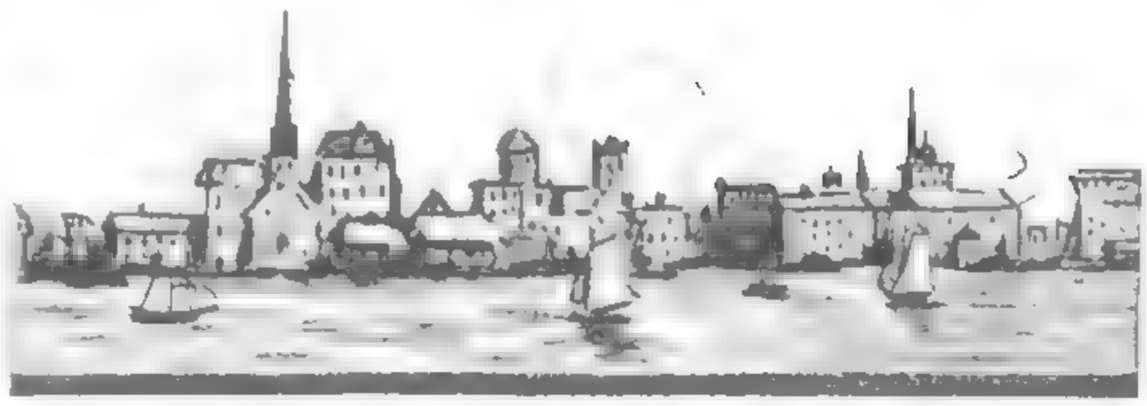
There still remain undiscussed various headaches that perhaps require but brief mention, as each is regularly attended by a group of accompanying symptoms that make plain the existence of an ailment of serious import. Such is the headache of neurasthenia and the "clavus hystericus" of hysteria, which feels to the afflicted as though a nail were being driven into the head. Then there is the entire class of headaches that may be styled toxemic, which accompany such conditions as malaria, Bright's disease, diabetes and gout; and also that with which almost every infectious disease is ushered in. Last, there is the group of very serious headaches that betoken some affection of the brain itself or one of its envelopes, such as tumor, abscess or meningitis.

THRIFT

The Widow's Mite

WHEN a widow succeeds in saving money she is undoubtedly entitled to a little more credit than other thrifty persons, because it is hard for a widow to be thrifty. If she has been left without income there is usually a family to provide for, which makes it difficult for her to earn money on an even footing with others. If insurance funds or property have come to her by legacy she is often in a worse predicament, for a hundred sharpers seem to stand waiting to swindle every widow out of her competence, to say nothing of conscientious, blundering advisers who may help her invest it so securely that she will never see it again. The widow's thrift story is often one of reconstruction.

Aunt Hettie Hewitt's husband was a police officer. When he died, fully twenty years ago, he left her comfortably well off. Securities were not so well known then and his property consisted of real estate and cash deposits in savings banks. Aunt Hettie had never known much about his finances. Therefore, when neighbor White advised her to invest in a company engaged in hardwood lumbering in Santo Domingo, Aunt Hettie did so. A thousand dollars was drawn from the bank and put into the stock, then another thousand; and later the widow sold a piece of real estate and made her whole investment five thousand dollars. Neighbor White was an upright man and honestly believed in the possibilities of this West Indian scheme. After a year had gone by, and none of the large profits materialized, Aunt Hettie began to worry. Her kindly neighbor always reassured her, however. He said the company would soon begin to pay dividends and, when everything had worked out well, she should have the first money if she wanted it. One morning she heard that



New York—Then and Now

The three story building of a generation ago has given place to the modern "sky-scraper." You may think this change is solely a result of improved methods of steel construction, but it is not. It is due simply to the invention of the modern elevator. Without the elevator the tall buildings of today would never have been built.

Shoes have also improved—in the natural order of progress. You think the change is due to increased demand and to enterprise in manufacture. This is partly true, for American shoe manufacturers are noted for their initiative and advanced ideas. But it is due chiefly to the invention of machinery—to the highly developed system of shoe machinery known as the

GOODYEAR WELT

Hand-made shoes that cost your parents and grand-parents $12 to $20 are now duplicated by machinery, better made, and sold to you for one-third that price, even though the cost of labor and materials has greatly advanced.

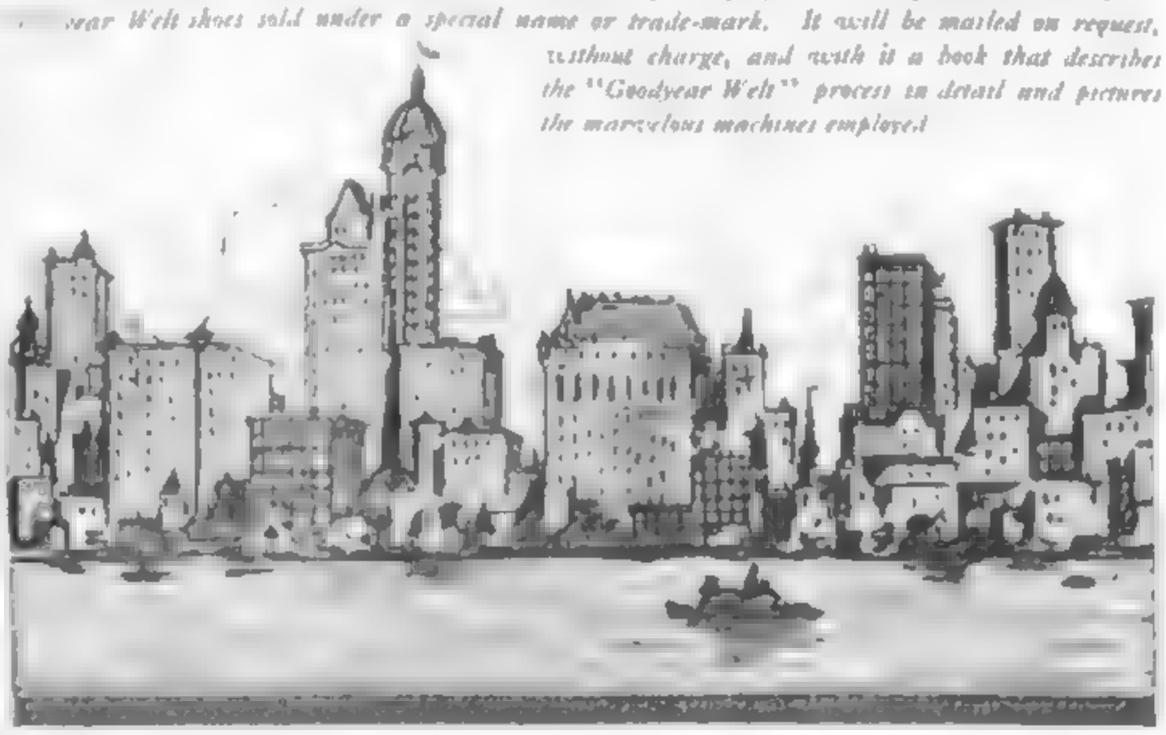
The Goodyear method duplicates on machines the process of sewing shoes by hand. A thin and narrow strip of leather, called a welt, is sewed to the insole and upper, and the outsole is sewed to this welt, thus leaving the heavy stitches outside, where they cannot tantalize the foot.

The Goodyear system consists of a series of more than fifty costly machines.

The manufacturer is not obliged to buy them. He leases them on the royalty system, paying a trifling sum for each shoe made. The United Shoe Machinery Company takes care of the machines, and furnishes the manufacturer with facilities for keeping them in tip top condition all the time. Thus, good shoes have been brought within reach of the people, and those of modest means can now enjoy a comfort which only a little while ago belonged exclusively to wealth and fashion.

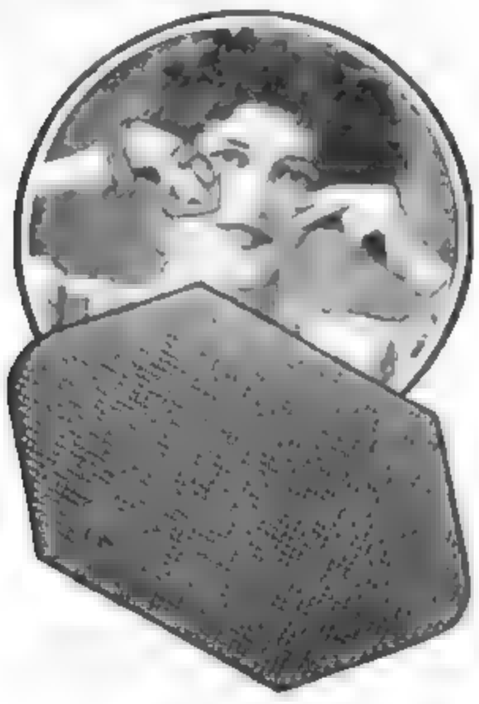
Ask the shoe-salesman if the shoes he offers you are GOODYEAR WELTS—and remember that no matter where they are sold, or under what name, every really good Welt shoe for man or woman is a GOODYEAR WELT

The United Shoe Machinery Co., Boston, Mass., has prepared an alphabetical list of all Goodyear Welt shoes sold under a special name or trade-mark. It will be mailed on request, without charge, and with it a book that describes the "Goodyear Welt" process in detail and pictures the marvelous machines employed



Beauty Lines

Are in **every** woman's face. Those who have **fewest** should **cultivate** them, those who have **most** should **retain** them. **Millions** of women have found that



Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush

has never failed to give the desired results in all cases. It stimulates the blood in its circulation the muscles are developed the worry lines and dust caps disappear and the skin is made clear and healthy. It makes, keeps and restores beauty in Nature's own way. Used in the bath, the whole body receives the benefit of treatment. The flat ended teeth remove the dead cuticle, leaving the skin in a healthy glow, without irritation. They are especially well adapted for bathing children. Our name is on every brush

BAILEY'S RUBBER BRUSHES are all made this way. Mailed for price. *Beware of imitations. All toilet goods dealers.*

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	$ .75
Bailey's Petite Complexion Brush	.40
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	1.00
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.50
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Bailey's Skin Food (large jar)	.50

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100-page Catalogue of everything in Rubber Goods, Free

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Boston Garters are made of best materials in a clean factory, by well-paid help. Every pair warranted—penalty, a new pair or your money back.

See that BOSTON GARTER is stamped on the clasp.

WORN THE WORLD OVER BY WELL DRESSED MEN.

Sample Pair Cotton, 25c., Silk, 50c
Mailed on Receipt of Price

George Frost Co., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Absolutely safe. Makes and burns its own gas. Brilliant 500 candle power. Costs no shadow. Costs 2 cents per week. No smoke, grease, nor odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

neighbor White had died suddenly, and later it was found that he had left his affairs hopelessly tangled and was insolvent.

Aunt Hettie never got a cent of her money back, but the experience cured her of stock speculation and taught her thrift. To make good the loss she sold her home, went to live in a boarding house, and from that time never put money into anything but first mortgages on good property. Since then the loss has been recouped and Aunt Hettie will be comfortable as long as she lives; but her first venture cost her a fortune, because the real estate she sold to buy Santo Domingo stock is now central city property, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Another widow was left with two small children and twelve thousand dollars insurance money. In three years all but thirty-five hundred dollars had been lost in boom lots in the western city where her husband had held a position. A bachelor brother in the East then devised a plan whereby she could live on what was left and educate her children. He is a salaried man, getting along in life, and will ultimately want a home to which to retire. There were also two unmarried sisters in the East, living on slender incomes. The brother invested two thousand dollars of the three sisters' money in a New England hill farm, quite a distance from the railroad, where land is cheap. Then he put several thousand dollars of his own savings into repairs, fruit trees for future income, and so forth. What the women had paid for living enabled them to hire a man to take care of the place, and they now live healthily and happily on a few hundred dollars a year, the widow keeping her money intact as an educational fund for the children.

Mothers and Sons as Partners

A widow in a small country village had nothing but a cottage, worth perhaps two thousand dollars, after her husband's affairs were settled. She had to provide a living for herself and her ten-year-old son, who was going to public school. She resolved to give the boy a good education. Having some knowledge of teaching, she took several small children into her home daily for kindergarten instruction at a dollar a week from each family, and this slender income was augmented by the boy, who raised garden stuff, did chores and ran errands. They got along thriftily until the boy finished grammar school. Then a local lawyer gave the boy a job in his office at three dollars a week. There was little to do and he found time to continue his studies. He wanted to be a civil engineer. He and his mother often went over the catalog of a famous technical college near by, until ultimately they worked out a plan by which he might possibly have four years' further training.

The cottage was mortgaged in a building and loan association for eight hundred dollars, a step that made it necessary to pay eight dollars a month, which was about equivalent to rent. One hundred dollars of this money went to pay preliminary college fees and the rest was deposited in a savings bank, to be drawn on as wanted. The lad managed to live on three dollars a week and earned money by odd jobs, getting two dollars a week for helping in a shoe store on Saturdays and doing chores at his boarding house. The mother managed to support herself at home, so that the seven hundred dollars was drawn upon only for the monthly payment on the mortgage. A two-hundred-dollar legacy came along opportunely. After four hundred dollars additional college fees had been paid during the second, third and fourth years, and the boy was graduated, there was still fifty dollars remaining of the original eight hundred.

Graduates from the school the boy had attended are always in demand. He therefore immediately got a position in a city at forty-five dollars a month and assumed the mortgage payments, also sending money home. Then he landed a civil-service job at eighteen hundred dollars a year. His mother sold the old home for seventeen hundred dollars and joined him, putting this money into another home on the building and loan plan. The lad is now twenty-five years old and has a good position and a bright future.

Here is the positive, plain-as-can-be Guaranty—the quibbleless, questionless Guaranty—the binding, "no-loophole," must-be-lived-up-to Guaranty that you get from our Authorized Representative in your town, when he measures you for

Kahn-Tailored Clothes

We Guarantee:	that KAHN-TAILORED-CLOTHES are cut and tailored to your individual measurements.
We Guarantee:	that KAHN-TAILORED-CLOTHES interpret the most advanced custom fashion in color, cut and cloth
We Guarantee:	that every fabric in KAHN-TAILORED-CLOTHES is 100% pure-wool.
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We Guarantee:	that the coat-fronts and pockets will never sag in KAHN-TAILORED-CLOTHES
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We stand back of this guaranty without quibble or question, both as business men and as gentlemen

Go to-day to our Authorized Representative in your town and have him show you our hundreds of rich, rare Tailoring Fabrics—the bloom of the cloth looms. Leave your measure with him, *guarded by our binding Guaranty*

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The Kind of Clothes KAHN TAILORED CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

Write to us for "The Drift Of Fashion," Edition 6.

PETTICOAT PROFESSIONS

(Continued from Page 21)

almost never acts as governess or boarding-school teacher; that would be quite impossible; yet she may be a trained nurse and keep her social standing. This is probably because the virtues of charity, pity and sweetness have been so long associated with nursing that it seems quite a lady's sphere.

In America the profession is popular; perhaps three-quarters of the applicants never get beyond the superintendent's desk and scores of the probationers are sent away. It seems strange that so many women are willing to enter the profession, because, though theoretically a nurse may earn twenty-five dollars a week with board, practically she is not always on a case, partly because the beginning of a new case does not always coincide with the ceasing of an old case, and partly because her health would not stand the constant work. As it is, most nurses break down in about seven years unless they have been careful to give themselves long vacations.

The Woman Doctor

The doctor, like the teacher, adds to her intellectual profession feminine sympathy and care. Medicine is a field that has always attracted some women since the days of the herb women of Biblical times. Men, however, have been slow to be convinced. In the late forties Elizabeth Blackwell was admitted to a medical college only after applying in vain to ten others. Even today there are but two hospitals in New York where women may be appointed internes or may visit as regularly appointed visiting physicians. Boston is almost as discouraging, though Philadelphia and Chicago are more generous. Philadelphia was the first city in the United States to admit women as medical students. All our cities could in this matter take lessons from Great Britain. In London there are twenty hospitals where women may practice, nine in Manchester, ten in Glasgow. In this, as in all professions except those in some of the arts, women work under a handicap. Not only do they lack broad enough hospital practice at home, but when they go to the Continent they are not given the opportunity for surgical practice allowed to men. Until late years they have had to overcome even the prejudice of their own sex. And to this day a big percentage of women patients will call in a doctor of their own sex for any ailment that comes under the head of general practice, but will demand the services of a man for a major operation or a critical case. As to men, with a few exceptions, when they want medical assistance they go to other men.

Women form three or four per cent of the whole body of physicians, but their numbers are not increasing. This, however, is not due to discouragement given by the public; men students in medical schools are beginning to diminish here and in Europe. The world is not so sick as it was. School hygiene, public baths and parks, and other preventive measures and social betterments, are making doctors less necessary. Typhoid, diphtheria and malaria are rarer than they were; yellow fever and smallpox have had their day; and improved surgery has decreased the number of chronic invalids. But there will always be women doctors, for women and children have grown to want them. And they will always succeed because of their infinite capacity for taking pains, their talent for endless detail and their sympathy. It is a common charge against women that they consider everything from the personal standpoint; but precisely this capacity for personal interest adds greatly to the value of woman as a physician.

The professions that deal with the arts have been more or less open to women. The usual pecuniary standards may prevail, but the prejudice rather breaks down. Though the ranks are crowded, there is always room for the really good ones, because so many ineffective women go into artistic work impelled partly by a blind and naïve desire for self-expression and partly by the romance in their veins which makes them long to dwell in Bohemia.

Kindly magazines try hard to assure light-headed young women that Bohemia means a hall bedroom for which one can barely pay the heavy rent, washing and ironing one's own linen, eating crackers and milk, smiling blithely over defeats and rudenesses to conceal a bruised heart, and fibbing cheerfully to friends over probable work to conceal bruised pride. In vain, to a certain class of girls seeking a career, Bohemia will always mean beautiful gowns and gay lights, cheap dinners in delightful company or, when somebody wins a check, expensive dinners in the same company in some Arabian Nights restaurant.

The girls who are caught by such visions are exactly the ones that the theater needs for its machinery; for a large proportion of the people we see on the stage are just machines. They learn to do what their manager tells them, just as their sisters learn to cook steak and fold paper boxes and sell ribbons. They merely practice the knack for imitation and adaptability that is born in most women. The word "professional" is theirs only by courtesy, for the term implies the ability to think, and very few persons on the stage know how to think. A good many of them don't even know how to feel. Those who succeed, who are close to the top, who are pretty sure of an engagement even though they are not stars, always know how to feel. They obey their managers, of course, but they feel themselves into their parts. Few besides the real stars can think and feel both. If you ask the average actress why she reads a line in such a way—why she makes a gesture at such a point—she is likely to pause, knit her brows and say something like this: "Why, I feel it ought to go like that."

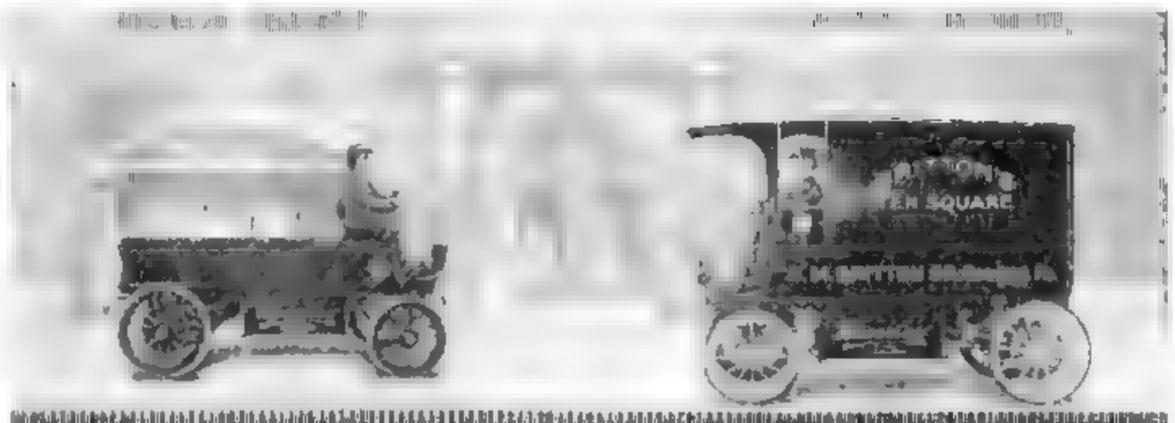
Or perhaps she may say frankly: "Why, you see, a very clever sentence is spoken just before that by the person opposite me. If I don't read the line just so or make that sudden gesture I don't get it over the footlights."

It is not often that she can promptly explain that the thought or emotion or mood of the character she is impersonating is such and such, and that only a certain rendering can convey the just interpretation to the audience. The average actress does not possess the fundamental education, does not meet sufficient people outside her own profession, and does not do enough reading to have a real grasp on the things of the mind, or even on the deeps of her own art. The woman who has these things is the woman at the top, the real star who can both think and feel and who deserves the name professional in its best sense. She is one of those who do not fail, and even in this age of lavish statistics we are not informed as to the proportion of failures among the poor little unthinking machines.

Painters and Sculptors

The dealers in the plastic arts, the painters and sculptors, must necessarily attack their work from the side of feeling, but they are accustomed to base it more or less on thinking too. For one thing, their success depends upon their being independent in judgment and original in temperament. In the beginning they have teachers to guide them, but they have no manager to clip them into successful shape. They model or paint what their talents impel them to or what their prospective patrons want, according to the seriousness with which they take their art. Like the actresses and most of the business women, they are unorganized. They have their clubs, perhaps, and they give the impression of possessing a talent for friendship; but their work keeps them individual and isolated. As a rule, they know only in the most general way how other women in their profession in other cities are getting along. Art offers all sorts of freedom to women—liberty to compete on almost equal terms with men, and liberty to put their own price on their own products; but it does not offer so much opportunity for a sure and permanent living as do many other professions.

Most women are not temperamentally fitted for a long stay in Bohemia. For a few years they may exaggerate its gains; they may laugh over having to borrow from friends and over their failure to sell work, but ninety-nine women out of a hundred have an unalterable respect for a steady income. Even artists want to be sure of how much they are going to get year by year, so as to see how much they dare spend. Besides, a woman artist who



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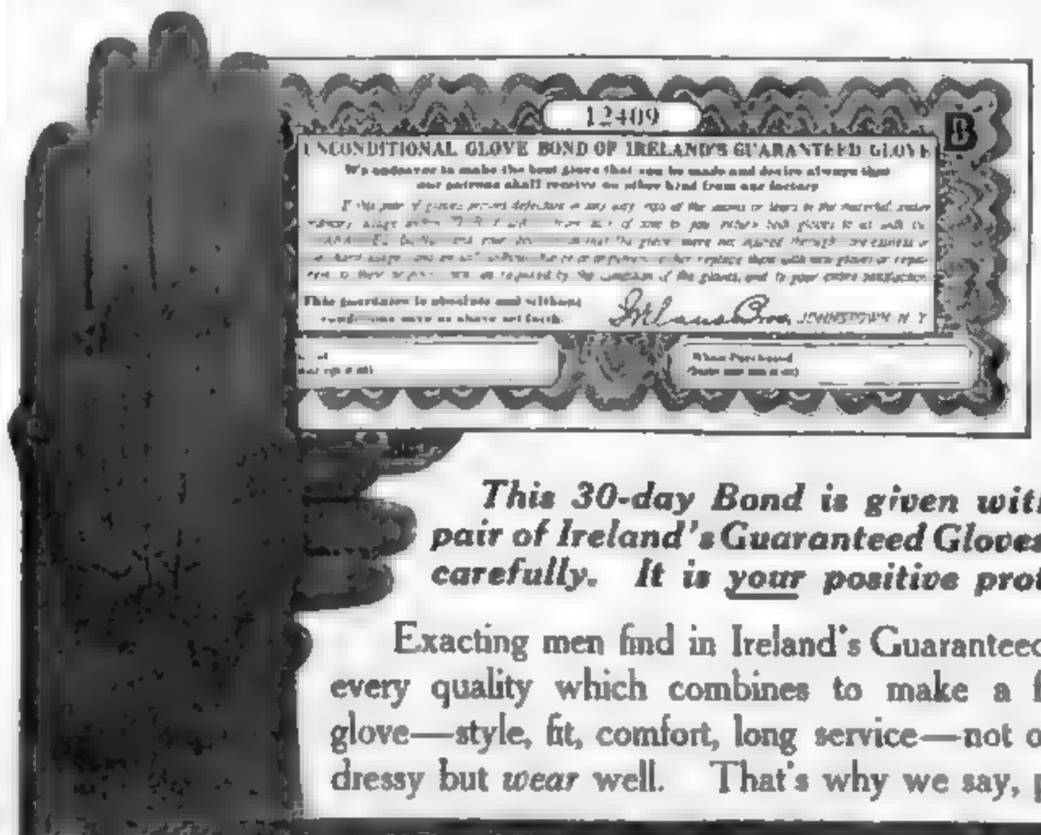

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$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat for dress or business. Genuine English Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Broad outside brim. Would sell for $2.00 in most hat stores. Colors: Black, Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture, Dark Blue and White. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted.

Genuine Fur Cap $3

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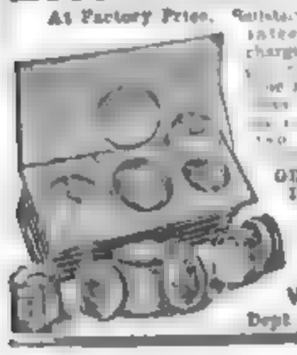

WM. CAMPBELL CO.
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is old is likely to have Bohemia all to herself. Many of these artists marry; others, who cannot sell enough work to live on, get positions to teach in art schools; others half starve, and it is hard to know what their ultimate fate is. It is a gentle, beautiful profession, with sufficient rewards for the spirit, perhaps, but frequently rather hard on the body. Those arts pay best that have got themselves wholly or in part associated with domesticity or trade, such as house decoration, arts and crafts, illustrating and commercial designing.

More lucrative than the profession of the plastic arts is that of the woman writer. The number of women writers has kept pace with the increasing number of newspapers and magazines. Old-fashioned people still speak of writing as a gift; they still think it comes by nature, like a pair of blue eyes, and that the person who has the gift is to be congratulated not on merit but on "luck." The artist is assumed to have had to work at an art school and under teachers, but no account is taken of the many years the writer spends, first at the craft and then at both the craft and art of her work. Apprenticeship is hard, especially in newspaper work, as the hundreds of women journalists in this country can testify. In the first place, they are rarely welcomed. They are scarcely ever given desk or rewrite positions; men keep the editing in their own hands. Even as reporters they are received more or less grudgingly until they have proved they can do as good work as men. The authorities seem to think that women lack the news instinct and often fail in the luck of being on the spot when something happens. In the newspaper world man's prejudice against the woman worker is injurious. It is hard for her to keep in touch with the men who are doing the world's work. It is hard for her to get hold of political, financial, military or waterfront news. Many women keep on at newspaper work in the hope of ultimately writing for the magazines; for not only is magazine work better paid but it affords better physical conditions and, to a woman who has been on a yellow journal, better mental and moral conditions.

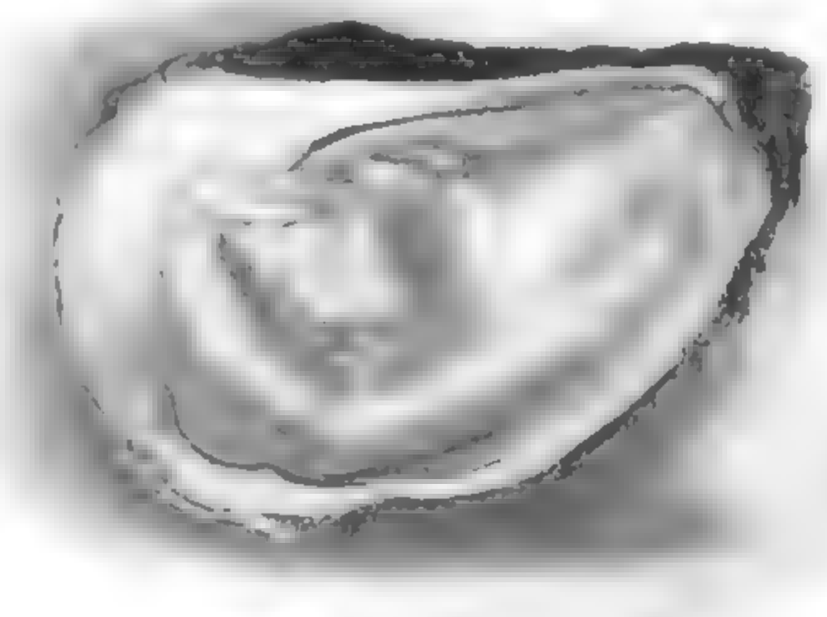
Sacrifices for Posterity

The woman who writes for the magazines enjoys something as near to professional equality with men as is possible in this world where all the laws and all the important customs are made by men. Women writers are not sent to the front in wartime; they rarely write articles on such subjects as finance or the navy. Aside from such limitations, almost every corner of the great field of writing is open to them. A woman writer's success does not depend on influence or on a manager or a principal, but just on herself and her publisher, who represents the public. She cannot count year after year on a fixed sum for her work as a teacher may. Like the actress or the artist, her popularity may wane or her power of work grow dull. But while she lasts, if she has it in her, the mere matter of sex will never keep her from rising to the height of her profession, and this is true in the same sense of almost no other sort of women's work.

On the whole, the average man or woman who takes up a profession must not expect great pecuniary gains. Probably the average doctor, lawyer, teacher and writer make between twelve hundred and eighteen hundred dollars a year. Those we hear about as earning three thousand or five thousand dollars are well above the average; those who earn up to ten thousand are the preëminently successful. Women and men alike must get much of their reward from the sheer joy of their work.

Woman's road in the professions is harder to tread than man's road, and will be for some time to come, though it is growing easier. Her compensations are that she can live on less than a man if she will, and that often she has not so many dependent on her for support. There is another compensation—that she is doing her part in smoothing the way for the women that follow her; that her struggles and sacrifices may help to widen their opportunities in the professions. Perhaps it is not a Utopian dream that the professional woman of today is blazing a trail for that possible woman who, in a readjusted world, may have not only a profession but a husband and children too.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Maude Radford Warren on professional women. The second will appear in an early number.



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How Sealshipt Supervision Safeguards Oysters

Sealshipt Oysters are fresh and sea flavored. They are plump and meaty. They are delicious and wholesome. But above all—they are *superlatively pure*. From the moment they are planted in our ocean gardens until they come to your table Sealshipt Oysters are under supervision of the Sealshipt System. This is the original hygienic system of shipping oysters, after which was modeled the Pure Food Law governing the handling of oysters.

Even the waters where Sealshipt Oysters are grown are subjected to extraordinary measures to *insure absolute purity of product*.

In addition to being under constant supervision of State and Federal Government, these waters are analyzed regularly for us by the Lederle Laboratories.

The same precautions for *purity* are rigidly observed in the *packing* and *shipping* of Sealshipt Oysters—in their *transportation*—and in their *sale* by registered agents of the Sealshipt System.

Sealshipt Oysters are shipped *under seal*—in sanitary, air-tight containers. They are sold you from porcelain store refrigerators as sweet and immaculate as your own tableware. They are handed you in our wax-lined paper pails.

Thus in Sealshipt Oysters you not only have oysters with the true oyster flavor—*the delicious tang of the sea*—but you have oysters that you know are *pure*.

Sealshipt Oysters

Purity Protected from Oyster Beds to Your Table

In Sealshipt Oysters you have your choice of the world's best oysters, Blue Points, Northports, Narragansetts or Gults.

Sealshipt Blue Points are the "aristocrats" of oysterdom. White in color, and delicious in flavor these oysters are esteemed by oyster lovers the world over.

Northport Oysters are large meaty oysters, luscious in quality, with the delectable salty savor of the sea.

Narragansett Bay yields a beautiful steel gray oyster of piquant flavor. Chesapeakes are smaller oysters with a brownish tinge and smooth delicate taste. While Gulf Oysters are large in size and noted for their nut like sweetness.

Like all good things Sealshipt Oysters are imitated. You don't want inferior oysters when Sealshipt Oysters with purity, flavor and freshness insured are *just as easy to get*.

The Sealshipticase is Your Safeguard

So for your own sake be careful. Find our Blue and White Sealshipticase in the store where you get your oysters.

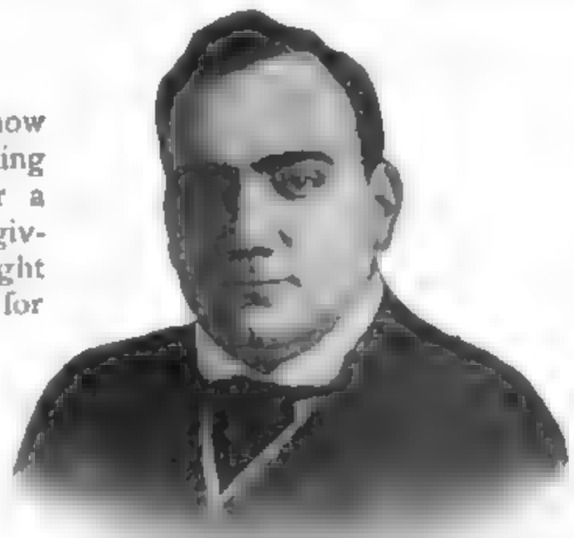
The Blue and White Porcelain Store Fixture from which Sealshipt Oysters are sold

To Dealers Everywhere We want registered agents for the Sealshipt Oyster System in every city and town in the United States and Canada. Send for our book and full particulars regarding our co-operative plan of selling Sealshipt Oysters. Address Dept. F, Sealshipt Oyster System, South Norwalk, Conn.

Sealshipt Oyster System
General Offices: South Norwalk, Conn.
Members of American Association

"I have renewed the agreement now existing between the Victor Talking Machine Company and myself for a further period of twenty-five years, giving to this Company the exclusive right to make and sell records of my voice for the entire world."

Enrico Caruso



CARUSO

The world's gr
make records only
They are extremely jealo
know that only the Victor
as clear and true as life itsel

MELBA

"I have found Victor Records really wonderful reproductions of my singing."

Nellie Melba

GADSKI

"Every true artist is constantly endeavoring to improve tone production. The quality of my voice in my new Victor Records is so perfectly reproduced that when I study I use them as a standard for comparison."

Johanna Gadski

"Today the Victor with the new Victor Records is the most relentless but the most just critic, as it reproduces absolutely what the artist has done."

Ernestine Schumann-Heink

SCHUMANN-HEINK

The height of per
the new Victor Recor
of wonderful.

Hear some of these new re
and you'll realize as you can
advances recently made in the

eatest singers
for the Victor.
us of their art, and they
brings out their voices
f.

FARRAR

"Friends may admire, critics praise or condemn, but the Victor, in its new and improved records, decides with unprejudiced fidelity."

Geraldine Farrar

SEMBRICH

"The reproductions of the selections I sang for Victor Records are wonderfully life-like—they reproduce the natural quality of the human voice."

Marcella Sembrich

fection reached in
rds is nothing short

cords at any Victor dealer's
in no other way the great
art of Victor recording.

HOMER

"The reproductions of the new Victor Records are *wonderful*. It is my great desire now to seal up and preserve a complete set for my children."

Louise Homer

SCOTTI

"The improvement in Victor recording during the past year has been so great that a singer is compelled to give the matter of making Victor Records the most serious and conscientious consideration."

A. Scotti

SELLING YOUR BRAINS TO YOURSELF

By George Frederic Stratton

HE WAS an old New England farmer who voiced this opinion—a David Harum stamp of man

"Most men's success in life," he remarked, "gets started in 'bout the same way most men get married. A feller sees a girl an' says to himself, 'Gee! She's a nice little thing!'—an' he goes home an' thinks about her; an' the first thing he knows he's married an' buyin' shoes fer th' kids. It's all in wantin' something bad an' makin' up your mind you're goin' to get it!"

In a recent address Charles F. Pidgin, former chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, said that only eighteen per cent of the employees on wages and salaries in Massachusetts make over six hundred dollars a year. The total number of employees is over five hundred thousand.

A statistical fact seldom excites anything more than a little surprise, even among those upon whom it should make a very distinct and clearcut impression. It needs analyzing and studying. For instance, no man—if he will give the matter a little thought—will assume that, because over four hundred thousand persons in Massachusetts do not get better than six hundred dollars a year for their services, their brains are incapable of earning more. Many are on manual labor, many others are on automatic machinery, and others are on routine work in stores and offices. All are doing the work they were hired to do, using the probably small proportion of brain ability that the work demands and letting the rest of it rust out. They are realizing, for their entire brain capacity, thirty, forty or fifty dollars a month; and the employer is using only a portion of this capacity. They might, to immense advantage, sell the remainder of it to themselves.

They would have to pay for it, the same as the employer has to pay for what he uses, but the price would not be in dollars and cents. It would be in time put into development and training, which in themselves open a man's mind and eyes to capacity unsuspected before and to opportunities for advancement that had previously appeared to be hopelessly closed doors.

A Lumber Man's Rise

A few years ago a young man was employed in the office of a great lumber-dealing company. His work was purely routine—checking stock measurements—and, although he had been at the job for four years, his knowledge of lumber was absolutely nil. He hardly knew the difference between a board of pine and one of cedar. He made several efforts to get transferred to the yards on inspection and measurement, but without success; for he was a good, steady office man. He determined, however, to find out all there was to know about lumber; so he subscribed to every trade journal and studied books in the public library. He went in deep and became thoroughly familiar with the characteristics of various woods and learned where they grew. Then he came to a blank wall, for no amount of study along those lines gave him the practical knowledge he was most anxious for; so he followed up with courses in both cabinet-making and building-contracting, thus securing an exact knowledge of the woods required for special purposes in both construction and fine interior finish. He was buying his own brains with a purchase-price of evening study and active observation, while at the same time his office work was thoroughly satisfactory to the department.

His opportunity came. He was sent out to make some small collections in the absence of the regular man, and his reports of complaints of customers or inquiries for new stock displayed a knowledge of materials and equipment that astonished the chief. A rapid rise followed, and today he spends his entire time in the Southern states and South America buying fine cabinet woods for the company.

The charge that the advent of enormous industrial corporations and great aggregations of retail and wholesale merchandising has crippled opportunity is not well founded. There are more good positions than ever before. It takes as many, or more, department chiefs, superintendents, assistant superintendents, foremen and subforemen, to handle ten thousand men in one plant as it ever took to handle the same number in ten or twenty plants, and a higher order of men is demanded and paid for. It takes as many department heads, first-class clerks, good accountants and bright advertising men to meet the requirements of a great modern department store as it formerly took to manage the same volume of trade in a hundred petty stores. And these men take a higher position in the world's work—are in touch with broader men—and receive greater remuneration than was ever reached in the smaller stores.

One of the most valued inventors and designers connected with a great electrical machine plant—a man who draws ten thousand dollars yearly salary—was formerly a watchman in the plant—a crippled watchman at that. He was then young, had been crippled by an accident and was without any education to fit him for office work; but he had a bright, active brain and he sold it to himself—the company used but little of it in night-watching.

Knowledge Will Out

A watchman has a better opportunity to examine details of construction in a big plant than an ordinary workman, and our friend availed himself of this chance; but he understood nothing that he saw. A course in electrical engineering resulted. Later, when his brain perception corresponded with his eyesight, he used portions of his days in visiting outside operations—either constructive or oporative. For four years he was known only as a watchman. Then he brought to the superintendent a model of a bright improvement on some small apparatus. An interview with the manager followed, revealing the fact that the crippled watchman was an engineer with a remarkably deep knowledge of the theories of the industry and a brain of original and ingenious ideas. He was put into the engineering department, and his rise to his present position has been as valuable to his company as to himself.

There are many thousands of workmen today, especially in the building trades, who are on a regular eight-hour schedule. The difference between that and the former ten-hour day would, if devoted to brain improvement and development, pull a man out of the ranks far quicker than he could really hope for at the start. No mechanic, office-clerk or salesman can pursue a course of study along a line in touch with his work without very quickly seeing things that he could not see before; and he will as surely display his higher intelligence. No matter how secretive he may endeavor to be at first regarding his studies, he will give himself away within the first year by his unusual answers to questions about his work or by his ready understanding of some new problem: and he will quickly become a marked man. Even apart from any active demonstration of ability, his newly acquired brain development will surely enable him to avoid any errors on new work—and that fact will bring him into notice. For the man who excites no comment for blunders soon arouses curiosity.

John A. Hill, a division superintendent on the Union Pacific Railroad, once had occasion to ride down the line on a freight train and he took the cab. At the end of the trip he inquired of the engineer:

"How long have you been on this division and what have you been doing?"

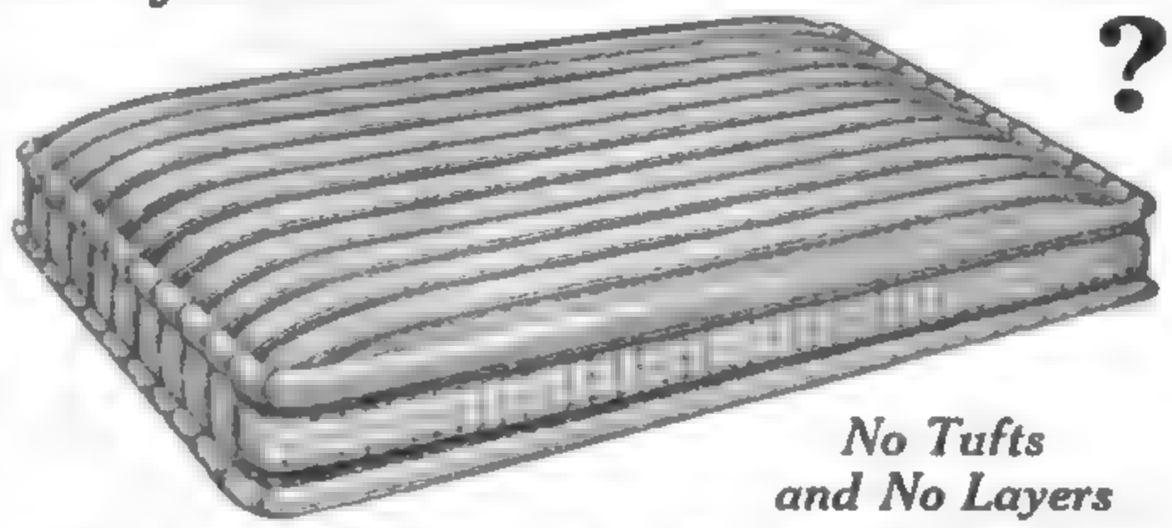
"Running Number 187 for three years," was the reply.

"You must be a mighty good man!" ejaculated Hill. "This is the first time I ever heard of you."

A month later the engineer was put on passenger service.

The woodcarver may be an expert with his tools—do exquisite handwork from drawings or examples; but how about original artistic designs?—the only thing that

Did you ever see a mattress like this ?



No Tufts and No Layers

SEALY Tuftless Mattress

This is the most comfortable mattress in the world because it gently conforms to the body in any position, giving perfect rest and permitting complete relaxation.

The Sealy Mattress is made of pure long-fibre cotton, springy and buoyant. And in the Sealy way of mattress making, the natural springiness and resiliency of this cotton is not destroyed by felting it into sheets or layers nor by tying it down with tufts.

The Sealy is made without a single tuft. When you lie down on it, its surface undulates into complete conformation to the form of your body. Thus the Sealy gives the evenly distributed support that permits full relaxation and perfect rest.

This can be said of no other mattress, and is why Sealy Tuftless Comfort is a comfort found only in the Sealy Mattress.

By the Sealy process the pure, long-fibre cotton is first blown apart by compressed air, then by the same pneumatic action blown into one giant batt five feet high, and as long and as wide as a completed mattress. This batt is then compressed down to the proper thickness and encased in the tick.

The Sealy is made of pure cotton and formed by pure air. It is the cleanest thing you can sleep on. The cotton is made into mattresses right on the plantation where it is grown. It is not shipped or handled. It passes through no dusty, dirty, typical mattress factory. The cotton does not have its "life" destroyed by any picking or rolling machine. The Sealy is nature's bed.

The Sealy is the Only Mattress with this Triple Guarantee:

Here is the SEALY Triple Guarantee:
First:—We guarantee the Sealy to be made entirely of pure, new, long-fibre cotton, without linters or mill-waste. (Do not buy any mattress sold as cotton without such a guarantee.)
Second:—We guarantee the Sealy for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.
Third:—We guarantee that after 60 nights' trial you will pronounce the Sealy the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or your money back.

SEALY MATTRESSES are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A., Bookfold Sateen or Mercerized Art Tickings, either in Plain Edge or in the new Imperial Roll Edge like illustration above. Prices: Plain Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking $15, Art Ticking $19. Roll Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking $20, Art Ticking $25.

Send for our booklet, "The Real Difference in Mattresses"

It describes the SEALY still more fully. We want you to read it. We will also give you the name of our representative where you can see "The mattress that puts them all to sleep."

SEALY MATTRESS CO., Dept. D, Houston, Texas

Factories (also Offices) at our 14,000 acre cotton plantation, Sugarland, Texas.

A downy fleece-lining makes *Lambsdown* luxuriously comfortable. Its thickness and softness give grateful warmth. Its superior making insures remarkable durability.

Lambsdown
Fleece-Lined Underwear

Lambsdown is the reliable fleece-lined underwear—preferred for years by thousands of men and boys. For it is the sensible and practical protection against the cold and draughts.

No underwear is more comforting to the body. None gives an easier, smoother fit. And none keeps the body so dry and warm. That is why *Lambsdown* is a great health underwear.

For Men and Boys
in separate garments and union suits at 50c, 75c and up.

Lambsdown is one of the famous Bodygard Underwears. When buying underwear look for the Bodygard shield. It is your safeguard. At most dealers. If yours cannot supply you—

Write for Bodygard Underwear Book No. 26

Utica Knitting Co., Utica, N. Y.
Makers of Bodygard Underwear—including Velastic, Twolayr and Springtex

will really place him far above the other fellows. This branch requires a study of art principles and practice with the pencil as well as with the chisel. The bookkeeper may go through the year without making one error, but does he understand well the inside matters of banking, finance and credits, or the newest and brightest methods of distributing and advertising? In short, is he qualifying himself for the possible position of assistant manager and, later, of manager?

An official of one of the great typewriter manufacturing companies is very emphatic in the following statement:

"There is not a man in our employ, from the poorest mechanic up to the most successful salesman, who could not vastly increase his value to himself and to us by association with the right men. The machinist or pattern-maker who cultivates the acquaintance of other men of the same trade engaged in other plants learns of new ways of handling work and of new equipment; and if he discusses those methods in a frank, honest and receptive manner he broadens out wonderfully. The salesman who is in friendly relation with other salesmen, even though in entirely different lines, will continually secure—if he cares to look for them—little or big points on bright methods of approach and how to change the dealer's 'No' into 'Yes.' No man holding an important position in an up-to-date, active business would think of ignoring the fine opportunities of a club or an association where he may be in frequent contact with other active business men; but very few of the smaller men understand or appreciate the value of such association. When the whistle blows and the office closes their minds are utterly and totally withdrawn from their work. One evening a week spent socially with men who are in the same or more important lines would infallibly result in a development of comprehension, interest, energy and ingenuity, with a resultant decided increase in the value of their services."

Useful Trade Clubs

In one of the New England cities there was formed, a few years ago, an association of retail clerks. It originated with the grocery clerks, the primary object being a mutual benefit fund for sickness and the improvement of working conditions. No improvement of self was contemplated—that came by accident. A smoke-talk was held weekly; and at the third meeting a visitor was received—the sales-agent of a standard preparation company. He was invited simply because he was known to all as a very entertaining story-teller and most genial companion. He was called upon for a speech and made one that was a surprise and revelation to the club. Interspersed with humorous anecdotes was a fascinatingly interesting description of stores he visited, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. He understood his audience, and he told of new stunts in displaying, handling and delivering stock. One of the members afterward said emphatically:

"In twelve years of store work in this old town I hadn't learned so much about real business as I learned that night!"

There has never been, since that night, a smoke-talk held without some outside visitor to relate experiences. They corral any drummer who happens to be in town at the time and make him talk; and the employers have frequently requested invitations to these meetings. Today it is practically a club of both employers and employees. The largest dealer in town—a very progressive man—once laughingly said:

"There is only one 'out' about it. The clerks of this town have acquired such an excellent reputation that we can't keep them. Often, when outside dealers want a good man for special department work, they come to this town and coax one away. Of course we can't afford to pay a manager's salary to every man. Apart from that the association has been immensely beneficial to both the employers and the employees. We get together on any question as to the working conditions and always reach an adjustment without friction. A few years ago a large proportion of our stores here were old-fashioned and untidy. Instead of being up to date they were a decade behind. Today they are mostly wideawake and on their feet. Instead of opening at six o'clock in the morning and staying open as long as there is a possibility of a customer coming in—perhaps for a yeastcake—the hours now are from seven A. M. to six P. M., sharp. The coöperation of the clerks has brought it all about. The salaries are higher, but we can afford that because business is done with less waste and more snap."

The American Institute of Banking is an organization for the purposes stated in the following terms:

"To educate bank clerks for positions higher up—to broaden the minds of the members and fit them for higher duties and larger responsibilities than they are now able to assume."

Meetings are held weekly—three in each month being devoted to addresses by prominent officials and business men; the fourth is an open social meeting. There are more than fifty branches of this association and the total membership is ten thousand.

The man who considers it a duty to grasp the advantages of such an association, irrespective of his disposition in the matter, is wise. He may be paying a price by the relinquishment of some more appealing recreation or occupation, but he is paying for bigger brains, clearer understanding of his present work and broader outlook on the possibilities.

"Bricks and mortar," said the late Phillips Brooks, "are simply bricks and mortar until the architect makes them into something else!"

A great many men are so situated as to be outside the possibility of regular association with men who could help them, or whom they themselves might help. Clerks in way-back country stores, mechanics in small, one-factory towns, or young engineers or construction men engaged on outlying railroad work or power developments back in the mountains—such men must enlist ingenuity and determination as the purchasing factors for bigger brains. If one could get down to the bottom facts of every successful man's early development surprising methods would be revealed.

A clerk in a Far-West general store, twelve miles from a railroad, with no knowledge of the methods employed in large city stores, got aroused by the advertisements in a city newspaper. His interest grew and he subscribed to no less than ten papers—published in the East and West—for the sole purpose of studying those advertisements. Then he got trade journals. Two years later he secured a job in a much larger store situated in a new and growing town. Although he was hired as a green country clerk, inside of three months he suggested, and saw adopted, improvements in handling, displaying and advertising that had never come into the minds of the proprietors.

In one year he was head man; and those who watched him closely say that he was the chief instrument in doubling the sales during that year.

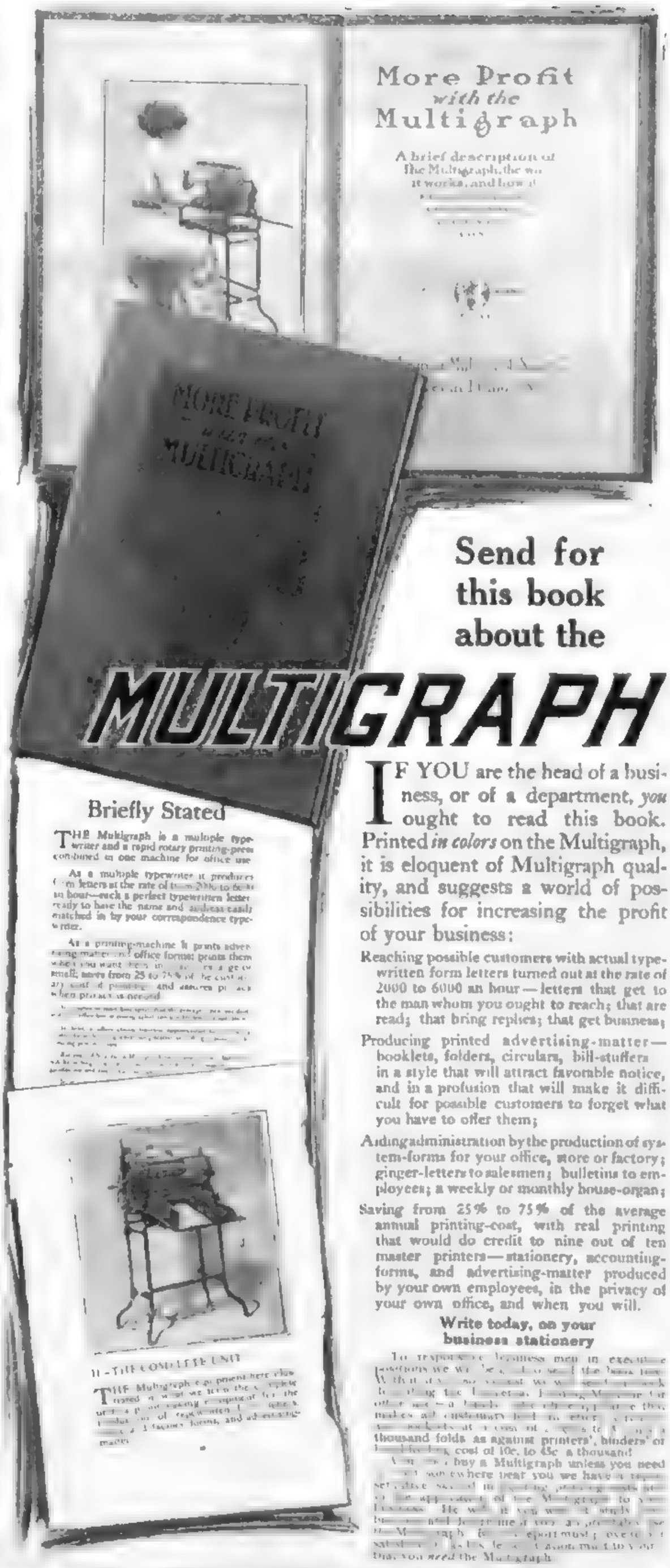
How Mr. Mudge Got On

Henry U. Mudge, president of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, commenced as water-boy and laborer on the Sante Fe. When winter stopped the construction work he was laid off, but he went to a small station—Sterling—and agreed with the agent to sweep out and handle baggage in return for being taught telegraphy. In three months he was an operator. From then on through the jobs of brakeman, conductor, train-master and general manager he rose to his present position.

Here's what an old acquaintance—a brakeman on the division where young Mudge started—says of him:

"I'll bet he was never on one job that he wasn't gettin' ready fer another! Look how he learnt the telegraft; and then when he was operating he always had a cigar to hand out to a brakeman or conductor who'd tell him about way-bills and running orders. He'd sooner ride a handcar with the track inspector than go to a circus. He'd run a mile errand for any engineer who'd answer a few questions about the loco. He even tackled the paymaster's clerk once, to see how the payrolls were made up. When he was a kid no two or three men could get talking together but what he'd be edging up to listen. He knew the name of every man on the division and the numbers of the locos. We used to call him the 'Bulletin,' 'cause he was always posted! And now he's at the top, with a clear right-o'-way, an' runnin' on special time—sure!"

Yes, it's all in "wantin' somethin' bad, an' makin' up yer mind you're goin' to get it!"



IF YOU are the head of a business, or of a department, *you* ought to read this book. Printed *in colors* on the Multigraph, it is eloquent of Multigraph quality, and suggests a world of possibilities for increasing the profit of your business:

Reaching possible customers with actual typewritten form letters turned out at the rate of 2000 to 6000 an hour—letters that get to the man whom you ought to reach; that are read; that bring replies; that get business;

Producing printed advertising-matter—booklets, folders, circulars, bill-stuffers in a style that will attract favorable notice, and in a profusion that will make it difficult for possible customers to forget what you have to offer them;

Aiding administration by the production of system-forms for your office, store or factory; ginger-letters to salesmen; bulletins to employees; a weekly or monthly house-organ;

Saving from 25% to 75% of the average annual printing-cost, with real printing that would do credit to nine out of ten master printers—stationery, accounting-forms, and advertising-matter produced by your own employees, in the privacy of your own office, and when you will.

Write today, on your business stationery

To responsible business men in executive positions we will [illegible] the Multigraph [illegible] thousand folds as against printers', binders' or [illegible] cost of 10c. to 45c a thousand.

[illegible] buy a Multigraph unless you need [illegible] where [illegible] that you *need* the Multigraph.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices and Factory, 1800 E. 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

BRANCH OFFICES—Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Albany, N. Y.; Atlanta, Ga.; Baltimore, Md.; Birmingham, Ala.; Boston, Mass.; Buffalo, N. Y.; [illegible] Los Angeles, [illegible] Minneapolis, Minn.; Montreal, Que.; Nashville, Tenn.; Newark, N. J.; New Orleans, La.; New York, N. Y.; Norfolk, Va.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Portland, Ore.; Providence, R. I.; Richmond, Va.; Rochester, N. Y.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Antonio, Tex.; San Francisco, Cal.; Scranton, Pa.; Seattle, Wash.; Spokane, Wash.; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Toronto, Ont.; Vancouver, B. C.; Washington, D. C.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Wichita, Kan.; Winnipeg, Man.

European Representatives: **The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen Street, London, E. C., Eng.**

When Ford Speaks

Here's an announcement that will be welcomed by all people, who contemplate buying an automobile.

Model T Touring Car $780.00

The same car without the following equipment:—Extension Top, Automatic Brass Windshield, Two 6-inch Gas Lamps, Generator and Speedometer, ... $700.00

¶ **The "reason why" can be given in very few words: We are in the position to do business on a small profit.**

¶ **There is no philanthropy in this; we believe it to be good business** judgment

¶ **When Henry Ford built his first automobile, he realized its importance** as a factor in the progressive business life of America and he determined to build a motor car that would have the largest demand from ALL the people. He knew that such a car must be light in weight, reliable in construction, inexpensive to maintain and low in price.

¶ **From that memorable day in 1903 when the FORD MOTOR** COMPANY was organized, there has been no halt in the march of achievement. Ford has been "doing things" every day working to one purpose: A car for the people with a price the people can pay

¶ **To fully achieve this purpose FORD cars must be made in such** large quantities that a small margin over the cost would produce a satisfactory profit. Continuous quantity demand could only be assured through quality.

¶ **To establish this quality, there must be specialization and organ-**ization to accompany inventive and mechanical genius.

¶ **From the beginning all FORD efforts have been concentrated** upon one model Concentration is a fixed principle with Mr. Ford, in order that perfection of product may be had. And so, throughout the entire vast plant, in every department, every man and every machine is busy on the production of this one model.

¶ **The ideal FORD Model T was attained in 1908. Since that time** there has been little change in its design, but a continuous refinement in mechanical construction, each year bringing the Model T nearer the perfect automobile.

¶ **We are going to make the FORD Model T indefinitely. All the** necessary experiments have been made and paid for.

¶ **We have built and fully equipped the most complete automobile** manufacturing plant in the world. All has been paid for from the profits earned on the business of previous years.

¶ **We have no bond issues to pay off. There are no mortgages upon our property. We have no loans to repay. We have no indebtedness. We do business on the "spot cash" discount basis, purchasing in large quantities, commanding the lowest prices in the market of materials. Therefore we can well afford to sell the FORD Model T at the above low prices.**

¶ **The FORD Model T costs us the same to make this year as it** did last year and there has been no sacrifice in quality because of the lower price

¶ **Our factory is built for quantity production. (285 complete FORD** cars have been turned out in one day.) We can make 30,000 cars cheaper than we can make 10,000. Where labor costs us one dollar, our overhead expenses cost a dollar and a half. Our factory is built to profit from quantity production. Thus, by reducing overhead cost per car we will build 30,000 cars for 1911 at a less ratio of overhead cost per car than it did to make the 20,000 cars in 1910 though materials and labor command the same prices.

¶ **Our normal working force is 4,000 men, building 30,000 cars.** Contrast this with factories employing from 7,000 to 12,000 men and making only 10,000 cars. Wages are a part of the cost of any car. Here's where FORD factory equipment and manufacturing organization reduces cost of production, while accentuating excellence in the quality of FORD cars. We can therefore afford to sell on a small margin of profit.

¶ **These are some of the reasons for the prices quoted above.**

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

Ford Factories, Assembling Plants and Branch Houses

Main Office and Old Factory—Detroit, Piquette and Beaubien Sts.
New Factory—Highland Park, Woodward and Manchester Aves.
Canadian Factory—Walkerville, Ont., Sandwich St. East.

Western Assembling Plant—Kansas City, 11th and Winchester Aves.
Eastern Assembling Plant—Long Island City, corner Jackson Avenue and Honeywell St.

BRANCH HOUSES:
Atlanta—311 Peachtree Street.
Boston—147 Columbus Avenue.
Buffalo—727 Main Street.
Chicago—1444 Michigan Avenue.
Cincinnati—911 Race Street.

the world listens

"Buy a Ford car because it is a better car—not because it is cheaper."—*Henry Ford.*

Model T Roadster $680.00

The same car without the following equipment:—Extension Top, Automatic Brass Windshield, Two 6-inch Gas Lamps, Generator and Speedometer, ... **$600.00**

¶ 49,600 FORD owners are this minute proving the durability and economy of FORD construction. 49,600 FORD owners know that the FORD is built so light and yet so strong that it costs less to maintain than any other car. That is why the FORD is now and will continue to be the favorite and foremost among all family cars.

¶ The FORD Model T is in every essential the same FORD of 1908, 1909 and 1910, the only difference being an advance in the refinement of several important features.

¶ The FORD Model T has met all the demands of city and country life. It is the family car of pleasure, the fast car for the busy business men, the reliable car day and night for the doctor, the dependable car on the farm,—all because of its being built to fill a practical mission, a car for the people, and at a price they can pay It is light in weight, yet of giant strength in mechanical construction,—a car of Vanadium steel

¶ Every strain-bearing metal part of a FORD car is scientifically treated by passing through from three to four ovens, equipped with electrical temperature devices. Not one vital part is thus treated, but each bit from crank shaft to fender iron. (A FORD car may be lifted by its four fenders.) Strains are considered—sudden shocks, torsional strain and vibration. Pivots are necessarily differently treated than shaft drives because of the different strain to which they are subjected.

¶ The FORD steel treating plant, perfected by Henry Ford, is the most complete in the world, possessing its own FORD steel analyses and quenching formulæ

¶ The FORD Model T car weighs 1200 pounds, possessing one horse-power for each 53 pounds The average touring car possesses one horse-power for each 70 pounds. A 1200-pound car takes less power than a 2000-pound car; therefore, in the FORD the power goes to carry load and not the car. A 1200-pound car will not wear out a tire as quickly as a 2000-pound car. A 1200-pound car passes over a rough road with scientifically proportioned tires much easier and quicker than a car of 2000 pounds. Two and two still make four—and the light weight FORD car is still unapproachable by any other car of the same capacity in the smallness of operating expenses. You will admit this is significant.

¶ FORD ingenuity has originated brakes, with a braking surface of 6.1 square inches per pound weight; the average is 5.1 square inch. FORD tires are the largest per pound weight of any automobile—2.33 cubic inches of tire per pound. Hence the FORD tire economy. There is no necessity for a FORD Model T to be equipped with extra tires.

¶ The FORD magneto is an integral part of the unit power plant. No batteries are used, no brushes, gearing, or moving wires. Trouble makers have been banished. The whole is carried in the flywheel casing. A slight movement of the flywheel generates current enough to make a powerful spark.

¶ Vanadium steel causes FORD repair bills to be less. FORD weight proportionate to the horse-power causes fuel bills to be smaller—tires to cost less. One gallon of gasoline carries a FORD twenty to twenty-five miles. One set of tires carries a FORD from 5,000 to 10,000 miles.

¶ The quality of materials and strength of mechanical construction carry it safely over bad roads, while the lightness in weight means no limit of service for the power generated by the motor.

¶ FORD "OWNERS' SERVICE" means satisfaction during the life of your car. Strike a radius of fifty miles in almost any part of the country and there is a FORD dealer within it. Every FORD dealer must carry a full stock of repair parts. At our 25 branch houses our stock of repair parts is in every way as complete as our stock at the factory. With our numerous branch houses and thousands of dealers located in all parts of the world, FORD "owners' service" is and has been the best owners' service furnished to any motor car owner The FORD repair parts list contains the price of each replacement which an owner might need.

¶ That is what FORD "OWNERS' SERVICE" means.

¶ Surely the FORD is the car you want. Make arrangements with the nearest FORD dealer for a demonstration. Send direct to factory at Detroit for FORD descriptive literature.

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New York—1723 Broadway.
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Paris—6 du rue Auber.
Philadelphia—250 N. Broad Street
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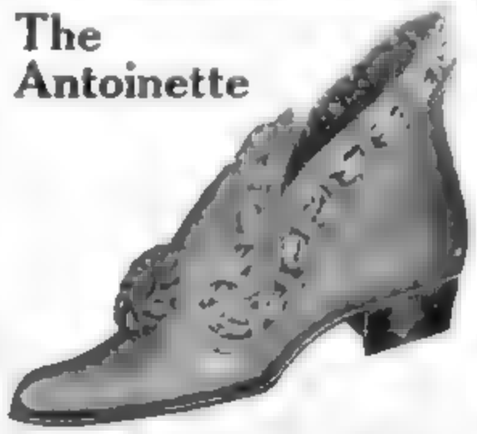
Ford

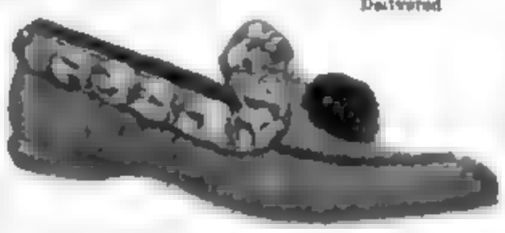
COMFY
Footwear

The Antoinette



Our newest and best. Made of fine Comfy Felt with noiseless belting-leather soles and low heels. Trimmed with ribbon in colors to match. This is perfection in a slipper to cover the whole foot.

Women's only. Colors: Red, Brown, Gray. Price $1.75 Delivered



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A necessity for shaving with ease. Will last a lifetime. Always useful. Five inch glass, $1.00. With French beveled mirror and pigskin case, $2.00.

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Perhaps your eyes are weary of seeing the same general cut glass designs on every sideboard. You'll find refreshing originality and charm in the new cuttings of

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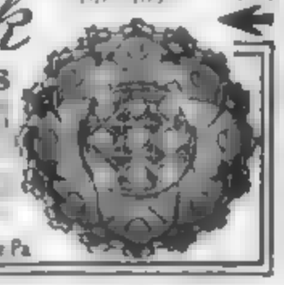

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R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Div. 35, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

BUCKING THE HUDSON'S BAY

(Continued from Page 4)

on the frontier of the American continent. They took up the work of the pioneer free-traders—Twelve-foot Davis and others—but they also were dangerous not so much in themselves, or even in their money, as in their principles.

Up to this time, since 1670, furs had been bought and paid for in trade goods, not in cash. The natives did not know what money was. They had no idea of values. It was an insidious and deadly thing to do, this teaching a red man what a dollar was and what it ought to buy. Up to this time a "skin" in trade had been fifty cents—that is, two skins made a dollar. Some traders began to make three skins to the dollar. Twelve-foot Davis began that, a fact witnessed by the name of an old Indian who today is called "Old Thousand-Skins"; he got his name because he secured from Davis a "debt" or advancement of a thousand "skins," or $333.33. It did not take the half-breed who brought in the furs long to learn the value of a paper dollar or a silver half dollar or a silver shilling.

Closely identified with the advent of the French Company into the old Hudson's Bay regions was another independent trader, a sort of adopted son of old Twelve-foot Davis and one of the boldest and most interesting figures among the many late invaders of the ancient realm. This was James K. Cornwall, of Canadian birth but American education in methods of getting on. Cornwall started out in life with a fine physique and a good confidence in himself. He rustled in various ways here and there and at one time had the honor of going broke on the Chicago Board of Trade. After that, feeling himself fitted better for a life on the frontier, he joined in the northbound Klondike rush which tried to get in on the Yukon by way of Winnipeg and Edmonton.

Cornwall did not have money enough to engage in the unholy merchandising in which unscrupulous men sold outfits to Klondikers and started them out over the mythical "Ogilvie Trail," which, in fact, did not exist or which led nowhere except to disaster; but he went on with the rest as far as the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca. Here he found the massed Klondikers, all trying to get downstream to the Mackenzie River. There were scores and hundreds of scows owned by men who were paying all kinds of prices for pilots who could run their boats through these notoriously dangerous waters. The Mounted Police had men stationed at the rapids, who stopped all boats that did not have a pilot; for it was no better than suicide to venture into the Grand Rapids ignorantly.

Cornwall Turns Pilot

Now Cornwall knew none too much of white water and he had never seen these rapids before, but he knew perfectly well that he needed the money. He went to one of the breeds who was taking a Hudson's Bay boat through.

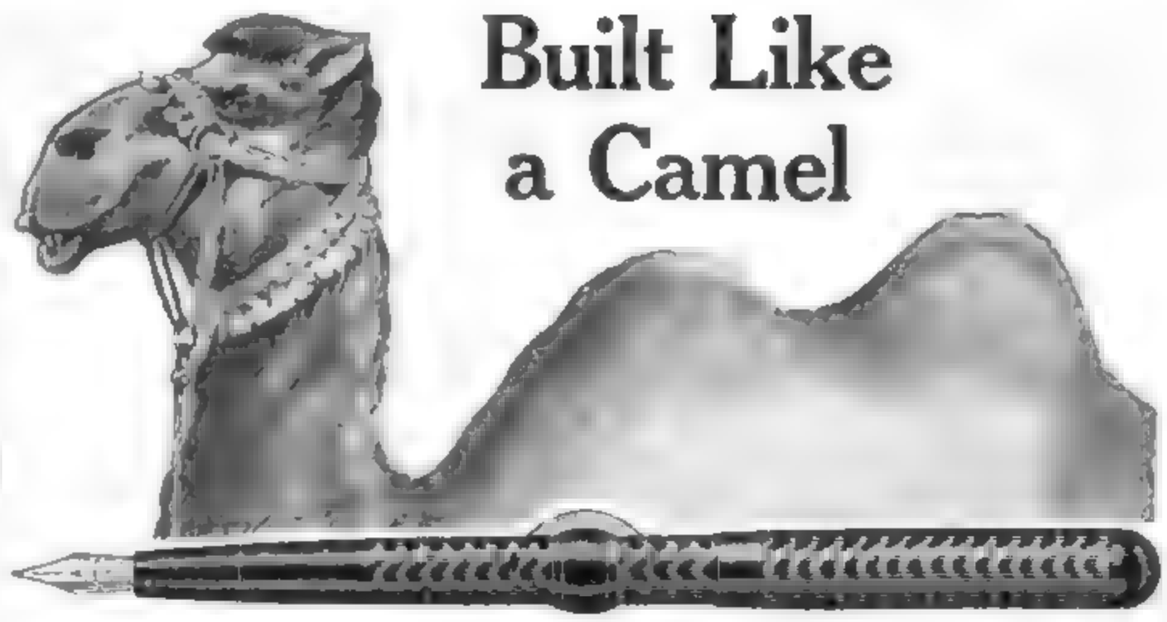
"Let me go through with you," he said.

He looked good to the pilot as he stood there in his moccasins and he was allowed to go through as aide. He watched the waters carefully. It was going to be worth money to him to know where every rock and chute in that turbulent channel was located. No one who has not seen the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca can tell just what confidence it takes to reach the decision that he reached in that first voyage through. Cornwall concluded that every pilot had to have a first trip, that he had to learn some time, and that he himself had now had his first trip and that he had learned. So he footed it back over the portage to the head of the rapids, and offered his services as a full-fledged pilot—terms, fifty dollars a boat—to go through the rapids; nothing was guaranteed. He took one boat through successfully, hoofed it up again over the portage and, stalwart and ragged, approached Sergeant Anderson in charge of the Mounted Police at the rapids.

"Who are you?" asked the stalwart sergeant, gazing at the newcomer, who was as stalwart as himself, more ragged and with as gray an eye.

"I am Jim Cornwall and I am broke," was the answer. "I'm a pilot on these

Built Like a Camel



A camel can go days and days without a drink—so can the Conklin Pen. A camel utilizes its hump when traveling—so does the Conklin Pen which *fills itself instantly* at any inkwell by means of its wonderful "*Crescent-Filler*." A camel goes where other animals would die of thirst—just as the Conklin Pen goes writing on and on long after other pens *have* died of thirst. In other words,

CONKLIN'S
Self-Filling Fountain Pen

is distinctly "The *Business* Pen"—made to work and work *well* under writing conditions usual and unusual. It fills itself anywhere, at any time, with any kind of ink, by simply dipping in the nearest ink bottle and pressing the "*Crescent-Filler*."

If for nothing else, the Conklin would stand first because of its self-filling and never-without-ink advantages. But when to these you add its wonderfully smooth writing qualities—its absolute cleanness under all conditions, whether filling, writing or carrying—and, above all, its day in and day out serviceability, you have indeed a pen that has won its name as "The BUSINESS Pen."

The Conklin reservoir is guaranteed for five years. Hard iridium-tipped 14-K gold pens for all purposes—ordinary writing, bookkeeping, stenography, manifolding, etc., etc. A point for every purpose.

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Bishopric Wall Board is made of kiln-dried dressed lath, IMBEDDED in hot Asphalt Mastic, and surfaced with sized Cardboard. It is cut at the factory into uniform sheets 4 x 4 ft., 4 x 8 ft., and three-eighths of an inch thick. These sheets are delivered in crates and are easily and quickly applied to studding, ready for wall paper, paint or burlap. It is guaranteed.

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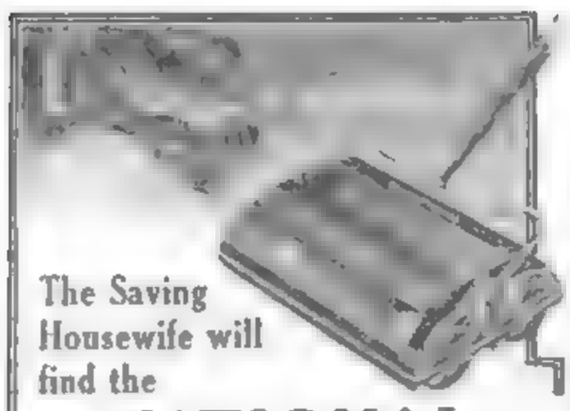

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will greatly help her to save her strength—her [illegible] her money

[illegible] easily prevents wear on the system.

[illegible] Hankow Chinese" bristle [illegible] cleaner than and outlasts any sweeper in the world.

Saves wear and tear on Carpets and Rugs by sweeping thoroughly first time over.

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Brush easily removed—slight pressure on handle adjusts it to long or short nap

Sold everywhere—costs no more than others—ask any dealer to show you a "National."

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In every city We offer you a big oppor[illegible] No competition [illegible] quick [illegible] New [illegible]

New patented, 1 writing office device that will be used in every business office within a year.

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[illegible] Nothing to press to feed the water [illegible]

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A most comfortable and stylish ARROW COLLAR

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rapids and I'm going to be busy here all summer. I want you to stake me with grub while I'm here making some money. I'll replace your stores when I get time to go back to Edmonton."

The friendship that began between these two men has lasted until today. The supplies of grub which Anderson advanced to the new pilot were returned pound for pound when the latter went out that fall. How many boats he took through the rapids is not known, but it is said that he never lost a boat or injured a cargo, which proved that he was fit for the frontier.

The tents of civilization did not look good to Cornwall after these exciting days. He knew something of the profits of the fur trade and he resolved to get into the game instead of going back to the States or going on to the Klondike. There was something about his inches and his eye that made people believe in him. Within a year or so after the time he had struck Edmonton broke, he was able to get a line of credit said by some of his admirers to have reached ninety thousand dollars. Money was coming easily then, after the Klondikers had passed through. He had attached himself to the firm of Breedon & Roberts, being resolved to buck the Hudson's Bay. This firm was well spread out in the way of credits and the Edmonton supply houses were cautious. Anyhow, this is one instance where a bold bid for credit made a fortune. Pretty soon the firm was Breedon, Cornwall & Roberts, and not long afterward Cornwall bought out Roberts. Breedon & Cornwall made good on their obligations and went to the front all along the line of the independents. Ultimately Cornwall himself was the firm.

Nine years ago he went to Revillon Frères at one of their more important posts, at a good strategic position in the Slave Lake country, and horrified the representative by proposing to buy him out. Hastily refused, Cornwall smiled. Within a year he had bought out this competitor. Within three years, or about six years ago, the French Company, in turn, had bought out Cornwall. After that, the warfare stopped for a while, all the independents being wiped out; only the French Company and the English Company remained on the old and much-fought field.

Cornwall Makes His Fortune

Again, it was not so much the man who was dangerous as the ideas that the man brought in. Hitherto most of the independents had kept their eyes fixed on the trading of a skin for a skin. All over that tremendous northern country the York boat and the sledge had furnished locomotion. A steamboat or so existed on the Peace River, the Mackenzie, part of the Athabasca. That a railroad should ever be projected for that country, or that the old ways would ever be changed, was something never before dreamed, even by Twelve-foot Davis and his sort of more or less honorable adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay. Cornwall, however, took down the map and began to study it—a map of a country regarding which nobody really knows very much even today, outside of certain ancient lines of travel. He figured that a railway must some day go from Edmonton to Athabasca Rapids, there to meet the steamboats on the Mackenzie River. A railroad is now building to Athabasca Landing, although not under a Cornwall charter. In time, no doubt, it will go to the edge of the Rockies, following the course of Peace River.

While other traders were grading fur, Cornwall was getting from the Dominion Government a charter for a railway known as the Alberta and Great Waterways. Of course this was called a perfectly visionary and absurd thing—as many think of a proposed railway to the western shore of Hudson's Bay itself. Cornwall bought out his partner; and presently, finding a company that could see money in such a franchise, he sold out for an unknown sum and became a wealthy man, who no longer needed to pilot boats or hike a hundred miles behind a dog sled to buy a silver fox. He could hike too—it is said that he once ran behind his dog team from Athabasca Landing to Edmonton in one day's time. It is about ninety-five miles.

It was recognized that that sort of man very naturally would be a good representative in Parliament, and he was elected to the Provincial Parliament from the Peace River district, which represented some sixty-five million acres of land, much of it,

"I Made $18,178.53 Net Profit in 1 Year Selling Chickens & Eggs"

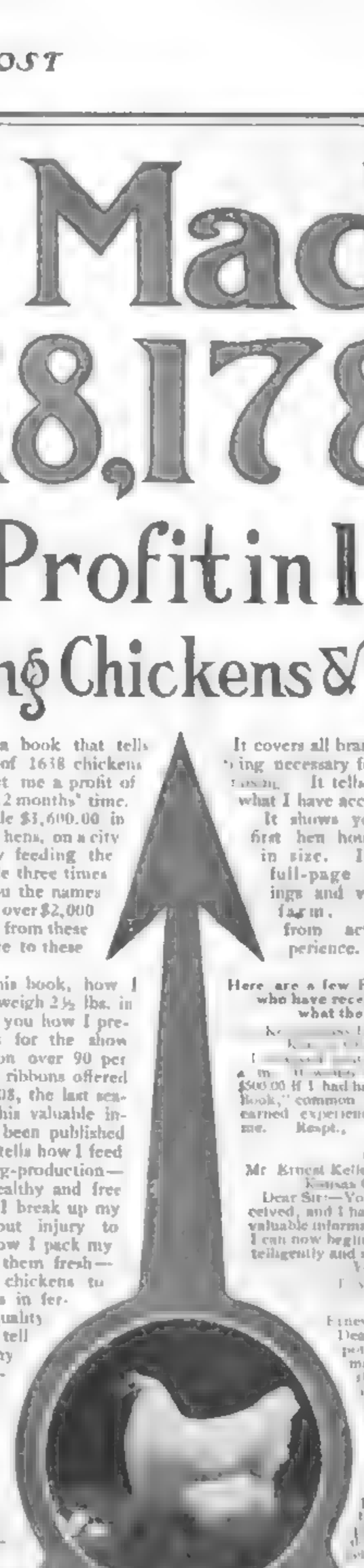
I have written a book that tells how I took a flock of 1638 chickens and made them net me a profit of $11.09 per bird in 12 months' time.

It tells how I made $3,600.00 in one season from 30 hens, on a city lot 24x40, just by feeding the scraps from my table three times a day. I'll give you the names of those who paid me over $2,000 for the eggs, alone, from these hens. You can write to these people.

I tell you, in this book, how I make my chickens weigh 2½ lbs. in eight weeks. I tell you how I prepared my chickens for the show room so that I won over 90 per cent of all the blue ribbons offered during 1907 and 1908, the last season I showed. This valuable information has never been published before. This book tells how I feed my chickens for egg-production—how I keep them healthy and free from disease—how I break up my broody hens without injury to them. I tell you how I pack my eggs so as to keep them fresh—how I mate my chickens to produce best results in fertility of eggs and quality of the offspring. I tell you how I operate my incubators and brooders—how I supply moisture. I tell you how I raised my famous $10,000 hen "Peggy"—and how I produced my big egg-laying strain. I tell about broiler-plants, egg-plants, etc.

It covers all branches—it tells everything necessary for successful poultry [illegible]. It tells how I started—and what I have accomplished.

It shows you a picture of the first hen house I built, 6x6 feet in size. It contains over 50 full-page pictures of buildings and views taken on my farm. It was written from actual, practical experience.



Here are a few Expressions from those who have received my book—see what they have to say.

[illegible] Burnett Cal

[illegible] a [illegible] $500.00 if I had had it last spring [illegible] Book," common sense learned by [illegible] earned experience. Worth $1,000.00 to me. Respt., L. R. HAYWARD

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Dear Sir:—Your late poultry book received, and I have received very much valuable information therefrom. I believe I can now begin the poultry business intelligently and successfully

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Dear Sir:—Received your book all right. Am well [illegible] dollar's worth I ever received. CHAS. P[illegible]

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It took me years to write this book. It is the result of practical experience

I have sixteen of your hens that averaged two hundred and thirty-one (231) eggs per bird in twelve months. LAWRENCE JACKSON, Pittsburg, Pa.

It was a rare treat to spend a day in September at the Kellerstrass Farm where were originated the Crystal White Orpingtons, now famous the world over. Mr Kellerstrass exhibited upwards of $[illegible]0 worth of birds at the Chicago Show.—Western Poultry Journal, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

There isn't a thing that would make you successful in the poultry business that is not fully shown and explained in this book.

Send $1.00 and I'll send you a copy of this, my latest revised poultry book.

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The Napoleon Blucher

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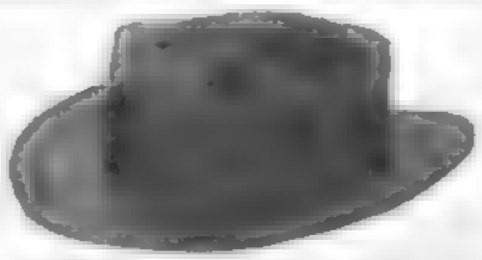

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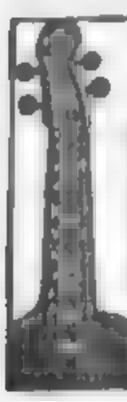

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in his belief, useful for many things besides fur raising. Once in Parliament he was investigated on account of his Great Waterways franchise, but proved that he had sold out before he was elected.

The Hudson's Bay Company by this time began to know what actual commercial competition meant. The most dangerous of all its enemies was the new idea that much of this country would raise something else besides fur. Transportation also began to come in. Cornwall, member from Peace River, joined forces with Coté, member from Athabasca. Up to this time the Dominion Government did not know there was such a country. The only government had been that of the Hudson's Bay Company itself, world without end. Cornwall and Coté got appropriations from the treasury for building bridges and improving roads. The ancient trail between Little Slave Lake and Peace River Landing, wide enough only for sledges or carts, now had more trees felled along it, widening it out for a hundred miles through the heavy poplar belt, so that the sun could get in and dry the ground. Closely following this, the telegraph line began to push up beyond Athabasca Landing. Not long ago it was completed as far to the north as Peace River Landing, the last station, for a time yet to be, thus being located at the foot of the hill where old Twelve-foot Davis lies asleep, looking out over the territory he invaded long ago. Possessed of the vision of such frontier profits as have built up most western countries, Cornwall still foresees railroads; and he has steamboats now on the Athabasca and Little Slave Lake.

As a matter of fact, all the frontiers of the Hudson's Bay Company have been more or less defenseless and sheer tradition has been the main bulwark of the old monopoly. That never was as hard a country to get into as was supposed, and today a trip even to the mouth of the Mackenzie is a matter of no special interest and no special hardship. True, the flavor of the past still reigns there. The cook on a Peace River steamboat, according to a story, not long ago was offered some fresh cucumbers and some heads of cabbage. The cucumbers he promptly threw into the river. A few of the outer leaves of the cabbage he retained, for even a Hudson's Bay cook has heard of greens. Progress comes on, yet over-slowly.

Kelly's Testimonial

The leading hotel at Athabasca Landing has a cook—but regarding this particular cook there is a story. It seems that not long ago a party of tourists were trading into that country on their own hook, and after a month or two of wilderness life they had returned to Athabasca Landing. Among the dozen young men of the party was one crafty soul by the name of Kelly.

"I say, fellows, don't you think we ought to take up a little collection to give to the cook?" suggested Kelly.

"Sure!" said everybody. "The cook—long may she wave!"

"I'll take in the collection," said one.

"No, let me!" cried another.

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Kelly severely. "I will not only take up this collection but take it in. I want to see what a woman looks like just once more."

A few moments later he emerged from behind the kitchen door, but he was minus the smile with which he had entered.

"What's the matter, Kelly?" they chorused. "Wouldn't she take it?"

"Well—er—yes," said Kelly. "But the fact is, the cook is a Chinaman!"

The progressives in the northern country would rather tell stories about the future than about the past, but any of the independent fur traders has a fund of reminiscences regarding the peculiarities of the trade. Cornwall at one time had a brilliant local representative at one of his outlying posts who prided himself on always keeping up with the times. The times seemed to advance, for his Indians all began to come in and complain about the ancient system of weights and measures that had always prevailed in the fur country. In the old times everything used to be measured by the cup, and when a trader was selling whisky or sugar it was not unusual for him to stick his thumb down into the cup when he was filling it. Some rival trader had begun to weigh things and to sell by the pound

The Indians were much interested in this new system of measurements, and they

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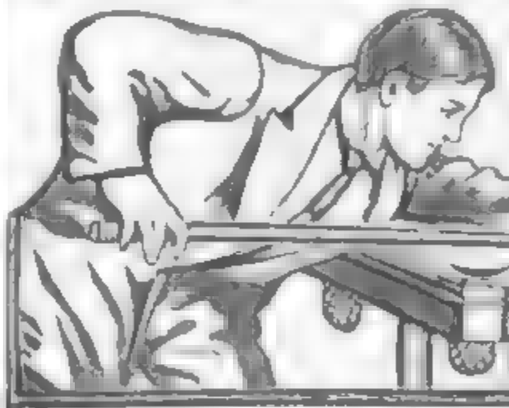

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called a grocery scale, in Cree, the "*Papa-spoò-che-gan.*" They insisted that they were not going to trade with any one who did not have a *Papa-spoò-che-gan*. The clerk, nothing daunted, rigged himself up a scale with a beam and two pans, all of which he made out of wood. This machine made a great hit with the Indians, who said it was the finest and largest *Papa-spoò-che-gan* they had seen, much superior to the *Papa-spoò-che-gan* of any other trader. The clerk accordingly sold a great many groceries and took in a great many furs.

"He was the proudest fur trader you ever saw in your life," said Cornwall, "when I dropped in there one time to check up the returns of his post. 'Hi say,' he explained to me when he showed me this *Papa-spoò-che-gan* which he had invented, 'not so bad—what? Blind my heyes, they don't get ahead of me—what?'

"'I see your scale all right, my friend, but where did you get your weights? I didn't send any weights up here.'

"'Precisely!' he answered; 'you cawn't stop a good man, you know. We're selling our tea in pound packages, aren't we what? Very good, sir. I just use a pound package of tea for my weight. I show them the scale balanced before I put in the pound of tea, and then I weigh them so many pounds of sugar or anything against so many pounds of tea. I must say they seemed awfully pleased, don't you know?'

"It seemed a good thing to me at first, but when I began to think it over I wasn't so awfully pleased myself and didn't blame the Indians for being. 'Look here,' I said to my clerk, 'did it ever occur to you to weigh your pound of tea?'

"He had never thought of that; but, as a matter of fact, the kind of tea we were selling was put up in guaranteed pound packages, and it wasn't packed the way you Americans pack your hams and bacon—there was a real pound all of tea and a lot of pasteboard and leadfoil extra. I felt a cold chill run down my back. 'Well,' I said to him, 'as near as I can figure out, I've got about four hundred dollars coming to me out of your wages, young man. You've been selling about a pound and a quarter or so of goods every time you used your pound of tea for the weight in your *Papa-spoò-che-gan*. It's no wonder to me that the Indians were pleased and that you're getting all the trade in this neighborhood!'"

Waukanagon's Lesson

"In those times we used to keep books where the Indians could have their accounts in plain sight. We would put an Indian's name on the side of a beam up in the ceiling, and then make a series of marks showing how many skins he had brought in and how much supplies he had taken out. Now, when I told this young Englishman of mine what he had been doing, you ought to see him grab a piece of charcoal and begin to falsify the accounts on those beams! He knew almighty well he was never going to be able to get any come-back from those folks on account of his *Papa-spoò-che-gan's* misdeeds. They had seen the scales balance even up. We were just in the kind of a place where we couldn't explain, and of course I had to stand the loss. But you can just bet your sweet life we fixed the *Papa-spoò-che-gan* mighty soon after that.

"You have to treat these people just like children, in one way," said the same story-teller, "and it's no use explaining anything to them in white men's terms. You have to know what is going on inside an Indian's head and you have got to make good to him on his own line of thinking, not yours. Any trader up here has got to use what you might call diplomacy once in a while. He has got to tell the truth and be honest, but once in a while he is forced into a place where he has got to invent some party-colored diplomacy, and do it quick. I often think of the experience I had with my old friend Waukanagon.

"You see, I was trying to teach the old man to farm a little bit, raise some grain and some vegetables. I took him out in the mission garden and showed him a nice lot of turnips. To show him how good they were to eat, I pulled one up, cut a chunk out of it, ate it and gave the rest to him.

"'Here you go, old man,' I said. 'You see these things growing here and you see they're good to eat. Why don't you raise some of these for yourself? They're good for your women and children to eat. I'll

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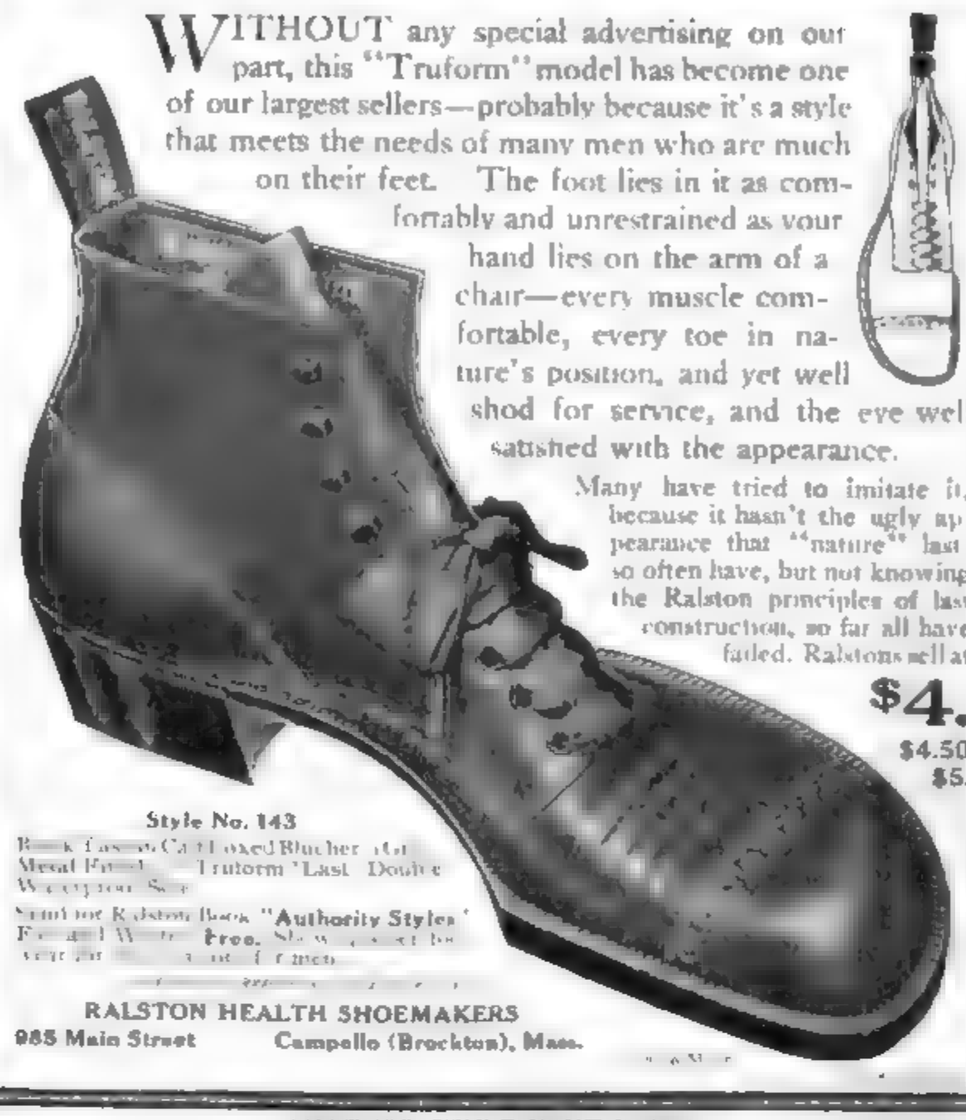

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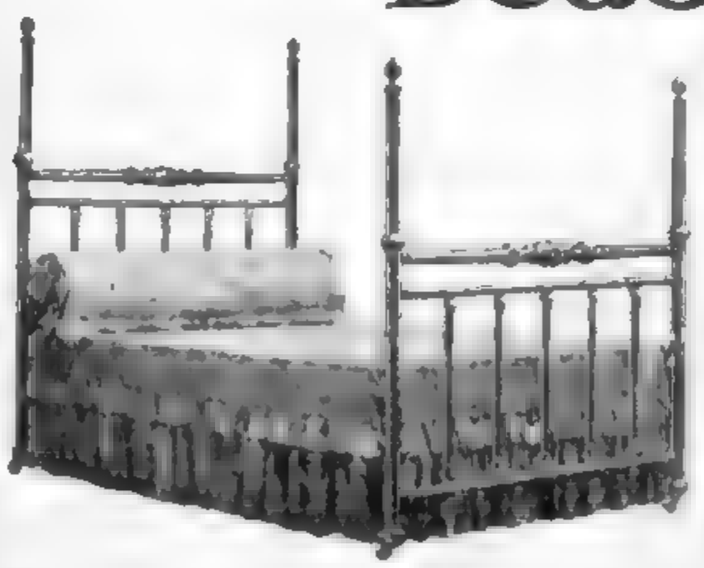

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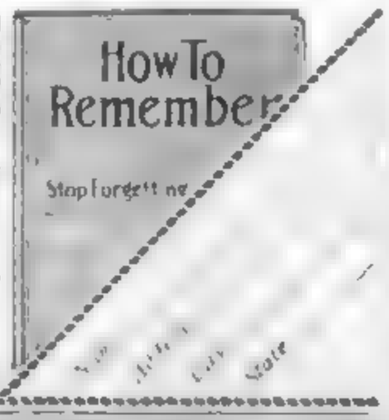

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give you a package of seeds and you just take them home and plant them next spring. In a little while you'll have the finest lot of turnips you ever saw; and all you'll have to do to get a meal will be to go out and pull it up out of the ground.' I showed him how to clear the ground and how to plant the seed, and thought I was doing him a good turn.

"The next summer, when I went through that way, I met Waukanagon, but he was not my same old friend. He was glum and sour and would hardly talk to me. I couldn't tell what was the matter at first and finally asked him outright.

"'My son,' said he, 'I have always thought you to be wise and truthful and believed that you would do what was right with your friends; but now you have made me very foolish among my own people and you have not told me the truth.'

"'What's the matter?' I asked him, but at first I couldn't get what was on his mind.

"'Well,' he said at last, 'you know those seeds that you gave me to plant this spring? You told me they would raise something good to eat that I could dig out of the ground. Nothing of the sort happened. Instead of being fat and white, with green tops that fall over, those things grew up tall and slim—as high as my waist. They had no root at all; and they were not good to eat. You have made me foolish.'

"Now that may seem funny to you, but it was a mighty serious situation for a fur trader. I inquired about these new plants the old man had been raising and in a flash it came to me that it must have been a package of rape seed that he had got, no doubt due to the fault of the company of whom I had bought the seed; for I was sure of the turnip label on the back of it. But it was no use explaining that to an Indian. So here, I say, was where I had to use diplomacy.

"'Ah, ha!' I said. 'Wah! Wah! Can these things be! Can it really be that that old medicine man Iron Breath has been putting a blight on the crops of my good friend, old Waukanagon? My friend, we all know perfectly well that Iron Breath is a bad man and has been doing bad things among the people. Without any doubt or question he's been doing some witchcraft work with your garden. I am much angered at this. But you will see. There is no medicine man who can treat a friend in that way. I will lay a plan to catch him. Next year we will see. Here, my friend; I'll give you another package of seed of those white roots that are good to eat. Then just you wait!'

"'But,' said Waukanagon to me, 'I did wait for two moons. Then I invited all my friends to come to my place for the wedding of my daughter on a certain day. I promised them that everybody would have plenty to eat of these white roots. They came. I had no white roots. The young man would not marry my daughter. You have made me foolish—you or Iron Breath. Now, are you sure that Iron Breath will not do this wrong a second time and make me yet more foolish?'"

The Trial of Iron Breath

"'No chance, old chap,' I answered. 'I'll fix him this time!' All the time I was in a cold shiver for fear the seed company had got me in wrong again with that year's turnip seed; but I was where I had to take a chance.

"'I will go with you to your camp this very day,' I said to Waukanagon. 'I will match the strength of my medicine against that of Iron Breath's. Come; he has been telling every one what he could do and laughing at us. We will make him come to your lodge tonight and we will call in all of the men of the village; and then—openly, before you all—I will dare him to put his magic on these seeds so that they will not grow. I will match my medicine against his and we shall see which is the stronger man.'

"Now I confess to you I was a little bit scared about this time, because I had to make good; and I couldn't really tell whether those seeds were good or not, or whether they were turnip seeds or not. But my theory was that a man gets ahead best by taking a chance once in a while.

"Well, to make it short, we had a general tribal meeting at old Waukanagon's that night; old Iron Breath had to come in on the deal whether he felt like it or not, because he knew that if he sidestepped his influence among the people would be gone. He had to take up my bluff challenge on a

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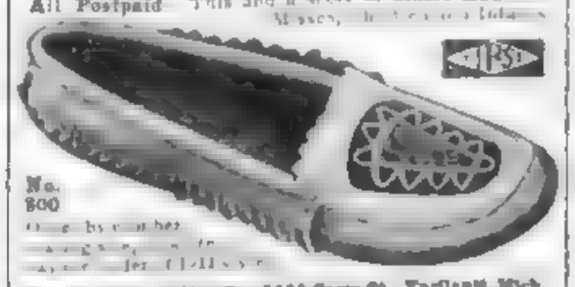

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bluff of his own. I expect he was scared as much as I was, because he had only begun to brag about what a liar I was after those seeds had failed to grow. Anyhow, we both came in and I stood up before them all and made a fine talk about my record in that country. I put it square up to Iron Breath for queering the growth of my turnips and so knocking out the wedding feast of my dear old friend, Waukanagon, making two young hearts unhappy and a great many stomachs hungry.

"'Now,' I said at last, standing up with the package of turnip seed in my hand, 'I will show you, Iron Breath, how strong my medicine is! Put your spell against mine! Use your magic to stop the growth of these seeds if you can! Call upon the ways of your own spirits and let them come here to help you! Watch me, now, how I will defeat your magic, Iron Breath, and assure the growth of these white roots for my honest friend, Waukanagon!'

"I got a little water in a pan and into this I now carefully dropped my turnip seeds. I also managed to drop a little bit of permanganate of potash into the water not enough to hurt the seed, but just to make the water a nice pink color. I passed my hand over the pan and called on them all to see how I had changed the water with my magic. 'Call on your spirits, Iron Breath,' I said. 'If there is no way you can beat this, here is where you get off.' Then I dipped my finger in this pink water, walked over to where Iron Breath was sitting and deliberately touched him on the forehead with my wet finger.

"That settled it. Old Iron Breath was in a blue funk and he didn't know which way to turn. He figured that I certainly was putting some kind of spell on him. As he couldn't make any answer, pretty soon he pulled his freight. For the next few months he was hiding out.

"Well, for a while I was hiding out too, if the truth be told. I knew if those turnips didn't grow it was all off with my trade in that locality, for the people would never believe in me again. Luckily, however, they did grow this time. When I came around there about the close of that summer old Waukanagon wore a smile about six or eight inches wide. I didn't have to ask him then how the turnips had come out, which would have shown I was uneasy, anyhow.

"'My son,' said he, 'your medicine is good. Iron Breath has left the village and moved fifty miles down the river. He is ashamed to be seen around us. The white roots grew so thick the earth would scarcely hold them. Last week I called the people again to the wedding feast and this time the young man was glad to marry my daughter. We were all very happy, and we ate of the white roots until we were all like this'—and he showed me how full of turnips he had been.

"Well," concluded the trader, "that's what I call diplomacy. You have to have it once in a while."

The Man From Ontario

In these late years the competition offered to the ancient monopoly and its ancient methods has been growing stiffer and stiffer; but for the most part the monopoly itself has made little sign. Regardless of changed map and altered methods, the Company has remained patriarchal, kind and firm as a whole. Its self-sufficiency has suffered small abatement. Its men know their business; and the old-time servants, born and bred in the trade, can get fur from Indians where sometimes others cannot get a hearing for their wares.

There is nothing tricky in the conduct of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is English of the old sort—keen, shrewd, honest, exact and stubborn. It has ruled its country well, has been the mainstay of the native tribes; and for that matter the mainstay even of its enemies. If only our American monopolies were no worse we might be a happy people.

Once in a long while, however, something seems to get under the skin even of this imperturbable corporation, and it proves that it can be very humanly warm under the collar. Not long ago, still another citizen got it into his head to buck the Hudson's Bay, a gentleman by the name of Sheridan Lawrence, stalwart and also red-whiskered, born in Ontario and rather of a Yankee temperament or habit. No one knows how Lawrence got as far north as Fort Vermilion, on the Peace River, which is in latitude 58° 30'; but at

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Small tailors have to charge $75 to $150 for good clothes of this character but we are able to make them from fine imported dress cloth, full silk lined, and beautifully finished, for

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Ask our representative in your city to show you our dress cloth numbers 6919, 6916, 6915, 6914, 6913, 6795, 6792, and take your measure.

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Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes
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Maxine Elliott
Our "White House" Queen
Poster Calendar—1911

BEYOND question the most elaborate and lavish Poster Calendar for the new year 1911 is this of our Company, reproducing in sixteen colors a superb, three-quarter length portrait (size 13x30 inches) of Maxine Elliott, —our "White House" Queen.

Not for years have you seen anything to compare with this art treasure, which we will send free to any address on receipt of 10c in stamps or coin, to cover postage and packing. It is a work of art you will be proud to own, an exquisite and valuable picture for drawing room, parlor, or hall.

Indirectly, of course, we intend that its beauty shall bespeak the quality and excellence of

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For Men—For Women

Ask your [illegible] he'll get them.

Something else, too, we're sending that will tell you the difference there can be [illegible] "White House" shoes are [illegible] the work of the [illegible] fashions: good news about shoes, and worth knowing quite as much as the calendar is worth having.

Our Style Booklet tells the story. Just [illegible] enclosing the coupon below with 10c for [illegible] which will be mailed you on or about Dec. 1st.

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St. Louis.

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Style 878 1-2—"Dr. Sawyer Cushion White House," Glazed Kangaroo, Blucher, Foot Form Last.

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any rate he turned up there and without much delay proceeded to do things to the Hudson's Bay Company of precisely that nature which the latter fancied least. I suppose they have been raising wheat up at Fort Vermilion for fifty years; and they have been raising potatoes and garden sass at almost all of the Hudson's Bay posts, for local consumption, for two hundred years or more.

Some time ago, in a desperate fit of modernity, the Hudson's Bay Company built a flour mill at Fort Vermilion, raised considerable wheat, and began to grind it and to trade flour for fur. Its wheat and oat fields are now very extensive. In the heretical belief of Mr. Sheridan Lawrence that was a free country since the surrender of the Hudson's Bay lands to the Dominion Government. Not any more reverent than Twelve-foot Davis, and perhaps even more dangerous in his way, Lawrence picked himself out a nice piece of land ten miles above Fort Vermilion and began to do all sorts of horrible and unheard-of things. He began to raise things to eat—wheat, vegetables, butter, and the like. He found that no one would buy what he raised and that the Hudson's Bay Company had not only all the transportation but all the markets. He was like a man with a sack of gold on a desert island. The company, with icy dignity, declined to grind any wheat for him. A rumor had come to their ears that he had been guilty of buying furs from the natives.

"All right," said Lawrence, "I'll buy a mill of my own." So he bought one and got it up somehow, and began to grind his own flour. He began also to buy more furs from the Indians. Worst of all crimes, he actually sold flour—at five dollars a sack—to Revillon Frères, the hated rivals of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose post is located just across the Peace River from Fort Vermilion. This caused the old Company to gnash its ancient, honorable and wholly dignified teeth.

The Future of the Fur Trade

At Fort Vermilion, if you buy butter at all you get it in tins from Nova Scotia. Lawrence asked the Hudson's Bay Company whether they would like to buy some nice fresh butter, made on the ground. "Indeed, not," was the icy reply.

"All right," said Lawrence. "I'll sell it somehow." He began to pack and store butter for winter sales; and somehow he began to find a market for it—thanks, in part, perhaps, to Jim Cornwall's ships, now beginning to bring a traveler once in a while into the country.

The next thing Lawrence did was to buy a threshing machine to thresh his own wheat. The Hudson's Bay Company bought one of their own then as fast as they could, but they found their new competitor full of enterprise. Today, right under the nose of the ancient and honorable Company of Adventurers, Lawrence rafts his threshing machine across the rapid Peace River once in a while to thresh wheat for half-breeds, who themselves are adventurous enough to see that marten are not so abundant as they were, that the lynx sometimes disappears and that moose are now more abundant over on the Hay and the Liard than on the Peace. Today, under the very eaves of one of the old Company's posts, Lawrence has perhaps a thousand acres under fence and owns a hundred horses and cattle. He milks eighteen cows, and at last accounts had eighty hogs.

If you go to Peace River Landing, or almost any other of the old posts, you find only ground enough to unroll your blankets. There are few hotels anywhere up there, unless the board shanty of "Old John," a stray Englishman, may be called such. Old John will serve you bacon packed on the Peace River at the factory of Sheridan Lawrence, the most recent adventurer trading into Hudson's Bay. It is perhaps the farthest-north packing industry on this continent and it is itself not yet a trust. Heretofore bacon came in slabs about four feet square, was mostly salt, and was sold only by the Hudson's Bay Company.

This carrying the war into Africa—or into the Arctics—ought certainly to give pause to even the most rockribbed monopoly. It is all a question of new methods, of course. Twelve-foot Davis and the little traders served the original purpose. The transportation and telephone companies, Jim Cornwall and Sheridan Lawrence, hit the line yet harder.

As to the future of the fur trade no one can tell very fully at the present day, but we can give a good guess. Both of the great monopolies, the Hudson's Bay Company and Revillon Frères, which now occupy the immense northern country, must soon go by the board, just as the greater companies in the early American fur trade were broken up by competition. The little fellows will come back again and trade on closer margins than of old. The old credit system of the past must give way and the use of cash all through the North will soon be universal. The strong citadels of monopoly lie behind the carefully fostered ignorance of the native population. That ignorance is passing as more and more white men and white methods come into the country. It has been a splendid fight that the old Company has waged; but it cannot win. The displacing plow, not to be gainsaid, is the worst enemy any wilderness industry can have.

Naturally a tremendous commercial fight like this cannot be waged without tokens of the battle getting back to the stockholders. There never has been a governor of this great corporation who has not promptly lapsed into the profound calm and dignity of its traditions as soon as he got into the governor's chair. Lord Strathcona himself might have come down from the old times instead of being a man fresh from the western plains. Really, Strathcona is C. P. R. when it comes to that; and, really, Mr. Mackenzie, of Mackenzie & Mann, is C. N. R. if it comes to that again. The latter gentleman has been engaged in building railroads—and incidentally in buying Hudson's Bay shares on the quiet, it is alleged. Not long ago, according to rumor, he asked Lord Strathcona for a place on the directorate.

"The directorate cannot be changed," was the dignified yet icy response.

Mackenzie retired and bought some more shares somewhere. After a time he again approached Lord Strathcona and to him unfolded certain things. "Could I, please, have a place on the directorate?" asked Mr. Mackenzie blithely.

"Why, certainly!" said Lord Strathcona. And there you are; which, being interpreted, means that from this time on there will be less and less of the old trading-post policy in the Far North and more and more of modern, up-to-date merchandising—the sort introduced by Twelve-foot Davis, Cornwall, Lawrence and others. There will be more plows than gun-flints sold on the frontier now; and there will be American axes as well as ancient English tomahawks.

The New Conditions

Ah, well, we Yankees are getting back a scalp or two by way of evening up matters in part of our history as "colonists." We Americans ought to be the only ones trading into Hudson's Bay, and we might have been had we had no New England and the civil war it has waged against America under the flag of the tariff. Once we could have had all Canada, with Canada's free consent. Today the Dominion of Canada is sitting up and taking intent and severe notice of herself. She has what we want and jolly well she knows it. We will have to buy of her, whereas she can buy what she wants in the markets of the world. She does not care so much for reciprocity now, thank you. None the less, the real motto of America also is *Pro pelle cutem*.

The American farmers who are going into northwestern Canada are as dangerous as Twelve-foot Davis was when he started east from the Caribou. It is not they but their ideas, their methods, that are dangerous to old ways. They will have no more reverence for a title or a tradition than did Twelve-foot Davis when he woke up his lordship in the night. The most dangerous buckers of the Hudson's Bay have been Yankees or men with Yankee methods.

All over the northern country are little streams each of which is called Battle River, probably in commemoration of some skirmish in which bands of Indians pecked at each other for a while with their little warclubs, maybe killing a man or so. Not far from the hill where old Twelve-foot Davis looks out over the Peace River there is also a little stream called Battle River. Somewhere up in that country the big and vital battle, the one in which the ancient monopoly and all like it must fall, is to be fought. Irreverent hands will open the tent door and peer in, to summon the slumberer to come out and celebrate. Twelve-foot Davis and his lordship did very well as friends, after all.

"Smooth" means everything good in tobacco.

It's almost impossible to describe "smoothness." You just know it, that's all, the moment you light your pipe. It's a quality that spreads the smile of satisfaction over your face.

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is known as "The Smoothest Tobacco." Made of the choice middle leaves of genuine Kentucky Burley—aged and mellowed for two years. Smoke it as long or hard as you like and you find no bite or burn. But the flavor is there just the same. Get your first can for 10 cents. The investment in pipe pleasure is gilt-edged security.

At all dealers. If yours is out we'll send you a can for 10 cents, if you live in the U. S. A.

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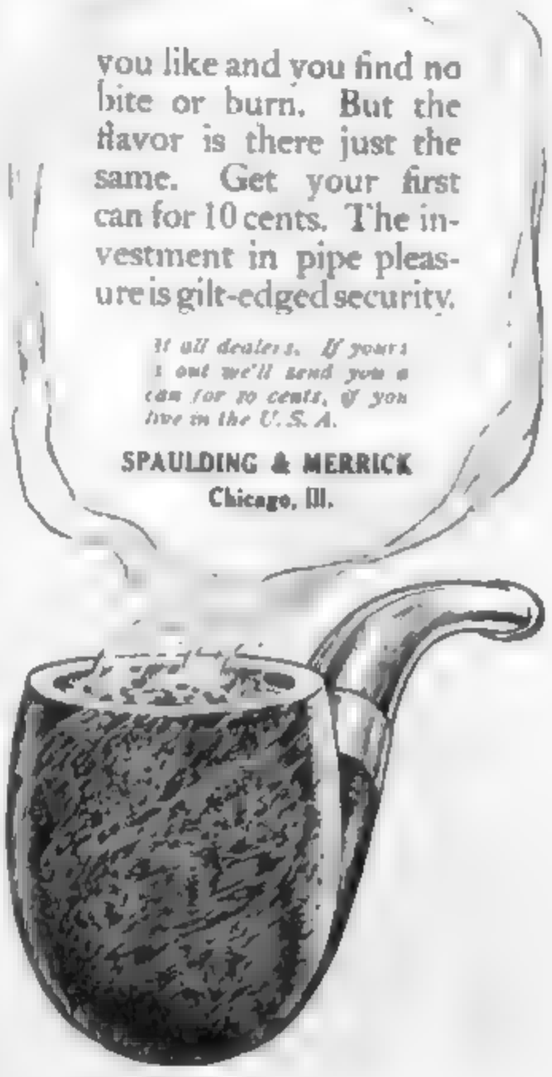


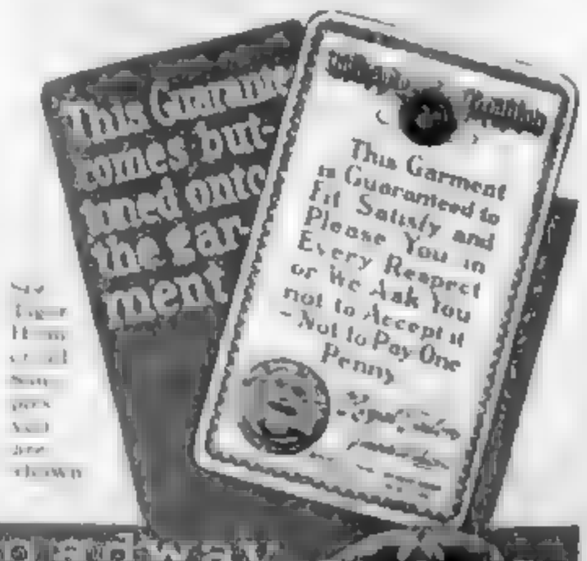
"You take off ten years, Father, when you put on that Royal Tailored Suit"

"And you look like a 'certified check' in yours," the father replied. For that is the versatility of this made-to-measure service. It does not adapt the man to the suit—neglecting his age, bearing or preferences. It adapts the suit to the man—creating it to harmonize specifically with all his body individualities.

To the man *past prime* who would refreshen his years with a touch of blithesome style, it imparts a cut that is youthful without being foppish or extreme. To the youngster, edging manhood, who would mature his appearance with the tone of solidity, it puts in quiet dignity, without adding severe sombreness. For in ordering *tailored* clothes, there is no need to accept *partial* satisfaction; say a style that is right, with a discordant pattern or an 80% fit. You dictate the style, you select the pattern, you edit the fit, each individually, and according to your own ideas and person. And the tailor blends the three to your order to befit and complement your physique and personality. The Royal Tailor Service places Broadway tailoring within every man's reach everywhere. The famous Royal-Draft-Of-Your-Body System enables a local dealer in your own town to send us a virtual blue print of your body. You select the woolen of your taste from an assortment—500 strong—culled from the whole world market of fabric richness. And the price you pay is the *agreeable* price that big production makes possible. $20, $25, $30 and $35 brings you the best in Royal tailoring. And that means the *best* in exquisite built-to-order workmanship.

With a legal guarantee attached, warranting every stitch and inch of material, workmanship and fit or the privilege of rejecting the garment at your free option.

Surely this service, on a product you *must* buy *somewhere*, for a lifetime is worth at least an investigation. Call on the local Royal dealer to-day, or send for booklet.


This Garment comes but-toned onto the gar-ment
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put in "N F 10" Shoe Laces and you'll never be bothered with broken laces so long as the shoes last.

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have no equal for strength and long wear, and every pair is

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Finished with fast-color tips that won't come off.

10 cents per pair in black or tan—four eights for men's and women's high shoes. At shoe dry-goods and men's furnishing stores. If your dealer can't supply you we will. Write any way for booklet showing complete line

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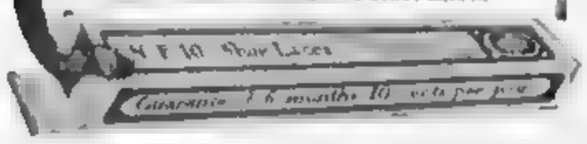
Makers of the famous Nufashond Silk Oxford Laces and Corset Laces



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A Pennsylvania Knit Coat with the unbreakable "Notair" buttonholes is the most comfortable and serviceable garment you can wear. If your dealer can't supply you write to us direct.

Write for our "All-weather papers" booklet. It's free.

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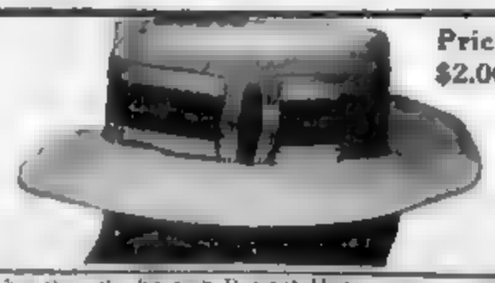

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Extra sizes made to fit. Large heads fitted.

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THE PERILS OF BIRDMEN

(Continued from Page 17)

It is true the particular wire that failed played no part in the trussing of his biplane. Still, the incident shows that wires do break.

The weakness of the monoplane lies in the circumstance that the stays, on which its single surface is dependent, are usually only four in number, extending to the bottom of a strut under the backbone. If one of them breaks, a wing will probably collapse. The structure of each wing of a monoplane is not unlike that of a mast and its rigging on a sailboat. The main spars take the place of the mast and the wire stays the place of the shrouds. The sailboat is better off, however. There is a forestay to take the longitudinal strain when going head to the wind. No such provision is usually to be found on a monoplane; the spar itself must stand the strain.

The stays of monoplanes are lengths of steel wire or steel ribbon, a material rejected by yachtsmen in favor of wire ropes, which at least give warning of impending breakage by the parting of a strand. When a monoplane is flitting through the air at the rate of sixty miles an hour the wire stays often vibrate so fast that they emit a distinct musical note. The small boy who wants to break a piece of wire simply bends it back and forth many times at a given point. Rapid vibration of wires and ribbons on monoplanes will ultimately produce the same result. For safety's sake either wire rope should be used—heavier and therefore undesirable from the record-breaker's standpoint—or the number of stays must be increased so that the parting of one will not necessarily spell a wreck and possible death.

Casualties Among Aviators

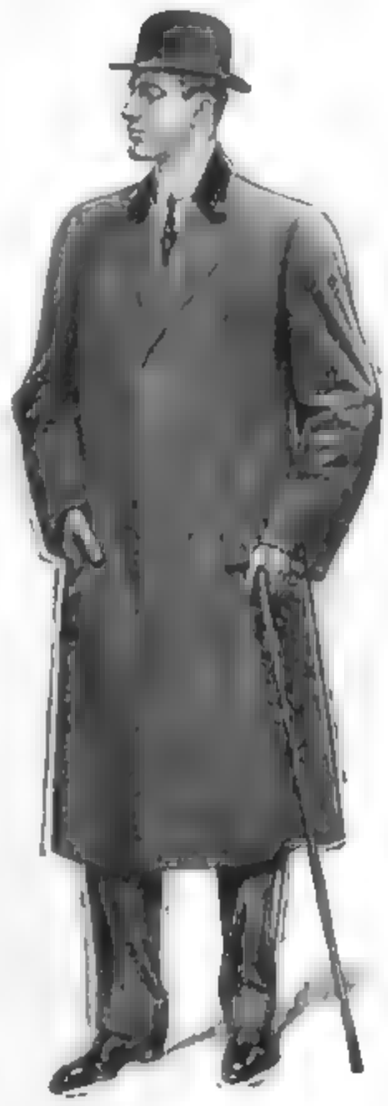
The horizontal stresses thrown on the single supporting surface of an aeroplane are greater than most pilots realize. In one of those breathless downward swoops for which Morane and Brookins are famous, and which almost bring your heart to your throat, or in one of those quick turns in which the machine seems to stand on end, the stresses are enormously increased. It was the breaking of a wing by overstrain that killed Delagrange at Pau on January 4, 1910; it was overstrain that killed Wachter at Rheims on July 1, 1910; it was overstrain, due to sharp turning, that killed Rolls on July 12, 1910, at Bournemouth, England.

Very little is known of the air's power of breaking aeroplanes traveling at high speeds. Designers work from tables that indicate the breaking strength of wire and wood and the percussive force of the wind at different velocities; but the actual buffeting to which a machine is subjected in the air is still an engineering uncertainty. A storm will tear the roof from a house and toss it a hundred yards; yet monoplane designers require a machine to travel through the air at hurricane speed and bear up under the sledge-hammer blows of the air.

An aeroplane is the flimsiest vehicle in which man has risked his life. In its construction ounces must be saved if it is to have much lifting power and speed. Fragile wires, the lightest wood, cut as finely as possible, and fabric that is affected by variations in the weather are the elements of a flying machine. Is it any wonder that, since 1908, when flying really became a sport, there have been two hundred and fifty accidents, in which one hundred and forty machines have been damaged, ninety machines totally wrecked, fifty men slightly injured and twenty-three men killed outright?

In some of these tragedies of the flying-machine the propeller and the motor have each played their part. Lieutenant Selfridge's death at Fort Myer on September 17, 1908, was due to the breaking of a propeller blade which happened to strike a loose guy wire, an accident that crippled Orville Wright, who was piloting the machine, for months. The Wright propellers, because of their low speed—four hundred to five hundred revolutions a minute—are probably the safest in use. The propellers of most monoplanes and biplanes travel at a speed as high as fifteen hundred revolutions a minute, or about as fast as an electric fan. Propellers mean more to an

LET your tailor make your Overcoat. He studies your personality—your appearance—your carriage. He "builds" your clothes for *you*. In addition, he uses fabrics of "*Special Design*"—



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Stein Woolens are the product of the best mills in Great Britain and America, and are absolutely guaranteed by your tailor and S. Stein & Co.

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Stein Woolens for women have the same superlative quality that distinguishes *Stein Woolens* for men. *Ask your Ladies' Tailor.*

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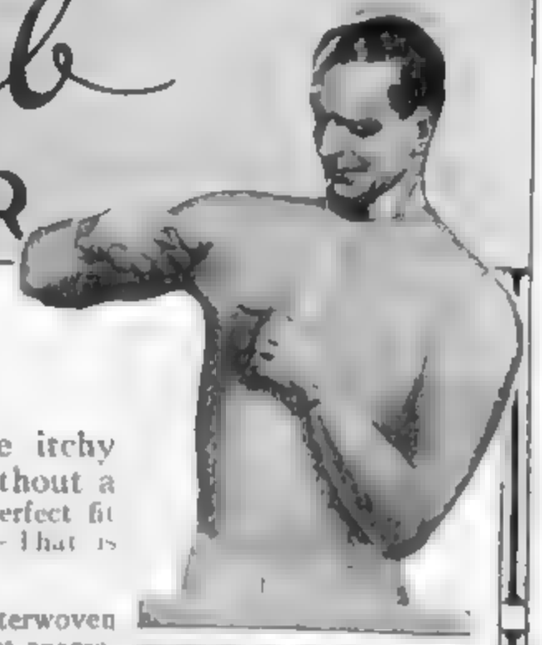

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LUXURIOUS warmth without the itchy woolly feel—velvety softness without a fleece lining that grows soggy with wear—perfect fit without binding or chafing anywhere—that is *Velvetrib* Underwear

Velvetrib fabric is made of two closely interwoven layers. It possesses body and warmth without coarseness of yarn or bulkiness of fabric. Highly elastic and by actual test shows 80 to 100% more strength than any fabric of equal weight.

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VELVETRIB Union Suits are for sale in Fit and Comfort. If not at dealer's near you, send us his name. We'll mail you pocket sample of fabric and see that you get it.

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Makers also of Oneita Underwear and Oneita Knit Underwear
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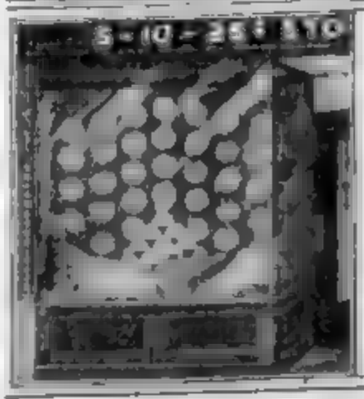

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We Want Your **FURS** YOU want good prices. Liberal assortment and prompt returns. **THEREFORE** send at once for price list and ship to

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We will sell this Gentlemen's Australian Mink Lined Coat with Persian Lamb Collar and Facings; Extra fine black broadcloth Shell, sizes 34 to 46. Retail value $100.

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Notice: When writing for this coat, state size of your suit and we will use our judgment as to size of coat.

We Pay Express Charges and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded

We undoubtedly carry the largest assortment of Men's Fur and Fur Lined Coats in the World

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aeroplane than stout axles do to an automobile; for if a flying-machine stops it must glide down. Nearly every contestant at a flying-machine meeting is equipped with spare propellers, which are as near alike as brains and hands can make them. Yet the same engine will not be able to turn two propellers seemingly alike at the same speed. Why? Because man can make steel, but he cannot make wood; that is grown by Nature. And because woods from different trees are not alike, the propellers formed from them are not alike. Untraceable and insurmountable variations create the differences.

The propeller's mechanical cousin—the motor—is also not what it ought to be. Morane can tell a hair-raising story about its defects. On September 8, 1910, he broke the world's record for high flying. He announced his intention before an enormous throng. Off he started. Up and up he climbed in a spiral course. At last he became a mere speck in the sky. Men on the ground with eyes glued to measuring instruments gave out his height as eighty-eight hundred and sixty-two feet. Ten thousand eyes watched the speck. Suddenly they saw it increase in size. Morane was coming down. His machine was pitching and swaying. He was not simply gliding—he was falling! Those ten thousand eyes realized that he had lost control of his machine, that only a miracle could save him. Men turned away, sickened by the sight. Like an arrow his monoplane dropped behind a line of trees three-quarters of a mile away. A few automobiles sped to the spot. When they arrived on the scene they saw a man crawling out of a field. It was Morane. The miracle had happened. The distance that it had taken him nearly two hours to climb had been traversed in a frightful eight minutes. "Never will I try for another record like that," he is reported to have said. "I lost control up there while I was shivering with cold. Those eight minutes were like eight centuries. When I had dropped so near the earth that I thought it was all up with me I instinctively righted the machine and glided to safety. Up in the air the present motors are not safe. Mine stopped."

When we read of these tragedies almost daily we cannot help wondering whether we have really succeeded in our "conquest of the air." Tight-rope walking on the stage is an interesting exhibition. When a man crosses Niagara on a rope the feat becomes more wonderful still. But all that does not make the tight-rope better than a suspension bridge. Flying is a more pleasant diversion than tight-rope walking across Niagara, and not so hazardous; yet many of the men who are tempted by ten-thousand-dollar prizes at meetings are mere Blondins of the monoplane.

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The reputation built up by three generations is HUYLER'S most valuable asset. We cannot afford to jeopardize it by using any but the highest grades of raw material, which when combined with careful workmanship, expert blending and perfect cleanliness produce Huyler's Quality.

You do not have to guess. Absolute Purity and Perfection are assured when you purchase

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World Renowned

Candies, Cocoa and Chocolates

Main New York Works to-day, besides which HUYLER'S operate 14 Branch Factories, where their Candies of Rare Quality are made.

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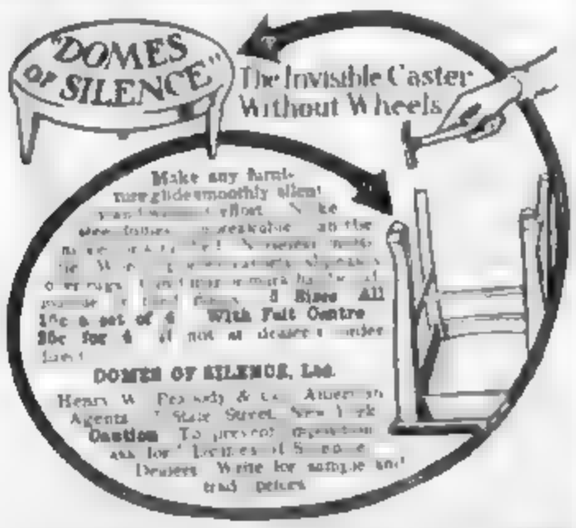
"DOMES OF SILENCE" The Invisible Caster Without Wheels



Make any furniture glide smoothly silent

Sizes All

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Caution

Successful Tailoring Salesmen Wanted Liberal propositions to men who control trade in this line. Our system enables salesmen to double their sales. Only those who have established trade and want to increase sales and earnings need apply. All correspondence strictly confidential.

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Hand-Made Forests

TO ANYONE who is interested in the conservation of our forests, it is particularly profitable to go through one of the "made" forests of Germany and watch the planting and the detail work. The German forest ranger, green-coated and corduroy-trousered, stands mandatorily over the women who, for fifty cents a day, dig and transplant with infinite pains and cleverness—one transplanting being usually all that the little trees are given. The ranger has also other duties. He and his brother foresters must watch for fires or injurious trespass; must notify their chief the moment they discover new insects; must wage war on injurious animals and see that cattle do not break in and steal pasturage—for pasturage means the death of little sprouts; on the other hand they must protect the owl, the buzzard, the titmouse, the cuckoo and the woodpecker for their insect-killing qualities, and the porcupine and the dachs because they war on moles.

Trees are often planted in zones, to grow together and be cut down together, leaving alternate wooded spaces and spaces that are bare save, perhaps, for solitary trees left standing as parents. Stumps are usually left to decay and enrich the soil, but some foresters hold it best, in the end, to get them out promptly and put nursery stock in their place. Where great winds are prevalent shallow-rooted and deep-rooted trees are mingled in the plantations, and where fire danger is specially apprehended there is a mingling of coniferous trees with deciduous. The judicious admission of light to the forest floor for the seedlings is also a matter of careful study.

"Go by the Name!"

You can't tell from looking at a chain what's inside of it

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MENTOR
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The Innocence of Father Brown

(Concluded from Page 11)

"The other hint is this," said the priest. "Do you remember the blacksmith—though he believes in miracles—talking scornfully of the impossible fairy tale that his hammer had wings and flew half a mile across country?"

"Yes," said the doctor; "I remember that."

"Well," added Father Brown with a broad smile, "that fairy tale was the nearest thing to the real truth that has been said today." And with that he turned his back and stumped up the steps after the curate.

The Reverend Wilfred, who had been waiting for him, pale and impatient, as if this little delay were the last straw for his nerves, led him immediately to his favorite corner of the church, that part of the gallery closest to the carved roof and lit by the wonderful window with the angel. The little Latin priest explored and admired everything exhaustively, talking cheerfully but in a low voice all the time. When, in the course of his investigation, he found the side exit and the winding stair down which Wilfred had rushed to find his brother dead, Father Brown ran not down but up with the agility of a monkey, and his clear voice came from an outer platform above.

"Come up here, Mr. Bohun," he called. "The air will do you good.

"Might be the map of the world, mightn't it?" said Father Brown.

"Yes," said Bohun very gravely, and nodded his head.

"I think there is something rather dangerous about standing on these high places, even to pray," said Father Brown. "Heights were made to be looked at, not to be looked from."

"Do you mean that one may fall over?" asked Wilfred.

"I mean that one's soul may fall, if one's body doesn't," said the other priest.

"I scarcely understand you," remarked Bohun indistinctly.

"Look at that blacksmith, for instance," went on Father Brown calmly. "A good man, but not a Christian—hard, imperious, unforgiving. Well, his Scotch religion was made up by men who prayed on hills and high crags and learned to look down on the world more than to look up at Heaven. Humility is the mother of giants. One sees great things from the valley: only small things from the peak."

"But he—he didn't do it," said Bohun tremulously.

"No," said the other in an odd voice; "we know he didn't do it."

After a moment he resumed, looking tranquilly out over the plain with his pale gray eyes: "I knew a man," he said, "who began by worshiping with others before the altar, but who grew fond of high and lonely places to pray from, corners or niches in the belfry or the spire. And once, in one of those dizzy places where the whole world seemed to turn under him like a wheel, his brain turned also, and he fancied he was God. So that, though he was a good man, he committed a great crime.

"He thought it was given to him to judge the world and strike down the sinner. He would never have had such a thought if he had been kneeling with other men upon a floor. But he saw all men walking about like insects. He saw one, especially, strutting just below him, insolent and evident by a bright green hat—a poisonous insect."

Rooks cawed around the corners of the belfry, but there was no other sound till Father Brown went on:

"This also tempted him: that he had in his hand one of the most awful engines of Nature; I mean gravitation—that mad and quickening rush by which all earth's creatures fly back to her heart when released. See, the inspector is strutting just below us in the smithy! If I were to toss a pebble over this parapet it would be something like a bullet by the time it struck him. If I were to drop a hammer—even a small hammer——"

Wilfred Bohun threw one leg over the parapet, and Father Brown had him in a minute by the collar.

"Not by that door," he said quite gently. "That door leads to hell."

Bohun staggered back against the wall and stared at him with frightened eyes.

"How do you know all this?" he cried. "Are you a devil?"

"I am a man," answered Father Brown gravely, "and, therefore, have all devils in my heart. Listen to me," he said, after a short pause. "I know what you did; at least, I can guess the great part of it. When you left your brother you were racked with unrighteous rage to the extent even that you snatched up a small hammer, half inclined to kill him with his foulness on his mouth. Recoiling, you thrust it under your buttoned coat instead and rushed into the church. You prayed wildly, in many places, under the angel window, upon the platform above and on a higher platform still, from which you could see the Colonel's eastern hat like the back of a green beetle, crawling about. Then something snapped in your soul and you let God's thunderbolt fall."

Wilfred asked: "How did you know that his hat looked like a green beetle?"

"Oh, that?" said the other with the shadow of a smile. "That was commonsense. But hear me further. I say I know all this, but no one else shall know it. The next step is for you. I shall take no more steps. I will seal this with the seal of confession. If you ask me why, there are many reasons, and only one that concerns you. I leave things to you because you have not yet gone very far wrong—as assassins go. You did not help to fix the crime on the smith when it was easy, or on his wife, when that was easy. You tried to fix it on the imbecile because you knew that he could not suffer. That was one of the gleams that it is my business to find in assassins. And now come down into the village, and go your own way, as free as the wind, for I have said my last word."

They went down the winding stairs and came out into the sunlight by the smithy. Wilfred Bohun carefully unlatched the wooden gate of the yard, and going up to the inspector said: "I wish to give myself up. I have killed my brother."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Chesterton. The fifth will be printed in an early issue.

Practical Politics

THE following stories are actual instances of the good work that is being accomplished by a new organization in some of the public schools. When a School City was organized in a night school in Manayunk, a factory district of Philadelphia, a young man, who had given his name as Thomas Smith, was nominated as a member of the Council. He arose and said: "If you're going to vote for me, call me Henry Clark." This statement convulsed a number of youths present and they applauded uproariously. It appeared that twenty young men had joined this night school for the purpose of having a little fun by creating disturbances. They had all given fictitious names, as they knew they might be arrested and taken to the police court and they did not wish their real names to appear in the newspapers. The election of some of their number to offices of trust in the School City brought out the true names of the young ruffians, and the disorder was stopped at once. Previously to that time any young man wearing a linen collar to the school had it torn off. Within a week every youth was neatly dressed, orderly and courteous.

A successful teacher in New York City tells of a class of over-aged boys who were deficient mentally. They came on probation, their cards having to be signed every day. They were truants and exceedingly lawless when they came to school. The teacher tried kindness without effect. She could not take advantage of their good points, for they did not manifest any. They seemed to be capable of nothing but to swear, use bad language, fight and make trouble generally. She had to resort to violent measures, but cudgeling seemed to have no effect. At last she decided to try to organize her unpromising pupils into a kind of School City. She explained to them that the larger boys in a certain other school were governed by officials from their own number. The worst boy in the class was allowed to be the policeman, and the effect on him was immediate. He was no longer a truant nor a bully. The way he struggled to do his poor best, according to his imperfect ability, in order to be worthy of this honor, was truly pathetic.

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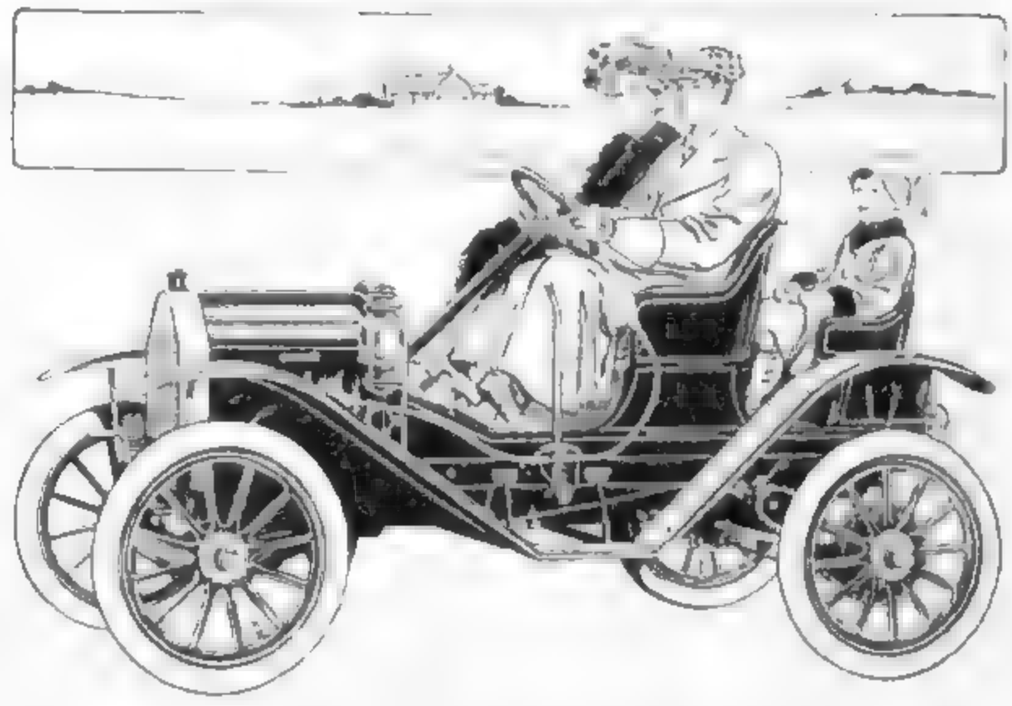

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These improvements are few and not one of them is radical in any way. They are simply the result of a careful study of the car and of the user's requirements.

When we designed and built the first Brush, we were not aiming to make a car that would sell because it was different and low in price. We foresaw the demand for a small, dependable automobile that would provide a quicker, easier and cheaper means of transportation for the thousands who were using horse-drawn vehicles and the street cars in the performance of their duties.

True, the initial cost of the Brush is low. Please do not judge the car by its price, but rather by what it is doing every day for 10,000 users; judge it by the practical, sensible features of its construction; judge it by its looks; judge it by the wonderful showing it has made in economy, hill-climbing and endurance contests.

The Brush has always shown well in trials where simplicity, economy and dependability counted, but during the past year some of its performances have been truly wonderful.

For example, we cite the trip of the

"Abernathy Kids"

You remember the boys who rode bronchos from their father's ranch in Oklahoma to New York to meet Colonel Roosevelt and take part in the now famous Roosevelt parade. These same boys, Louie and Temple, 9 and 6 years old, respectively, drove a Brush runabout back to Oklahoma, after only three lessons. Louie drove most of the journey as Temple was not tall enough to reach the control pedal.

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In the Munsey Historic Tour, the principal endurance contest of the East in 1910, the Brush finished with a perfect score and won the trophy in its class. The route covered 1550 miles over all kinds of roads from the boulevards of New Jersey to the rough mountain roads of Pennsylvania.

Thousands of experienced motorists watched the Brush travel on even terms with the big cars on a schedule designed for big car power and big car stability. They saw it come through with a perfect score under conditions that put several big cars out of the running. They saw it prove its dependability in a way no one could doubt.

These two achievements of the Brush are of vital importance to the prospective motor car buyer. The former shows superlative simplicity, each shows dependability.

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Say, why don't you ask your dealer about that famous Prince Albert glass humidor with a sponge in the top? Get next!

MISS PIE-FACE

(Continued from Page 7)

that she could not spare even half an hour to come into the parlor and hear about the chicken business. And her trips to school and back were made in the midst of a bevy of chattering pupils. They claimed her attention to such an extent that she seemed not to see all passers-by; their childish voices even drowned the roll of runabout wheels.

One morning Giff had a visitor. He was seated on the back steps rinsing saucers in a horse-pail when Hugo Miller rounded the corner of the white cottage. Giff looked up and smiled his fellow-member of the board a tired but friendly welcome.

"Can't complain the way things are goin', Hugo," he announced. "Got about four hunderd of the activest chicks you ever seen. And they're showin' signs of featherin'! I'm goin' to do pretty good with 'em. When they're young they're darn little fools, but they git smart later on. Take the hens, for instance. All a feller's got to do is to give 'em a' idear of what he expects. They ketch on. That's why a man buys crockery eggs. Mrs. Hen goes arubberin' round and comes to a nice, big, shiny sample. The minute she sees it, by thunder, she gits ambitious!"

But Miller was in no humor to talk chickens. "Now look here, Giff," he began, planting his feet wide apart and giving his head an emphatic jerk, "it's time you and me come to a showdown."

Giff stared up. "How's that?" he asked.

"You've gone back on our understanding," charged Miller. "The teacher was my pick. And you led me to understand at our school-meeting —— You looked like you promised, at least, to—to —— And now you needn't deny it. It was a straight proposition."

"I don't git your meanin'," said Giff mildly, slopping water on his boots.

"I kept my mouth shut last Sunday when you butted in at the Baileys'," went on Miller angrily. "But, now that you're coming down to underhanded business and putting her against me ——"

Giff rose. "Don't beat round no bush," he advised quietly. "What's happened?"

"I passed Miss Powers on the road this morning, and—she—cut—me—dead!"

"H'm!" breathed Giff, but absent-mindedly, as if his thoughts were elsewhere. He gazed into space.

"But don't forget"—Miller turned to go—"that I'm a trustee. And I've got some say. And Miss Hallie Powers isn't the only teacher in the San Joaquin."

That afternoon Giff made a trip to the station, but he did not meet the teacher—only saw her as, homeward-bound, she entered the orchard that bordered the school grounds. So he called at the Baileys' on his way back to leave a cordial invitation. It was from Sis, asking Miss Hallie for next Sunday's dinner. Lucita Bailey delivered the reply: a few lines written in a small, neat hand, thanking Miss Hammond—with regrets.

The day following, during the last recess, Giff climbed the stile at the schoolhouse and made an unannounced entrance into the small, quiet room. Miss Hallie was seated at her desk, writing. He waited just inside the door, watching her, his hat in his hand.

When she saw him she started up. "You're—you're making your trustee visit?" she asked. Her voice trembled. "Won't you sit down—back there?"

"My trustee visit?" repeated Giff. "Can't I make more'n one?"

Miss Hallie bowed.

He came forward a step or two. "I—I thought you might like to hear about the chickens. There's three hunderd and eighty ——"

But Miss Hallie interrupted. "It's time to call school," she announced coldly. And pointed up at the clock.

"It looks past the time to me," he said apologetically. He advanced to the platform, reached up and turned the long hand back a generous minute. Then he said: "Guess I'd better not stay. I'll—come again." He followed her to the door, pulled his hat down to his brows, and with head lowered went tramping away.

At supper Miss Hallie made her appearance in a dress that Mrs. Bailey had never before seen—a soft, cream challis, with pink flower-sprigs scattered over it. Her cheeks were as pink as the sprigs on the challis, and her hair was freshly coiled on the top of her small head. Among the braids was a rose from the garden.

"Something—er—happening tonight?" asked the elder woman, setting a dish of cucumber sweet-pickles on the table.

"Yes," answered Miss Hallie; "a party at the Hill place." She said it bravely.

"So!" There was no mistaking the displeasure in the tone.

"And—and they've asked Miss Pie-Face."

"Oh!" commented Mrs. Bailey, taken aback.

A top-buggy had stopped at the front gate. Miss Hallie rose and tripped down the path. The driver was a young man in white duck. He assisted her gallantly to a seat. Then the buggy disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Tom Flint!" gasped the clerk of the board.

Giff saw the top buggy spin past the cottage. He watched it disappear over the nearest rise. Then he crossed the yard to the dividing fence and leaned there, his eyes tracing the dim winding path through the alfalfa. "She's little and her work tires her out," he said aloud. "She oughta enjoy herself."

The sun went down. Twilight came on. The chickens began their shrill cheep of hunger. Sighing, he left the fence and went from brooder to brooder.

Mrs. Bailey seized the first opportunity to discuss school matters with the teacher. "My Lucita tells me," she said, "that you're not teaching her the A, B, C's"

"Teachers don't begin with the alphabet any more."

"Well, that isn't the way we've been used to."

"It's according to the Prescribed Course," gently argued Miss Hallie.

"I can't help it if it is. This is my Lucita's first term and I want her started right. Then there's another thing: No calisthenics in school this year."

"Because"—Miss Hallie kept her eyes tearless and spoke with increasing spirit "the children don't need calisthenics. They get plenty of armwork picking fruit, and—and they walk to school"

"But we ought to have some kind of exercises," declared Mrs. Bailey. "Other years we've had at least a broom-drill."

"'In a country school,'" went on Miss Hallie, beginning to quote from the Prescribed Course ——

Mrs. Bailey cut her short. "Miss Powers, I might as well tell you that in many ways the Board does not find you satisfactory. Mr. Miller said so flatly not twelve hours ago. And so I—I shall call a school meeting for Saturday."

Notice of that meeting failed to reach Giff. For late Friday evening there came a letter from the nearest town in the valley—a letter with the name of a local law firm printed large on one corner of the envelope. That envelope was an innocent shade of blue, but it raised not a little excitement at the white cottage. Sis read and reread the short businesslike screed. And very early on Saturday morning Giff dressed himself with more than usual care, saddled up a horse, and rode away to deliver his answer in person.

So he was not present at the session of the school board. Miss Hallie was. She sat in the place of a chart scholar, the rose-trimmed hat shielding her downcast eyes, her hands clasped in her lap. Opposite, wedged into as small a desk was Hugo Miller—sullen, but perspiring. One pocket of his alpaca coat bulged promisingly. He forbore looking at the teacher, and kept his eyes fixed solemnly on the knots in the schoolhouse floor. Presiding was Mrs. Bailey, on each cheek a spot of defiant red.

"Miss Powers," she began, "I think you already know that you do not exactly suit Estrada District. Perhaps ——"

"The school's too much for a First-Grader," put in Miller, with finality. "What we want ——"

"Never mind the question of certificates," warned the clerk, "or who gets the board-money." She fixed on him a look of determination: she smote the desk in front of her with a palm. "What we want is a good, plain teacher."

"Ye-yes," agreed Miller. "And I ——" He reached into the bulging pocket and brought forth a large-sized envelope.

"A teacher," continued Mrs. Bailey in a ringing voice, "who will employ the

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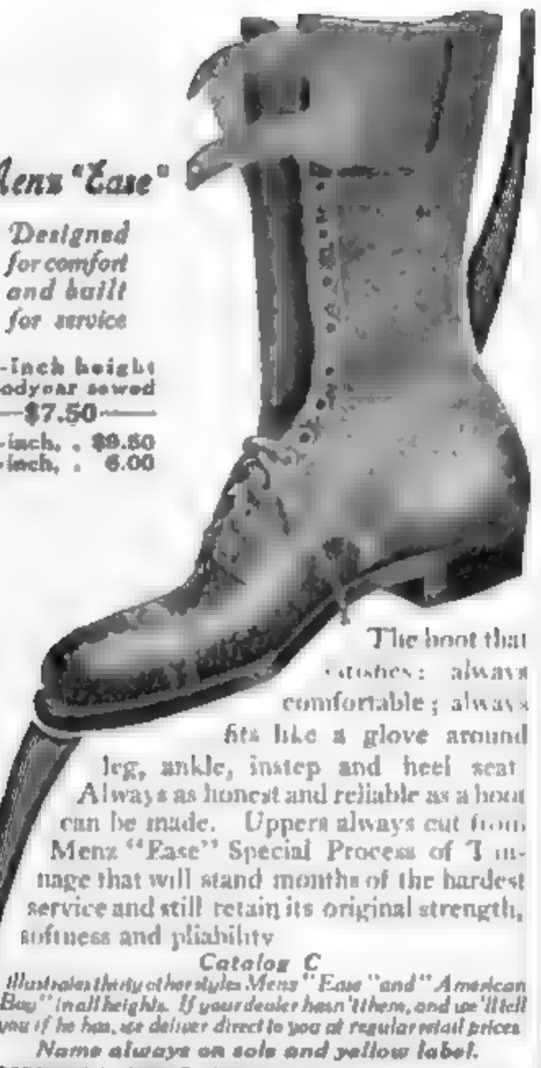

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methods we are accustomed to; a teacher" now she leaned forward for emphasis "who will think of something else besides buggy-riding. . . . Mr. Miller, two members of the board make a quorum. Will you put the motion?"

"I move that the position of teacher in this district be declared vacant."

"I second the motion."

Hugo Miller now inverted the large-sized envelope. Out fell half a dozen photographs ranging in size from a small tintype to a Paris panel. He held them out to Mrs. Bailey. "Would you like to look these over?" he asked. "I've numbered 'em on the back. And I think that Number Three—there——"

Mrs. Bailey received them with a grim smile. "You're going to vote with me this time," she answered.

Miss Hallie rose. Her face was pale. She half turned toward the door. "I I suppose this'll hurt me with the county superintendent," she faltered over her shoulder, "because it—it was my first school. But I'll stay till you get somebody else." Then she went slowly down the center aisle between the two lines of benches, and out.

. . . . . .

An hour later Giff neared home—riding at a gallop. As he made the turn that gave a view of the white cottage his head was up, he was humming in time to the clippety-clip of his horse's hoofs and his spur-chains were rattling merrily.

Then he looked ahead, and his song ended in a gasp. He pressed his heels into the flanks of his mount.

Dense smoke was rising from his back yard. Blowing forward, it all but hid the cottage. Below the smoke, and as red as the clumps of geraniums circling the lawn, were a dozen springing fires.

He tore forward. "Where's Sis? Oh! where's Sis?" he shouted.

The work of the flames was swift, for, as he came through his own gate and flung himself out of the saddle, the havoc was all finished.

He stood in the midst of the ash-heaps and looked about him. Presently the sound of a sob made him turn. It was Miss Hallie, on the back steps of the cottage, in a crumpled heap.

As he went toward her she looked up. Her face was smutted. Her braids were down and lay across her shoulders. One sleeve hung torn and scorched from a slender arm. "Oh, I could only a-save these!" she wept, and pointed.

At her feet was a box. And in it, crowding and cheeping and trying to get out, were a dozen small chicks.

"Aw, don't cry," pleaded Giff. "A-course this is bad luck, but it might 'a' been worse, because I ain't lost everything. Why, no! The incubator's in fine shape, and it'll bring me something if it is second-hand. Then there's the dumpy chicks behind the kitchen stove—they'll be worth a little if they don't ketch the roup or the gapes or the cholera. And here's these."

"Oh, but the others!" she whispered.

"Wal," argued Giff stoutly, though his voice shook as he looked to where the brooders had stood, "I ain't goin' to fret over losin' the others. There was only a couple of hunderd left anyhow. If they'd lived it'd 'a' been awful hard to see 'em git fat and sassy, and then have to kill 'em. They was such friendly little things."

A sob.

"Y'see, it was this way," he went on: "I wanted to do somethin' practical. But"—he looked down at the rumpled braids—"I guess I'd better go back to my inventin'. It takes a genius to raise chickens.

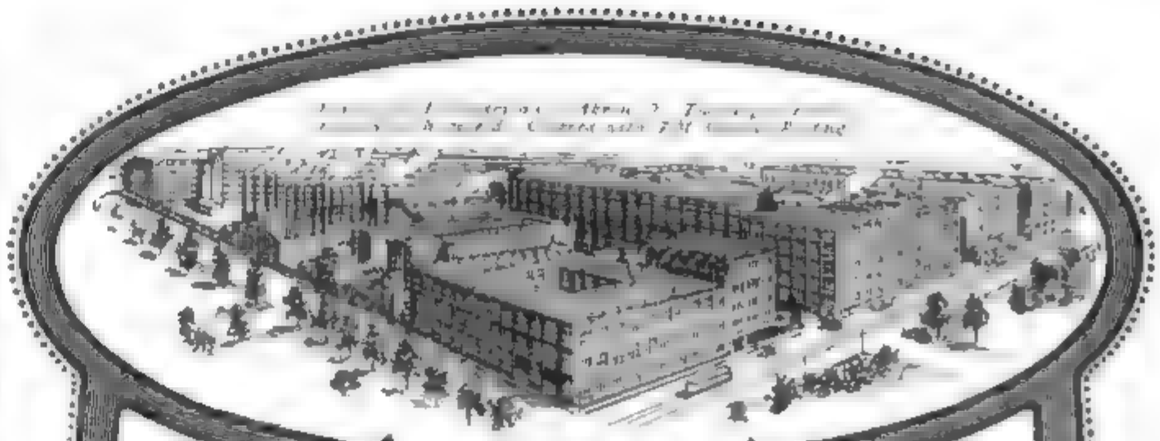
"My lawyer says the prune-dipper's goin' to do fine; and—— Aw, thank you for fightin' like you did for me!" He held out a big hand imploringly. "Miss Hallie -nothin' in this hull world would matter if you wasn't down on me!"

She uncovered her face. She lifted her tear-wet eyes. "But but Pie-Face!" she whispered. "It hurt!"

"Pie-Face!" he repeated. "S'pose I'd 'a' called you anything else—would Mrs. Bailey've let you come?"

"Oh!" she breathed, with sudden happiness; and she swayed nearer to him.

"Little woman!" He reached to take her hands and press his lips to them. "Little—little woman!" Then—cheek smutted, hair roughed, sleeve scorched and torn she was caught in his arms and held close.



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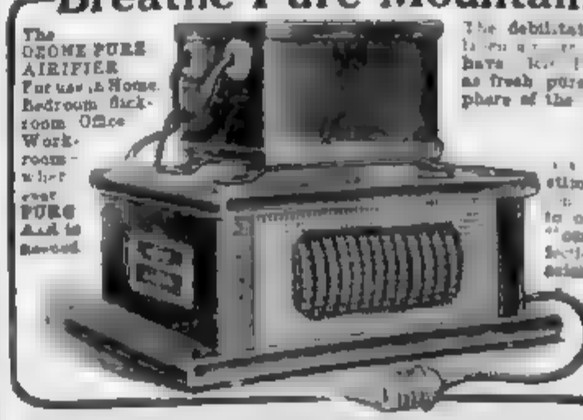

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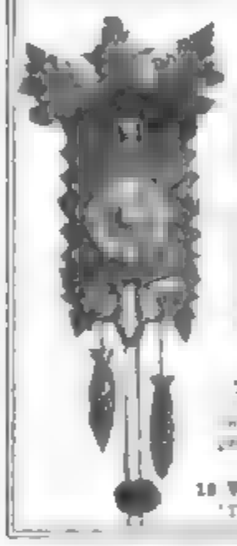

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pleased. Curiously, the actress for whom it was written in London, who had declined it, afterward played the leading female rôle in the play for a year in the English metropolis, in Charles Frohman's company of the Duke of York's Theater.

Mr. Hackett afterward appeared as a star under my management in The Pride of Jennico. This was a play I had purchased from Agnes and Egerton Castle, the English novelists, who had dramatized it from their story. But I found their adaptation so unsuitable that I sought and obtained their permission to have my own version made. This, by the late Abby Sage Richardson, was a great success, and established Hackett's career as a star. His leading lady was a young girl who had studied for the stage, and who had previously exhibited great possibilities. This was Bertha Galland. Her success in the play was quite as pronounced as Hackett's, and a year later she became a star under my management, appearing in The Forest Lovers, first at the Lyceum, then on tour.

My company continued at the Lyceum Theater until 1899, when I secured the lease of Daly's Theater and moved my base of operations to that famous house. The old Lyceum had been my home for fourteen years. Sothern had been under my personal management for sixteen years. Many plays became successful and popular during that period. Among the most successful were The Wife, Sweet Lavender, The Charity Ball, Americans Abroad, Lord Chumley, Captain Letterblair, The Maister of Woodbarrow, Nerves, Old Heads and Young Hearts, The Dancing Girl, The Idler, The Case of Rebellious Susan, The Prisoner of Zenda, The Princess and the Butterfly, The Amazons and Trelawney of the Wells.

Maude Adams' Early Appearances

Georgia Cayvan, the leading lady of the first stock company, was successfully identified with the earlier plays. Her successor was Isabel Irving, whose Susan in The Case of Rebellious Susan was one of her best impersonations. Mary Mannering followed her. I found Miss Mannering in an English traveling company, in which, young as she was, she played the lead, while Constance Collier, now well known in this country, played the ingénue rôle. I engaged Miss Mannering immediately; and, with her mother, she came to New York to appear in her first play. This, The Courtship of Leonie, by an English author, was a failure, though Miss Mannering was enthusiastically received. Her greatest success in the company was as Rose in Trelawney of the Wells, for which play I had also engaged Hilda Spong, whom I first saw in London. Both these ladies made America their home.

In my little theater, also, was nursed that school of acting from which emerged such future stars as the late Robert Taber—husband of Julia Marlowe—Helen Ware, Alice Fischer, George Fawcett and others, as well as these playwrights: Winchell Smith, author of Brewster's Millions and The Fortune Hunter; Bertram Harrison, an author and manager; George Foster Platt, stage manager of the New Theater; Hugh Ford, stage manager for Lieber and Company; William De Mille, author, and others—all tutored in what was once called the Lyceum School of Acting.

My memories of the old Lyceum are replete with the first appearances of many actors now famous. With Mr. Sothern, in Lord Chumley, Maude Adams made her first New York appearance. I recall her then as a very young, slight, fair-haired girl. She had come from California. She had played children's parts, but being able to wear long dresses she came East with her mother to seek her fortune on this side of the continent. Miss Adams was cast for the second rôle, and even then gave evidence of the power and charm she had to move an audience. At the conclusion of the New York engagement I loaned her to the late Charles H. Hoyt to play in The Midnight Bell at the Bijou Theater, as my contract with her forbade my sending her on tour. Meanwhile my brother, Charles Frohman, engaged her for his new stock company, then located at the old Twenty-third Street Theater. She appeared first in The Lost Paradise, by H. C. De Mille, and subsequently was made leading woman with John Drew. Her career with Charles Frohman was and is the most remarkable of this period.

My first stock company was composed of the most promising of the younger actors

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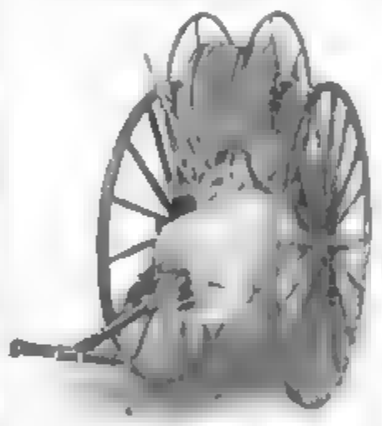

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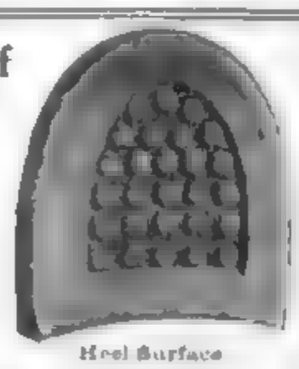
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of the day. Miss Georgia Cayvan, the leading lady, was a Boston girl, who appeared first on the stage as Hebe in the Boston Ideal Company's performance of Pinafore; later she was engaged by Steele Mackaye to appear in Hazel Kirke at the Madison Square Theater, where I was employed as business manager. Herbert Kelcey, my leading man, had been a favorite in the Wallack Company when Kyrle Bellew was the leading man at that house.

Henry Miller had already acquired distinction as a *jeune premier* when he accepted the same position in my company. He was first brought to my notice in a singular way. While I was the manager of the Madison Square Theater I brought out at Booth's Theater, then at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, the Greek play of Sophocles—(Edipus—in which Mr. George Riddle enacted the rôle of the King in Greek, supported by an English-speaking company. Miss Cayvan played Jocaste. I was looking for a sturdy young man to play one of the important messengers, when old C. W. Couldock, who was playing in Hazel Kirke, told me he knew of a promising young man who had played with him in Toronto, named Miller. I sent for him, but he was then otherwise engaged and could not accept. I subsequently engaged him to appear as the young lover in Bronson Howard's Young Mrs. Winthrop, which was to be put on at the Madison Square Theater.

Some Stars of the Eighties

Mr. Faversham, who was Mr. Miller's understudy in my Lyceum Company, was then a young, handsome, immature lad, who had come to America from England and had appeared in a play that failed. Mr. Le Moyne and Mrs. Whiffen, as well as the Walcots, had also been at the Madison Square Theater while I served there, and remained with me during the life of the old company. Mr. Le Moyne, Mrs. Walcot and Nelson Wheatcroft have since passed away. Among the younger men in the company were Charles Dickson, Cyril Scott and Fritz Williams. Mr. Scott had been playing a small rôle with Minnie Maddern. She was not then Mrs. Fiske. His salary was fifteen dollars a week. Being interested financially in the Maddern company, I observed Scott's conscientious efforts and exuberant ability, and transferred him to my stock company.

Virginia Harned was another actress who rose to fame at the old Lyceum Theater and has since become a star. I had seen her in a traveling company at the Fourteenth Street Theater, and engaged her to support Mr. Sothern, first in The Maister of Woodbarrow and next in The Dancing Girl; and in both plays she gave a character and quality to the rôles that were found effective and convincing. Effie Shannon, now also a star, appeared to great advantage in the ingénue rôles.

The Lyceum also sheltered one of the early achievements of Ethel Barrymore, who, in an English comedy, His Excellency the Governor, produced there by her manager, Charles Frohman, played the leading comedy rôle with such resplendent promise that she soon emerged from the ranks as a star. On the same stage her mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore, sister of John Drew, appeared in 1886; and Richard Mansfield and Mrs. Fiske in their first important starring days won applause in the little playhouse—although Mrs. Fiske had been a popular star since childhood. Ethel Barrymore's mother was a capital comedienne, and a woman of much wit and humor—a quality not lacking in her distinguished daughter. In an engagement in San Francisco she was asked to take part in a special performance. She wired her manager in New York for permission. His reply was as follows: "No."

Her answer to this was equally brief.

It was, "Oh."

This was more laconic than Artemus Ward's reply to the San Francisco manager, Thomas Maguire, who telegraphed Ward:

"What will you take for forty nights in California?"

"Whisky and water," was the response.

One of the most promising of the younger actresses was Margaret Anglin. She had acquired her dramatic training at one of the local schools, and I engaged her as a member of the company supporting Sothern. Her first part was that of the slavey in Lord Chumley, and, though the rôle had been previously played by several skillful actresses, she gave the part such effectiveness, naturalness and humor that I made her the understudy for Virginia Harned, the leading woman. Miss Harned became ill, during the week of The Adventure of Lady Ursula, in the West, and Miss Anglin played the part so well that Mr. Sothern wired me:

"Keep your eye on Miss Anglin."

I answered: "Have had both eyes on her for months."

Miss Anglin's accumulation of successful interpretations is still recent history. Miss Mannering, whom, as I have said, I engaged from an English provincial company, made her greatest Lyceum success as Rose in Pinero's remarkable play of Trelawney of the Wells, one of the most unusual performances ever given by the Lyceum Company. In this play Hilda Spong, the English actress, made her first appearance in America, and quite divided honors with Miss Mannering for her breezy and buoyant assumption of Imogen. These two women's parts were in admirable contrast in a play that was so full of happily contrasted characters.

Before her starring days Julia Marlowe called upon me. She was a slender, young and pretty girl, with a very expressive face, who besought my interest in her stage ambition. I immediately offered her the "juvenile business" in my company for the following season, but she refused it.

"Then what do you want?" I asked, feeling I had offered her a splendid opportunity.

"I want to go out as a star in Shakspere!" she answered.

Knowing that it took time and many patient years in those days to qualify as a star, I declined. But in the same season she gave a special matinée performance of Ingomar at the Bijou Theater in New York and won the praise of the critics. The following year she succeeded in beginning her starring project in the "legitimate."

Dressing a Princess

Henrietta Crosman, Julie Opp and Grace Elliston were also members of the Lyceum Company at different periods—all of them now stars; but, like the heavenly bodies, one star differs from another in glory and brilliancy. Miss Crosman had been at Daly's, and left his company to join mine. Mr. Daly about this time had sent me word not to encourage any members of his company to leave him. I replied that I never encroached upon another manager's company, but when applications were made to me I had no other recourse, if they were free, than to consider them. However, I said I would notify him when members of his company applied and would ask whether they were free. I had a number of such experiences. When Miss Crosman applied I notified Mr. Daly; and as I received no reply I engaged her. One of her hits was as the widow in Haddon Chambers' play, The Idler, which the author first permitted to be performed at the Lyceum.

In the case of Julie Opp, her gravitation to the stage was quite natural. She had been writing on stage matters for the papers, and at my suggestion gave up literature for a stage career. I rehearsed her tentatively in several rôles. During the summer, in London, George Alexander made her an offer to join his company, which upon my advice she accepted. It gave her the advantage of stage training. When I was ready to produce Pinero's The Princess and the Butterfly at the Lyceum I engaged her to play the part of the Princess. In this play Miss Mannering made a great hit as Fay Zuliani, an Italian girl. Miss Opp was, as she is now, a fine-looking woman. I engaged Mrs. Osborn, who at that time was considering the practical side of stage work in preference to literature, to dress her. So complete was Miss Opp's sartorial splendor, as the result of Mrs. Osborn's skill, that she gave unusual significance to the rôle. I was asked at the time whether I engaged Miss Opp because she looked like a princess.

"No," I replied; "because she looks as a princess ought to look." I then engaged Mrs. Osborn as a member of my forces, and her sole duty, for a period of two years, was to dress the women of my company. Miss Opp has since appeared with success in other rôles, and now stars with her husband, William Faversham.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Daniel Frohman, giving his Reminiscences of the old Lyceum Theater. The third will appear in an early issue.

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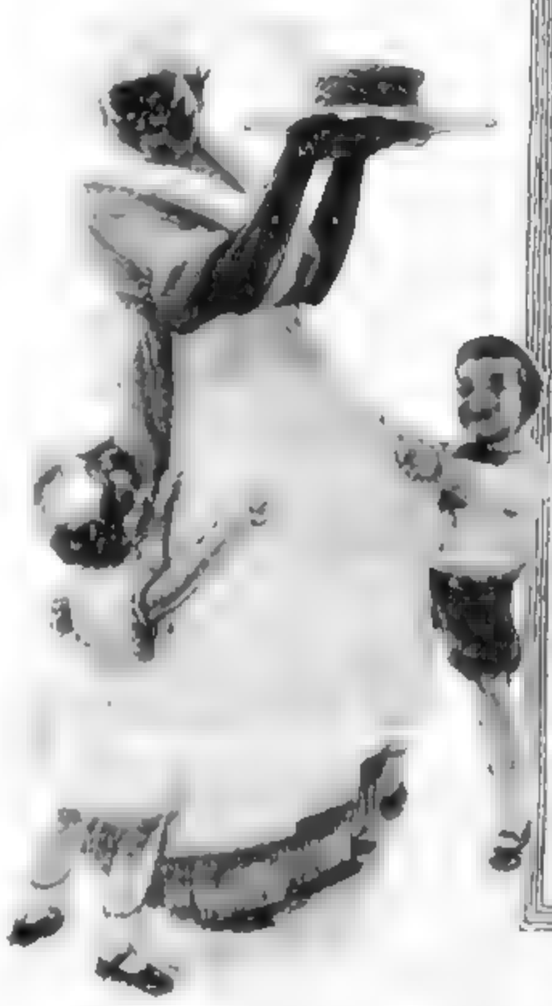

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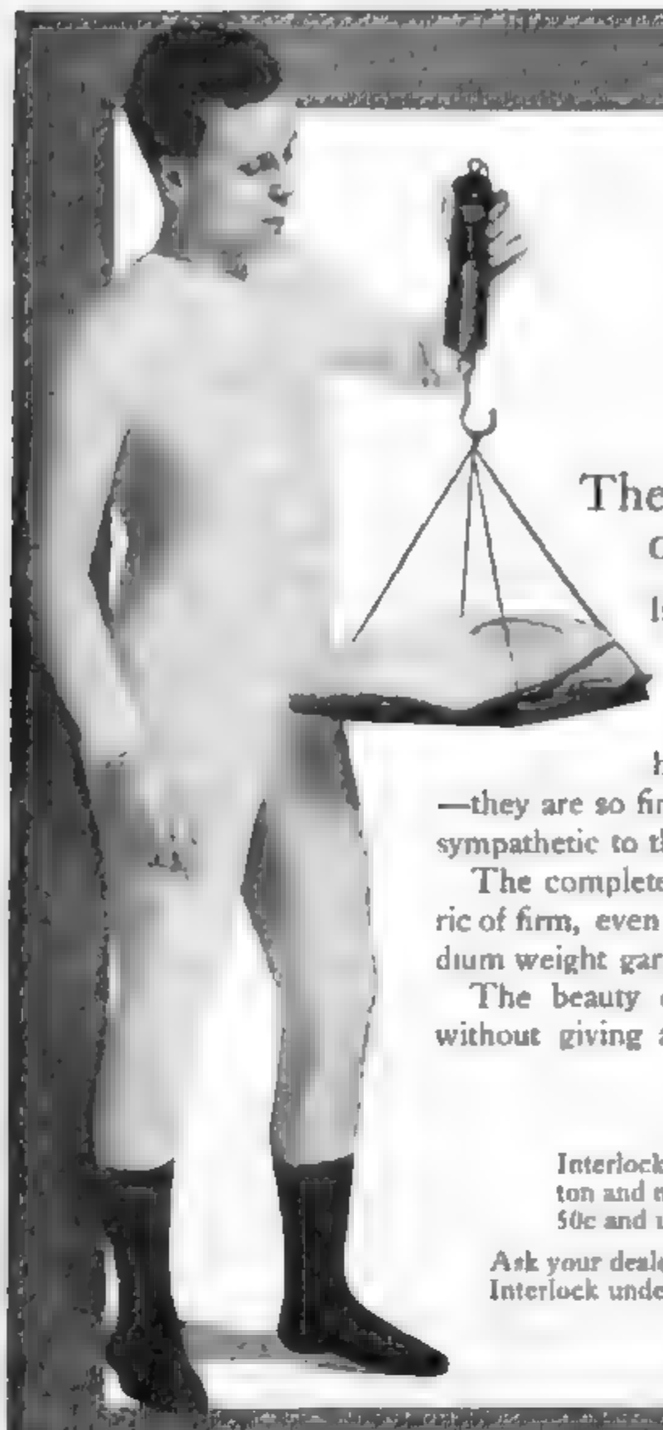

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Be sure to send us your own subscription for these seventy-six magazines, and then add to the list as many friends as you think deserve well of you.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

The Career of Farthest North

(Continued from Page 19)

"You know, Eliza," he explained gently and fondly, "we'll have to have a little ready money in the morning and unfortunately I haven't any."

"Oh, I have no money, Francis," Eliza replied promptly, as though that were a merit. "You know I despise money. Lucille wished me to take some when I came here, but I said 'No.' I have everything charged at the office."

"But tomorrow, you see," Francis explained soothingly, "there will be a few little incidentals—before we go to the bank. Of course we can arrange it very easily. You just draw a check for a small amount say twenty dollars—and ask them to cash it for you at the office."

But a further difficulty arose. Eliza had brought no checkbook. She didn't even know the name of the bank where her money was deposited. It was Mr. Ogden's bank, she said; at least he had something to do with it; and it was a large reddish building not far from the Board of Trade. She was sure she could find it readily if she were downtown because she had often been there; but so far as she recollected she had never even heard the institution's title.

Obviously a check drawn on "a large reddish building not far from the Board of Trade" would be regarded anywhere with suspicion. Farthest perceived that he must shift for himself.

"Oh, Francis," said Eliza with deep feeling, "why do you bring in the bank at all? How I wish you hadn't! It is an ill omen. Banks are the death of love."

He saw that the poor girl was overwrought and spoke to her reassuringly. It didn't in the least matter, he said; they would forget all about the bank; she must dismiss it from her mind. And in the morning, exactly at ten o'clock, she must be by the little flower bed in the woodsy hollow behind the bowling alley. He would join her there. Together they would walk through the woods to the station.

As for the small sum of cash that was needed he decided to fall back upon his benevolent old friend, Mr. Gregory. He knew that Mr. Gregory, even if his neuritis was very bad, would lend him ten or fifteen dollars under the humiliating circumstances that he would narrate. Going up to his room early in the evening he packed his suitcase, turned out the light and waited for midnight. A careful reconnoissance soon after that hour disclosed no sign of life about the establishment. Suitcase in hand, Farthest stole cautiously down the hall, descended three flights of stairs, groped his slow way through the basement and undid the outer door. He slipped through the dark to the hollow behind the bowling alley and followed that to the confines of the sanitarium grounds. There he concealed his suitcase in a clump of hazel bushes. He then stealthily returned to his room. So far, so good. It pleased him to have surmounted the first obstacle, and he laid down to get what sleep he could.

He was too nervous to sleep well, however, and arose soon after the sun. Now the windows in his room and the windows in Mr. Gregory's room opened upon a long balcony. If the old gentleman had been unable to sleep, as Francis hoped, he would be astir early. Farthest stepped out on the balcony, therefore, and seated himself in a canvas chair that commanded a view of Mr. Gregory's windows. There he sat for two mortal hours watching the old gentleman's motionless curtains. Mr. Gregory evidently was sleeping like a hog.

Meanwhile breakfast was going on. Farthest abandoned his post and went down to the dining room. His veiled but eager glance showed that Mr. Gregory was not present. He lingered as long as possible over breakfast, hoping his friend would enter. Then he inquired of the waitress at whose table Mr. Gregory sat. The girl replied that the old gentleman had eaten breakfast early that morning—about seven o'clock, she thought—and had been in fine spirits. She believed he had gone out on the grounds.

It was then twenty minutes past eight and Farthest was just nervous enough to be unfair to his friend. He told himself bitterly that the old idiot might have known enough to roll up his window shades when he dressed. However, there was still plenty of time. He strolled out on the grounds, looking about with a casual air, and presently discovered the object of his search sitting in a large willow chair under the butternut tree.

Mr. Gregory's ruddy face was framed in a short beard, patriarchally white. He wore a skull cap to protect his neuralgic baldness. His hands were clasped over the gold head of a stout ebony cane. He was smiling, and occasionally he looked gratefully up into the world of foliage above and sniffed the balmy morning air. Thus relishing one of his good days the venerable invalid made a rather fine picture. But the composition was very displeasing to Farthest, for Mr. Gregory was not alone. He was flanked on the right by rheumatic Mr. Timmons, who would talk the legs off a castiron dog any day, and by Miss Green, who took it for granted that everybody else was as intensely interested in her two operations as she was. On the left sat Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, while stout Mrs. Olcott sat in front, her head done up in a woolen shawl, dribbling conversation about New Thought.

Mr. Gregory beamed paternally as Farthest came up and ventured to interrupt Miss Green long enough to say "Good morning." Farthest seated himself modestly on the bench that surrounded the trunk of the butternut tree, listening while Miss Green described exactly how the ether had affected her the second time, and repeated the surgeon's learned explanation as to why it had affected her differently the first time. That naturally reminded Mrs. Benedict that they had been obliged to give her a great deal of ether, and the surgeon had told her that never in all his long experience had he encountered a patient who resisted it so long. Before she was done, which was a good ten minutes, Mr. Benedict was blowing up to tell about a new anesthetic that he had been reading of in the Sunday supplement of a newspaper. At the first practicable opportunity Mrs. Olcott went to bat with the proposition that in ten years surgical operations would be a thing of the past. Mr. Gregory had a strong conviction to the contrary.

For an hour and twenty minutes Farthest sat listening to this conversation—now with a bright gleam of hope as it looked as though somebody were going to break away, again with the dark clutch of despair as the person settled back in his or her chair. He was genial by nature, and he had never before felt such rage against anybody as he now felt against the harmless imbeciles who surrounded Mr. Gregory. He felt obscurely that it was a monstrous outrage that all his careful plans should be wrecked in this flood of vapid conversation. At a quarter of ten he arose desperately and walked back to the sanitarium. He was going to ask Doctor von Stein to lend him ten dollars and was trying to think up a good story to go with the request. But somehow this unexpected check and the excruciating suspense of waiting to get a chance to speak with Mr. Gregory had set up a mysterious disturbance in his mind. The stories that he thought of seemed shabby and transparent. He entered the office, trying to concentrate his thoughts, and almost ran into Doctor and Mrs. von Stein. The mere sight of them gave him a great fright. It seemed to him that the doctor was about to demand payment of his bill, and he hastened by. The elevator cage was the only thing in sight to which a man could reasonably hasten, so he hopped in it. Thus he found himself in his own empty room—and it was nearly ten o'clock. He must do or die immediately.

He left the room at once, walked down the hall with a casual air, entered Mr. Gregory's room and closed the door behind him. On days when his neuritis was bad the old gentleman was bedridden. More than once, on such a day, Farthest had seen him direct a servant to take money for some small occasion out of the little lacquered chest on the bureau. In fact, for the last half hour that little lacquered chest had been bobbing back and forth through the subcellar of Farthest's mind—hard as he had tried to chase it out. He loathed to do anything so low, but his necessity was pressing. So he stepped nimbly to the bureau and opened the little chest. Within lay a fine gold watch, several minor articles of jewelry, a handful of silver money and a crumpled little heap of bills. Farthest took the bills. Then out

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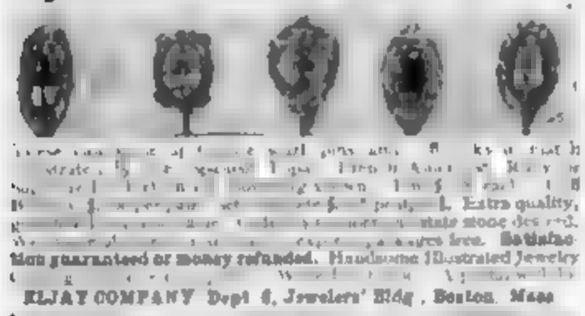
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of mere haste and confusion he took the watch also. Stuffing the booty in his pocket he ran downstairs without waiting for the elevator, and out of the back door. He noted that it lacked barely half a minute of ten.

Moderating his pace to a leisurely stroll he gained the bowling alley, walked deliberately around it, descended into the woodsy hollow and skirted the shrubbery which intercepted his view of the little flower bed. Then he stopped dead in his tracks, quite paralyzed. Eliza was there at the appointed place and hour; but she was not dressed for traveling. Instead she wore the big gingham apron and cotton gloves that comprised her gardening costume. She was kneeling beside the little flower bed—industriously digging up the flowers and laying them in a neat pile.

Farthest sprang forward, his mouth open. "Eliza!" he gasped. "What are you doing?"

Eliza looked up at him. At first she was perplexed. Then a wavering smile of recognition appeared upon her face. "Good morning, sir," she said pleasantly. "I'm gathering a mess of greens for luncheon." She drove her trowel into the soft earth, lifted out a bunch of nasturtiums, shook the dirt from their roots and added them to her pile.

"Mr. Ogden is fond of greens," she remarked with cheerful casualness.

Farthest was transfixed with horror. For a long minute he palely gaped, his mind a whirling void. "But—but——" he stammered.

Eliza's trowel unearthed a round, vegetable substance, resembling an onion. She picked it up and turned it over in her cotton-gloved fingers; then glanced inquiringly at Farthest.

"Do you suppose," she asked with incidental interest, "that that's an onion or a young potato?"

But Farthest did not tarry to reply. The wild thought that it might not yet be too late to retreat burst upon his palsied mind. He hastened out of the hollow, rounded the bowling alley and made for the sanitarium. But as he came in full view of it he saw Mr. Gregory, Mr. Benedict, the Mesdames Olcott and Benedict and Miss Green on the veranda. His own going, in fact, had been the signal for the breaking up of the group. Even as he looked Mr. Gregory turned to the door. Undoubtedly he would go to his own room and presently open the little lacquered chest.

Farthest retreated to the hollow, making a détour so as to avoid Eliza. At a brisk pace he followed the hollow to the limits of the sanitarium premises, recovered his suitcase from the hazel bushes and hurried to the station. He was two suits of clothes ahead—but would soon have the police on his trail.

Madam Ptolemy's thoughts were still engaged with Farthest that morning, and she was still hugely amused. She fairly laughed outright, indeed, whenever she recalled what the prim housekeeper had said.

The housekeeper's words were: "Oh, yes; Miss Spofford is an excellent cook and a woman of unimpeachable character. Mrs. Ogden—who is most considerate of all her servants—will do everything possible for her. But poor Eliza has a great weakness. She is foolishly romantic and sentimental, always having love affairs even though the object of her affections may not be aware of it. Last spring she fell desperately in love with one of the gardeners—an unprincipled Swede. The wretch seemed to reciprocate until he completely won her confidence. Then he stole all her savings and ran off with a parlormaid. We think it unsettled Miss Spofford's reason. At any rate, a few days later she was found in the meadow. The unfortunate woman had been sitting out there all day in the blazing sun and was evidently overcome with the heat. She has been very queer ever since, although at times her conversation seems perfectly rational. We certainly hope she will recover at the sanitarium."

Such had been the housekeeper's language. Recalling it, Madam Ptolemy doubled over with mirth, helplessly shaking her head. "Oh, you clever little Farthest!" she gurgled. "A nutty cook without a dollar to her name!"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Payne relating The Career of Farthest North. The fourth will appear in an early number.

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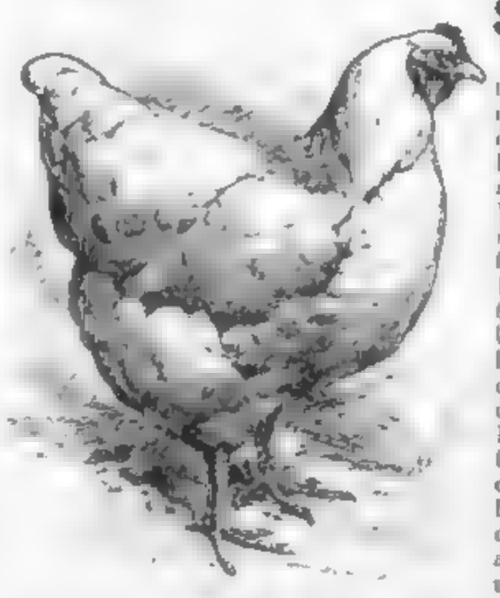

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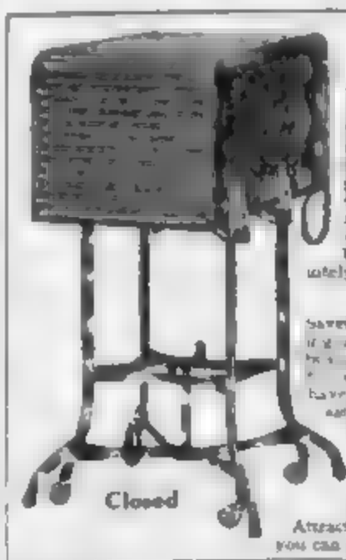

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223 Gold Filled Handy Pin, Plain .20
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229 Solid Gold Handy Pin, Plain .75
215 Gold Filled Brooch, Crescent, Pearl Center .40
212 Gold Filled Brooch, Amethyst $1.00
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210 Gold Filled Brooch, Coil .50
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47 $10.00 Solid Gold Necklace, Baroque Pearls, Amethyst
409 .30 Sterling Silver Brooch, Dutch Girl
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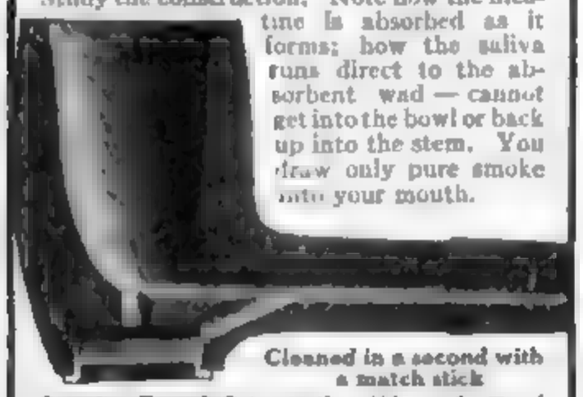

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UNDER WATER

(Continued from Page 15)

such dim light as there was seemed vibratory and his eyes dimmed and he could see nothing at all. When he started to walk he found the labor tremendous and his head thumped dully as though a lead hammer were at work on the inside. He licked his lips, waggled his head and his lower jaw moved uncertainly.

Well, he could let them haul him out with the line round his waist; perhaps that was best after all. He jerked on the line and they above hauled in with such great vigor that Bateman, with Lawlor in his arms, was drawn through the water like a comet. He lost his feet instantly and he spun round and round like a trolling spoon and the dim light at his face plate turned to a circle of fire.

"What a noise thar is inside my haid!" said Bateman aloud; "and my ear-drums are being cut up with a dull knife!" But he hung to Lawlor as though that man were a part of himself.

And then he went afoul of the propeller and the harder they hauled the tighter he was jammed against the bottom blade of it. He feebly gave the signal to slack and then to hoist again. Three times did he repeat this maneuver before he went clear. But before the ordeal was over his pain and distress seemed to have left him; he could hear the sea and the wind singing their antiphonal chorus on the sand-spit where his cabin stood and the light brightened to the shining gold color of Mary's hair.

When he came clear of the propeller, air came to him and he found Lawlor still in his arms. They hauled them out together and the crowd cheered him thrice, but he seemed scarcely to hear. The yard surgeon came and pumped air into Lawlor's lungs in place of the water, using the man's arms for pump handles. Lawlor came back to earth and Mary held his head in her lap and the gold of her disheveled hair flowed over his face. Bateman went home to his shack and the Japanese steamer went back to the East.

Here appears the part which Bergstrohm calls the "dranamigration." Both Lawlor and Bateman were ever afterward much changed. Lawlor lacked his fire, ardor and courage; he was broken in spirit. And, curiously, Bateman seemed thereafter to breathe a more rarefied air, to be keener, clearer, more self-possessed and, indeed, to have gained many of the qualities that Lawlor had lost. Wherefore the thing was called a "dranamigration." It may appear fantastic so to designate it, but it was thus named, and in good faith, by Bergstrohm.

The changes in Lawlor were, indeed, extraordinary. He was sick for a long time, and even when he was apparently well again physically his mind still seemed sick. When he came back on the dock he was no longer master of things. His voice wouldn't carry through the long megaphone to the end of the dock, and his tones lacked their peculiar stimulative powers. He walked stoop-shouldered and he was habitually afraid, afraid of himself, afraid of his men, afraid of his superiors. I say this was the condition after he became well, but I think in my heart that he never became physically well again. There must have been, could one know, some tangible wound unhealed in his body. Perhaps time will mend him.

Of course Mary saw the changes in him. She used to stand at the head of the dock forlornly looking at Lawlor's melancholy, drooping figure, the effigy of a lover, the ghost of a dockmaster. Her eyes at such times wore a haggard, desperate look, and sometimes she would turn away with her head in her hands, voices within taunting her and saying words to her like these: "You can't do it, you can't do it, you can't do it; you don't love him, you despise him and you can't help yourself." At first she used to make temperate mental answers to these voices and argue with them. But the voices never stopped to let her replies become heard; they kept up a constant shouting until she went into panic. Often she tried to flee from the voices, walking anywhither or running, but they followed even closer when she fled and bawled loudly into her ear.

Lawlor understood Mary's feeling in this matter and he became afraid of her also, just as he feared his men and his work and himself. It was he who finally ended the thing. He left his work one day in the midst of docking a ship and never came

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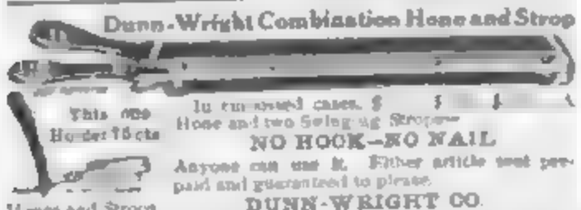

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back, and Bergstrohm fell heir to the job of dockmaster and he still keeps it. Afterward we heard that Lawlor had gone to the South Seas and had turned beachcomber. Who knows? He must have been sick without knowing it.

Soon after Lawlor's disappearance Mary and Bateman commenced talking to each other at church festivals and picnics, and this, said Bergstrohm, completed the evidence that there had been a "dransmigration" of souls. Strangely, it all seemed natural enough now, for Bateman had been smitten on the shoulder with the sword of grace. He had performed a difficult task and he had been paid in the coin of self-reliance. He had sent his crude manhood to mint and had taken back carloads of the bright coins of courage and hope. He held his head high, his step was buoyant, elastic and free, and he had words of greeting for every one. Strangest of all, he now approached Mary in an elephantine, yet charming, spirit of gayety and gallantry. Also, this great, mild, strong, awkward man learned to bully Mary a little, just to the extent that is most pleasing to a feminine mind. If he learned all these things under water that day, the race of men should all become divers to the last numbered one.

Still the primitive simplicity of Bateman was unchanged, and it was said on the dock-floor in his absence that the manner of his proposal was unique and simple, albeit entirely successful. He, it is stated, addressed Mary in a manner similar to this:

"I has it in mind, Mary, for several hours that you mean to marry up with a gentleman here present, there bein' no other gent but me present either. Now, as a military man to a lady, which I was of the military in the Spanish War, having spent the summer in diving down to patch up a Dago gunboat, I'm free to say I'm highly pleased. Let's do it at once. As for goods and such ——" and it is stated that the golden fires in Mary's hair were here brought to burn themselves out on the barrel-like chest of Mr. Bateman, the diver.

Wherefore, if I now pass the float on a day on which Bateman is diving I shall see Mary sitting, while he is below water, by the compressor, watching with anxious blue eyes the needle of the air-gauge and jealously holding his tenders to the careful discharge of their duty. Or, if perchance he is resting, I am likely to hear first his burly voice raised in some lugubrious air, and then I shall see that he is standing on his diving ladder with helmet removed and that Mary is stroking his disheveled curly hair. Mary's own hair will be afire with the sunshine and her eyes will be placid and blue. Then, perhaps, Bateman will fancy that she is more serious of mind than a bride properly should be and he will sing softly some ditty that he considers more lively. Mary, then, will have tears in her eyes that will not indicate to you whether the ditty really is lively, but it will let you see very well whether or not she likes Bateman, the diver.

Art and Cash

THE Passion Play appears to have suffered one of the common afflictions of modern art—namely, it offered itself to the public for the gate receipts and was considerably annoyed at the enthusiasm with which the public responded. Americans, it is said, especially disgraced themselves not only by thronging to the play but by staring at the chief actors just as though they were Broadway stars. They crowded into the actors' houses, shaking hands with them, and incidentally purchased great quantities of the photographs and crucifixes which the actors thoughtfully provided as souvenirs and kept on sale in their distressingly crowded dwellings.

This thronging of the curious multitude is one of the afflictions of modern artists; but whenever a curious multitude fails to throng their affliction is deeper still. A delicate mind hates to be advertised, and hates yet more the solitary results of being unadvertised. The ideal would be fulfilled by some workable device for collecting a great crowd without making a loud noise; some practicable formula for assembling a multitude in silence which would obey the whispered instructions:

"Remove your hat as you enter, tip-toe rapidly through the room and deposit your money noiselessly on the platter at the right."

But as between a brass band and an empty platter, art usually votes for the band.

Round Shoulders Make Weaklings

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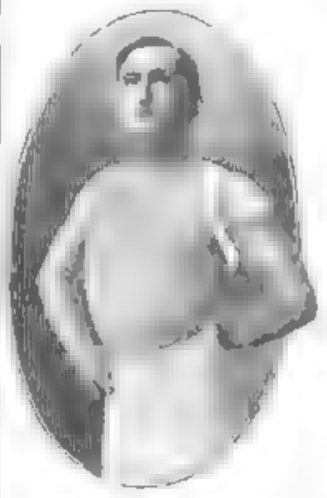
Straightens Round Shoulders Instantly and Compels Deep Breathing



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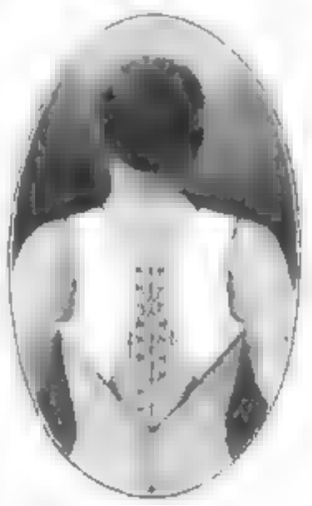

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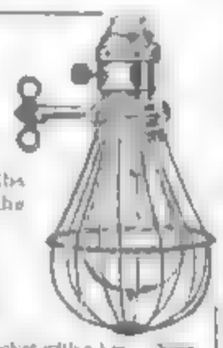

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WHEN TO BUY STOCKS

(Concluded from Page 9)

index number. This number is a sort of barometric index number showing, each week, the general business conditions throughout the entire country. By systematically plotting each week this barometric index number one has the outline of a plot that shows graphically general business conditions as determined by fundamental statistics.

In the plot that is reproduced on page 8 the large black areas—A, B, C and D—are the result of such an outline obtained in such a manner and representing the past seven years.

They show, in the first place, the business conditions existing today compared with any other time since 1902. In the second place, based as they are upon the law of "action and reaction being equal when the total force or area involved is considered," they tell how much longer present conditions are to last.

Thirdly, they show that, in the long swings of the bond market, the highest bond prices come when the line representing general business is in the vicinity of the line of growth, X—Y, and the area of depression is about completed. Conversely, the lowest bond prices come when the line representing general business is in the vicinity of the line of growth, X—Y, and the area of prosperity is about completed. It, however, should be remembered that all bonds do not move together, the highest-grade bonds being the first to increase in price at the end of the prosperity area and the first to decrease in price at the end of the depression area.

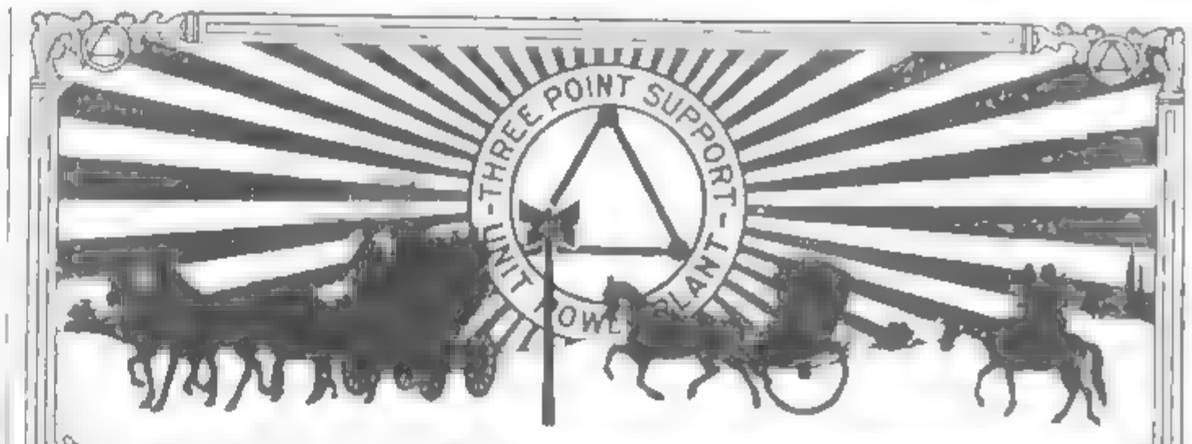
The Period of High Prices

In the fourth place, these areas show that in the long swings of the stock market the highest stock prices come when the area of prosperity is about one-quarter consumed and the lowest stock prices come when the area of depression is about one-quarter consumed. Of course, these fractions are only approximate, as certain factors cannot be plotted; but careful investors can tell whether to add to or subtract from these figures.

Therefore, disregarding the relation between major and minor cycles, there are only two requisites in the study of fundamental conditions: First, statistics on the above-mentioned fundamental subjects must be systematically accumulated each week, properly combined into one index figure and said index figure plotted; secondly, the area of said plot must be most carefully watched, without giving too much attention to previous high and low points.

It is especially in this latter connection that many students of fundamental conditions are today being misled. Simple line charts, comparing the present with previous high and low points, are of very little value except in connection with the area plots. The area consumed is the vital point, as only the area plots consider both factors of time and intensity. Medium conditions extending over four to six years have the same effect as intensely prosperous conditions lasting but two or three years, and vice versa. In short, economics is based upon the same laws as engineering, physics and every other science. It does not mean anything to the mechanical engineer to talk about a force either in feet or in pounds; he wishes to know the foot-pounds involved. Feet or pounds can be plotted by single-line plots; but the total force involved, or the foot-pounds, is represented by an area.

To return to the first portion of this article, I strongly advise all young men to have nothing to do with either of the first two forms of speculation referred to; but to confine their investments to the outright purchase of high-grade securities. Those who are willing to spend time and money in the study of fundamental conditions I advise to confine their investments to the highest-grade listed stocks or else to the highest-grade commercial paper, and to take advantage of the long swings; in fact, I believe that such as do will, with absolute safety, accumulate a very large amount of money. Those, however, who do not care to take this trouble I advise to buy no listed securities whatever, but to confine their investments to such seasoned, inactive and safe investment bonds as are recommended by established bond houses of character.



Limousine Luxury

is exemplified in every detail of construction in Stevens-Duryea closed cars. From the 18th Century mode of conveyance to the modern convenience and comfort of a 1911 Stevens-Duryea Limousine is a far cry—all intervening years progressed toward our perfect result.

Our Literature is Informative—convincing Tells "How and Why." Send for it to-day

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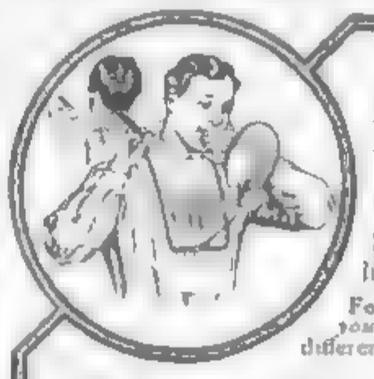


See Yourself From Every Angle With Both Hands Free

You men who shave yourselves—you women who dress your own hair, here's absolutely the greatest time and trouble-saving mirror that you can get! It gives you free use of both your hands while throwing the full strength of *all* your light *exactly* where you want it.

For Stand or Window. The Allview Portable Mirror not only *fits over your shoulders:* It can be made in *more* stands and can be hung in *more* different positions than any other mirror ever invented. Light *cannot* escape it.

The Allview Portable Mirror

The Mirror ... excellent toilet necessity ever devised. It has *all* the useful features ... that *no* other mirror *ever* had. A simple touch adjusts it ... ways, up or down, close or removed from the face. It brings the back of ... the face. Enables ladies to arrange their back hair as easily as the ... shaving around the ears, under the chin and on the back of the neck as easy and safe as shaving the face.

Dealers!

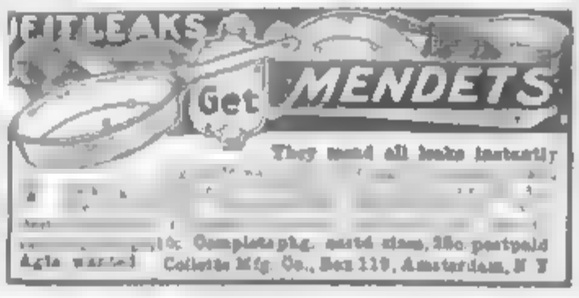
A ... sell on sight

Makes a Dandy Gift!

The Allview Portable Mirror is made of ... inch finest grade German plate mirror, with a strongly-jointed, highly polished special nickel steel frame. Folds compactly into a special case. Extremely handy when traveling. Its many uses, together with its rich appearance, make it an exceptionally attractive gift for men or women—old or young.

If your dealer cannot supply this Mirror, send us his name with $...

PORTABLE MIRROR CO., Dept. 10, St. Louis, Mo.



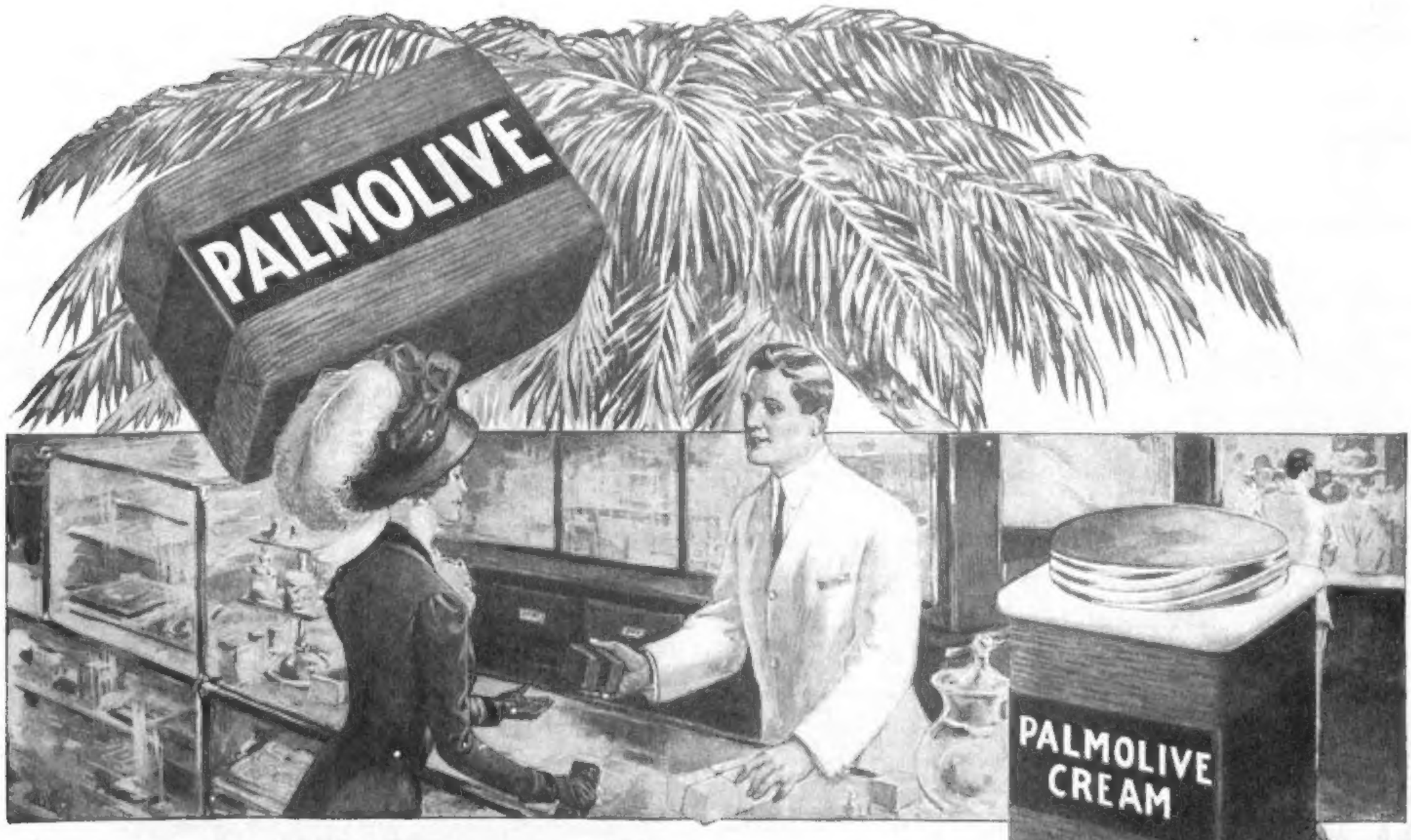
... 10c. Complete pkg. mailed anywhere, 25c. postpaid
Agts wanted Collette Mfg. Co., Box 119, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Roosevelt's Own Book "African Game Trails"

"The Book of the Year." N. Y. Tribune.

Agents wanted in every community to sell the sole account of Theodore Roosevelt's adventures, by his own hand. Strongest co-operation; large commissions; monopoly of territory. For prospectus, write

Charles Scribner's Sons, 151 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



A 50c Jar of Palmolive Cream Absolutely at Our Expense

Just purchase of your regular dealer six cakes of Palmolive Soap at the regular price. Present the coupon in this advertisement at the same time and your dealer will give you a 50c jar of Palmolive Cream absolutely without charge.

Palmolive Soap, made from palm and olive oils, is the very best and largest selling high-grade toilet soap in the world. Palmolive Cream is as perfect a face cream as Palmolive is a soap.

Palmolive is the largest seller in the world today because we gave the people the opportunity to try it the first time at our expense.

We know that Palmolive Cream will win friends as instantly in the same way, and it is because of this fact alone that we dare make so phenomenal an offer and one so expensive to us.

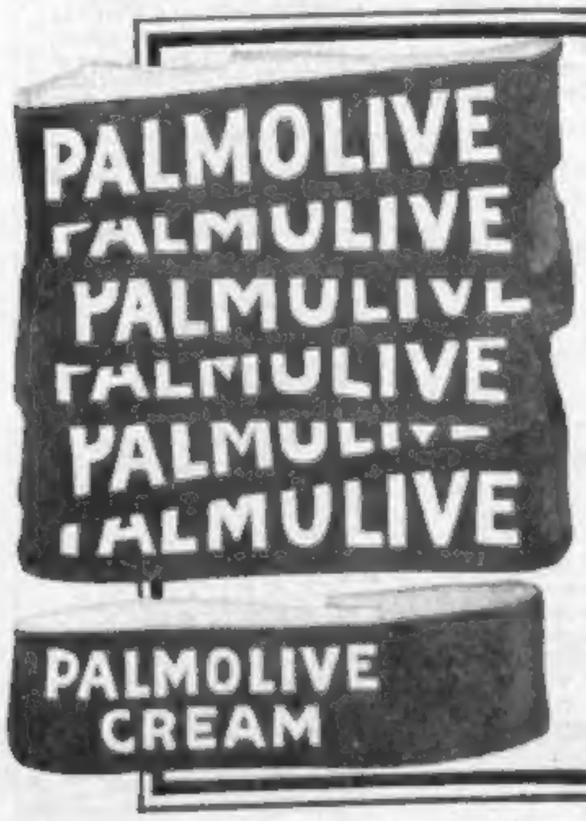
We must reimburse your dealer for the jar of créam which he will give you and it will, therefore, be necessary for him to remove the bands from the soap which you purchase and the jar of Palmolive Cream which he gives you free of charge.

We require him to return these bands with the coupon signed by you to show us that the offer has been properly accepted.

Cut out the coupon and present it today before you forget.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Cut out this Entire Coupon and take it to your Dealer



To the Dealer:

To redeem this coupon it is necessary

1st, That the coupon be properly signed in person by the customer receiving the free jar of Palmolive Cream.

2nd, That the coupon be returned direct to the B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

3rd, That each coupon be accompanied by six bands taken from the soap sold and the band from about the carton of the Palmolive Cream given free. These bands are shown immediately to the left. We will give you for each coupon a 50c jar of Palmolive Cream and two regular size cakes of Palmolive Soap.

No other instructions or authority is required by dealers in order to redeem this coupon, providing they have both Palmolive Soap and Palmolive Cream in stock.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

(111)

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
352 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.

I certify that I have purchased from the dealer whose name is given below, six cakes of Palmolive Soap, and have received from him, free, a full-size jar of Palmolive Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Dealer's Name _____

Sense and Nonsense

The "Workin' Stiff"

NOTE—The United States Census says there are ten million casual laborers in the United States—that is, ten million men who work at temporary or "short-time" jobs. To the underworld these men are known as "workin' stiffs."

They asked me, "What is a workin' stiff?"
And I told 'em the best I knew,
Though all I got was a doubting sniff
And a titter when I got through;
But I told them straight as the bow of Fate,
The same as I'm telling you.

A workin' stiff is the lad that toils
On the tracks are the trains go by,
And he is the victim and they are the spoils;
And the victor?—is you and I.
He levels the path for the engine's wrath and
stretches the strands of steel;
But he always rides where the ballast glides,
by the roar of the brooding wheel.

For his is the brunt in the serried strife,
The brawl of a moment's breath;
And it lies in the places far from life
And only an inch from death.
He must blind his brain for his body's gain
and live in the seconds bought—
So his work is long as his arms are strong,
and his pleasures as swift as thought.

Would you sunder the wall of a basalt chute
To a river of grinding rage?
And lead it out like a conquered brute
From its path of pre-Cambrian age?
Would you Eden breed from a desert seed,
through the bowels of a barren cliff?
Promote it a bit, and the granite will split at
the tread of the workin' stiff.

When the wheat is ripe on the standing grain
He crawls on the steam-wrapt blind,
And, haggard, sways to the trembling train
As it swings through the rough night wind.
Then—the endless days in the header's haze
and the breathless, broiling heat;
A bleary blank, for an all-night tank, and
then—let him beg on the street.

Does a city shake to a broken shell?
Does it burn to a blackened heap?
Does the ocean vomit a whirling hell
That buries it dead in the deep?
Will you build it new with the famished few
that foster the wasted veins?—
As the field is born from the blasted corn that
fell in the April rains!

. . . . . .

On the road, he's a cat, and a bloody fink,
And a scissor-bill to boot;
And bindle-stiff is a gentle link
In the names that he must bruit.
For the lowest bum and the foulest scum are
higher than such as he,
As the stars in the sky are lifted high from
their brothers in the sea.

He's a workin' stiff—ergo, he works.
He's a stiff—id est, he's broke.
He hasn't the sense to play the firks,
And he hasn't the brains to moke—
Which is to observe that he hasn't the nerve
required of those who steal,
And equally lacks in the mental tacks incum-
bent on begging a meal.

When he's off the road he's a nasty tramp;
If he's working, a fly-by-night;
If he lands in court he's a vagrant scamp,
And a couple of months is light.
But, nevertheless, he may progress to the ranks
of the Johnny Yegg;
For the name and the game, and the game and
the name, are only dissevered a peg.

And truth of it is that he's neither a tramp,
Nor a fink, nor a Johnny Yegg,
Nor a fly-by-night, nor a vagrant scamp,
Nor much of a fellow to beg.
He works when he can, like another man, and
quits when the job is done;
But the jobs are short and away apart, and
most of the time are none.

So he works the while that there's work to have,
And goes when the work is gone;
For work is the master and he the slave;
And The Master's will be done.
And sometimes he drinks; but he never
thinks—and the cause redeems the end,
Since the mind must bind as the back's in-
clined and the back must ever bend.

Ay, the workin' stiff is the lad that plods
Up the tracks as the trains go by;
He builds the railroads and rides the rods,
And his cities rend the sky.
But he's never a bed to lay his head nor a
roof to hide his grime;
He harvests the wheat that the world may eat,
and—goes hungry most of the time.

—Lionel C. Moise, Jr.

The Omniscient Eye

JUST when I used to reach the top of our back fence at home; just when I was about to drop and set me out to roam the lanes and byways of our town with neighbor lads I knew; just in the act of dropping down with all my troubles through; just when with careful step and slow I'd come through our back yard quite sure my Mother did not know, and breathing quick and hard from the suspense that tried my soul; just as I threw my leg across the fence that was my goal, by standing on a keg; just as I was near out of sight beyond the garden's green, and as I glanced back in my fright to note if I was seen from any porch or pane or door, and there had come to me the glad assurance o'er and o'er that I would soon be free; just as I was about to slide adown the whitewashed wall—just then my Mother always cried—how clearly she could call!—

"John Henry Williams, that will do! Come right down from that climb! Your chores, John Henry, are not through! I saw you all the time!"

OH, OFTEN when the neighbor boys upon me would intrude with tales of revelries and joys by some far brook or wood; oft when I laid the buck-saw by and hid the bacon rind and wondered if my Mother's eye was sharp enough to find us ere we made our getaway and lost ourselves to sight with promise of a summer day gorged with small boys' delight; oft when with stealthy step I strode like scout upon the track to reach the old, main-traveled road and cast one last look back to see if she were watching me; oft as my pulses thrilled to think of happiness to be and hours with gladness filled; just as my heart was throbbing fast and one step more would bear us safely out of sight at last and find us free from care—just then I heard her as I stood, from window, porch or door:

"John Henry Williams, where's the wood that I've been waiting for? Just march straight back there where you dropped your buck-saw on the pile and start to work right where you stopped! I saw you all the while!"

OH, WHEN the boys were playing ball in vacant lots so near that I could hear the umpire's call, seductive, shrill and clear; oft when my axe or rake or hoe fell from my nerveless hand with heaviness you may not know, but boys will understand; oft when injustice stifled me and robbed me of my breath and I would battle tyranny for liberty or death; oft then I cast about to see, as captives might of yore, if there were any hope for me to burst my prison door; oft then I idled farther back, some hoeing as I went, as though to cover up my track and throw her off the scent; my heart beat loud with hope and fear and fluttered with suspense; and just as I was almost near enough to scale the fence; just as I reached the goal at last beyond which I should find security and peace, and cast one startled look behind—just when another moment more meant safety in my flight, I heard her from the kitchen door before I dropped from sight:

"John Henry Williams, that's enough! Just come right down, my lad! You haven't hoed the garden stuff! The weeds are getting bad! You had your money yesterday—you were to earn that dime! Don't think that you can run away! I saw you all the time!"

—J. W. Foley.

A Young Economist

THAT Young America has awakened to the importance of thrift is illustrated by a little Italian boy who has one hundred and eighty-seven dollars on deposit in a savings bank, and makes it a rule to add at least five dollars monthly. His father is a laborer on the railroad, and encourages his boy, never touching what he earns. The lad's earnings come chiefly from sales of fruit, which he sells around the railroad station morning and night, when suburban trains are going through. He goes to school, and means, when his education is rounded off a bit more, and his savings have grown sufficiently, to have "one nice fruit store."

The Peck Clothing Made in Syracuse

THE prices of "Peck Clothes" are not pre-determined but are based on the actual cost to produce. With the advance of manufacturing-economics and material cost-reductions, we give the public the benefit.

But always remember this one thing—that we never stray a hair's breadth from quality and there's always present the refined style desired by progressive men and young men.

Ask the "Peck" dealer for:

No. 1926. Black Worsted Suit
No. 3402. Blue Serge Suit

Price, $20.00

If the dealer hasn't your size in stock, he can get it from us at once.

Artistic Dress Guide and Art Calendar, with name of dealer carrying "Peck Clothes," sent on request.

W. S. PECK & CO.
MAKERS OF FASHIONABLE CLOTHES
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

A Living from Poultry

Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute Poultry Plant, Where There Are Now Over 5,000 Pedigree White Orpingtons on Less Than a Half Acre of Land

$1,500.00 from 60 hens in ten months on a city lot forty ft. square

To the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden, 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by THE PHILO SYSTEM.

The Philo System is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

Two-Pound Broilers in Eight Weeks

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here 5 cents a pound above the highest market price.

Our Six-months-old Pullets Are Laying at the Rate of 24 Eggs Each per Month

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, THE PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

Don't Let the Chicks Die in the Shell

One of the secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

Chicken Feed At 15 Cents a Bushel

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

Our New Brooder Saves Two Cents on Each Chicken

No lamps required. No danger of chilling, over-heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

Special Offer: *Send $1.00 for one year's subscription to the Poultry Review, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the Philo System Book.*

E. R. PHILO, Publisher, 2589 Lake St., Elmira, N.Y.

Benjamin Clothes

NOW is the time for you to buy your "Benjamin," for this is Overcoat time. There's a Benjamin model for every occasion from a football game to a formal party.

Quality predominates in a Benjamin Overcoat and it must in yours if it is to serve you satisfactorily. Authentic New York style is the only style that you or any well dressed man can conscientiously consider—it's standard all over the world. These two essential features, reinforced by a moderate price, make either a Benjamin Overcoat or Suit the most desirable—the most trustworthy from every standpoint.

You will be most gratified with the Benjamin garments which any Benjamin dealer will be glad to show you. If you don't know one in your neighborhood, write us.

While the highest in quality, you can purchase a Benjamin Overcoat or Suit for $20 and upwards.

"New York Fashions," our style book, mailed on request.

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JANUARY
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AND

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PASTRY-ROLLS-BISCUITS-BREAD

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